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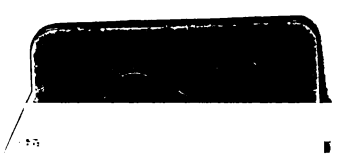

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CHAMBERS'S

POCKET MISCELLANY.

SCENES AT SEA.

THE PIRATE—THE SHARK.

On a beautiful Sunday evening, after prayers had been said on board the *Hector*, a merchant-vessel bound for Jamaica, the crew and passengers continued to lounge upon deck, in order apparently to enjoy the tranquillity, if not the beauty of the scene, which harmonised remarkably well with the character of the day. We were now amongst the Lesser Antilles; and both for this reason, and the fact that slavers and pirates were then very numerous in the Caribbean Sea, we were obliged always to keep a sharp look-out, more especially at sundown. To take a minute survey of the horizon, was the regular practice of the captain before the expiry of the short twilight; but on this occasion, not a speck of any description whatever was visible. With the daylight the wind also died completely away; but, in case of sudden squalls during the night, our studding, and a great part of the other sails, were clewed up, and all 'made snug aloft,' to use the technical phrase. It might be about two hours after sunset, but the greater portion of the passengers were still on

deck, amused by the efforts of some of the crew to catch a number of those heavy, sluggish birds appropriately termed *boobies*, which had settled on different parts of the rigging, and were there snoozing without the slightest apprehension of danger. One of the men had for this purpose crawled forward, almost to the extremity of the yard-arm, and was in the very act of putting his hand upon a slumbering captive, when we saw him suddenly look up, shade his eyes with his hand for a moment, then heard him exclaim in a loud voice: 'A sail on the starboard-quarter!'

'Impossible!' responded the mate, whose watch it was.

'It's true, howsomever, sir,' said the man, after another long and steady look; 'though I cannot guess what she is, unless the Flying Dutchman!' and he began to descend the rigging with evident symptoms of trepidation, leaving the booby in undisturbed enjoyment of his nap.

All now crowded to the side of the vessel; and true it was, that in a few minutes we could perceive, between us and the sky, the tall spar of a vessel, which, by the night-glass, was made out to be a schooner. She was at about half a mile's distance from us, and by the way in which her royals were set, appeared to be standing right across our fore-foot. The circumstance seemed absolutely incredible. Scarcely one puff of wind had lifted our sails since long before sunset, and by the log it was seen that we could not have been advancing above half a knot an hour: yet there lay the strange vessel, come whence or how she may. Not a whisper was heard amongst us. Our captain, standing in the *waist*, in order to bring the strange vessel more clearly betwixt him and the sky, remained silent, gazing anxiously through his night-glass. At last he observed: 'She is getting on another course, and must only have now made us out. But it is as well to be prepared—she looks suspicious. Let the guns be shotted, Mr Clarke, and call up all hands to quarters. Bring her head up to the wind' (to the helmsman): 'we'll soon see whether they really want to speak us or not.'

These orders, which were not a little appalling to most

of us passengers, seemed to diffuse the most unqualified satisfaction amongst the crew. A cheerful and lively bustle prevailed fore and aft; for it must be remembered, that merchantmen in those days were necessitated to be as well prepared for the battle as for the breeze. The ports were thrown open, and the carronades (then recently introduced) run out; and the men stood in expectation, or at least in evident hopes, of an approaching conflict. The suspicious-looking vessel, however, seemed to have no hostile purpose in view; she disappeared in the gloom of the night as mysteriously as she had approached us, and the respective fears and hopes of those on board the *Hector* were alike disappointed. But the captain appeared far from satisfied; he paced along the deck, silent and thoughtful; and although the men were ordered down to their hammocks, he himself remained on deck, and with five or six of the most vigilant of the crew, kept a continual look-out towards all points of the compass.

And the result proved the prudence of this watchfulness. In less than an hour, the cry was heard: 'A sail on the larboard bow!' and all eyes were immediately directed to that quarter. It was at once made out that the vessel was a schooner, and from some peculiarity in her rigging, the captain pronounced her to be the same we had before seen. Strange to tell, she appeared to be bearing right down upon our quarter, although no alteration in the weather had occurred with us! Her royals, as before, seemed filled, and her course was altogether too direct and steady to allow us to suppose that she was worked by means of *sweeps*. But her hostile purpose could no longer be mistaken, and there was an immediate piping-up amongst the crew. Several of the passengers also magnanimously prepared to assist in defence of the vessel, and a suitable supply of muskets, cutlasses, and ammunition, was handed up from the hold. While this last operation was going on, the schooner had approached within a few cable-lengths of us, when she suddenly bore up. As she was within hailing distance, our captain bawled out through his trumpet, demanding to know her *name, and* where she was from.

A confused and unintelligible jabbering, but which from the sound seemed to be in a barbarous Portuguese idiom, was the only response. A second and a third time she was hailed with the same result. While this colloquy was going on, by the dexterous management of her sails, she (to use the nautical phrase) *walked* round our stern, although no increase of wind was perceptible by our own canvas. As she again came round upon our starboard-quarter, our captain ordered one of the stern-guns to be fired across her bows; but no notice was taken of the salute, and our mysterious visitant at length bore away from us, and was speedily lost sight of. There was no doubt as to her being one of the noted piratical vessels which carried on this nefarious traffic between the Spanish main and those islands, chiefly Cuba and St Domingo, where they had their haunts. They were built expressly for the purpose, with low hulls and immensely long spars, fitted to catch whatever current of wind might be prevailing in the upper regions of the atmosphere, and which the less elevated sails of other vessels might fail to reach. Some of their hulls, I was also told, were so constructed that, by turning certain screws, the sea could be allowed to rush into their false keels or bottoms, by which their speed was accelerated in an amazing degree. All this to me appeared extraordinary at the time, but I afterwards had practical reasons for knowing the truth of the information.

As may be imagined, we continued on the alert during the night, but heard no more of the strange schooner. Dawn was fast approaching, when our attention was once more aroused by the flash, followed by the report, of a gun right ahead of us. From the loudness of the explosion, as well as the rapidity with which it followed the flash, it was easy to perceive that the vessel could be at no great distance, as well as that she must be a large man-of-war. After a few minutes' interval, another shot boomed along the deep, rapidly succeeded by several others of the same formidable loudness. At length these were replied to by other guns evidently of a less calibre, and proceeding *from a different quarter.*

'They are at it!—they are at it!' now for the first time shouted our skipper, who had served his time, and held a lieutenant's commission in the royal navy; 'I'll stake my life, some of our cruisers have taken the pirate in tow! Will she do nothing?'—(to the man at the wheel, for we were still completely becalmed)—'What would I not give, were it but to have a view of them?'

'She minds the helm no more than if she were a brute beast!' responded the helmsman in a tone and key in happy sympathy with our captain's impatient query, while he kept rocking from foot to foot with the rapidity of a stop-watch mainspring.

It is impossible to describe the excitement which prevailed amongst the crew, most of whom were old man-of-war's men. After some time, the sound of the large guns entirely ceased, while that of the smaller ones incessantly continued—implying, as was natural to suppose, that the latter had silenced the others, and that the crew of the supposed pirate were following up their advantage. At this crisis, a deputation of about twenty of our crew came aft, and entreated the captain's permission to hoist out a couple of boats, and allow them to pull to the scene of action. But the skipper understood his duty too well to give way to the enthusiasm of his men, although evidently gratified at their disinterested courage.

Morning at length dawned, and the nature of the conflict became distinctly visible, as also that the island of St Domingo was about two leagues to leeward of us. A British frigate lay about a mile ahead of us, with the national flag drooping from the mizen-peak, but without any other rag upon her spars. At about two miles' distance was the identical schooner that had alarmed us so much during the night, her long mainmast being entirely bare excepting her royals, which, however, were now entirely useless, as not a breath of air lifted them. But long sweeps had been put in requisition, and were every moment increasing the distance betwixt her and her assailant. The latter, however, had got out the jolly-boat, which, with a couple of large swivels fixed on her bows, maintained

a running-fight with the enemy, who might easily have destroyed her, had not the necessity of escape been so imminent. The shot of the gallant little boat's-crew, although obliged to maintain a cautious distance, was evidently telling, as appeared by the shattered rigging of the schooner, which was making desperate exertions to get within influence of the land-breeze.

There has seldom, if ever, been any situation so tantalising as was that of all parties on this exciting occasion. The pursuers could gain nothing on the fugitives; the latter could make but the most inefficacious efforts at escape; and we, the onlookers, were compelled to witness what passed in still more provoking inactivity. Fortune at last seemed to declare in favour of the cause of humanity and justice. *Cat's-paws*, the forerunners of the trade-wind, began to creep in from the south-east, lifting the sails (which were now invitingly spread out) of the frigate and our own vessel, while the land-breeze proportionally retired; and shortly the former came on slowly and steadily, bearing us towards our prize—as we now regarded her. When this change of weather became perceptible to the crew of the schooner, a most extraordinary scene took place. In less time than I can take to describe the act, about half-a-dozen canoes, each capable of carrying not more than three persons, were lowered down from the schooner, and all began to pull towards the shore, although in many different directions; the latter being an expedient to distract any attempt to pursue them.

'Saw ever mortal eyes anything to match that!' cried our captain, after a long pause of astonishment. 'The cowardly villains, that would not stand one broadside for that trim piece of craft! But I am cheated if they have left her worth the trouble of boarding. Bear off from her—bear off from her!'—he continued to the helmsman; 'there's mischief in her yet, I tell you.' And his words were fearfully verified almost as soon as spoken. First a thin blue smoke shot upwards from the hold of the schooner; next moment a fierce blood-red fire blazed *through between* every seam of her hull; the tall mast

seemed absolutely to shoot up into the air like an arrow, and an explosion followed so tremendous—so more terribly loud than anything I had ever listened to, that it seemed as if the ribs of nature herself were rending asunder. Our ship reeled with the shock, and was for a few seconds obstructed in her course, in a manner which I can liken only to what takes place in getting over a coral-reef. When the smoke cleared away, not a vestige of the late schooner was to be seen, excepting a few shattered and blackened planks. But the destruction, unfortunately, did not stop here. It was evident that the explosion had taken place sooner than the pirates themselves had expected. Three of the canoes were swamped by the force of the concussion; and the same thing, if not far worse, had happened to the boat which carried the gallant little band of pursuers, who had incautiously pulled hard for the schooner as soon as she had been abandoned, instigated at once by the love of fame and prize-money. Boats were instantly lowered, both from our own ship and the war frigate, in order to save, if possible, the lives of the brave fellows; but the whole had probably been stunned, if not killed, by the explosion, and only two corpses out of the eight were found floating about. At this spectacle, as well as at the destruction of the prize, which was looked upon as a most unfair and unwarrantable proceeding, the fury of the men knew no bounds; and although few of them had arms, either offensive or defensive, the whole fleet of boats began to pull after the fugitives with a speed that threatened more accidents than had yet befallen. But the surviving canoes, which skimmed along the ocean like flying-fish, were too speedy for their pursuers; and the latter only succeeded in picking up three captives belonging to the canoes which had sunk, including, as luck would have it, the commander of the late piratical vessel. It was with difficulty that the men were restrained from taking immediate vengeance on the persons of the captive wretches, but they were at length securely lodged on board the frigate, which, as well as ourselves (who were extremely glad of such a consort), stood away for Port-

all sails set, where, on the second day there-
rrived about noon, the frigate there coming to
nile we beat up to Kingston. We afterwards
at we had escaped the menaced attack of the
r their perceiving, through their night-glasses,
ity of muskets and other small-arms handed up
hold, as they bore down on us the second time,
mentioned. In a few days after our arrival, the
d captives were brought to trial, and hung at the
n.

glee and satisfaction diffused amongst us at the
tion of the pirate, was damped by a circumstance
ost melancholy nature, which took place almost as
s we had cast anchor within the palisades. There
mongst the crew a mulatto boy, about sixteen years
e, a native of Kingston, where his only relative, a
, resided. He had been absent from her for about
years, and in the impatience of his affection, he came
nd solicited permission to go ashore, were it but for
an hour, promising faithfully to return within that
e. But the captain refused to permit him to leave the
p till next morning. The poor little fellow retired
th a full heart and overflowing eyes, and I saw him
tion himself in a disconsolate manner in the forepart
the vessel, looking wistfully towards the town. In the
antime dozens of boats and canoes put off from the
arfs, the former filled with relatives of the passen-
rs, or newsmongers seeking the 'latest intelligence'
m the mother-country; and the latter with negroes,
ering their cargoes of fruit and vegetables for sale. I
s seemingly the only uninterested individual on deck,
d could not help feeling a melancholy sense of deso-
ion, as an entire stranger, and 5000 miles from home,
id the scenes of affectionate greetings between friends
d relatives that were passing around. While indulging
this mood, I observed the boy I have spoken of suddenly
ip off his cap and jacket, spring over the side, and begin
strike out for the shore. The splash attracted the
ice of those on board, and two of the crew, by the

captain's orders, jumped into a boat, and pulled after him; but their purpose was anticipated by a more deadly pursuer. The poor boy had scarcely got four fathoms from the vessel, when the huge fin of a shark was seen darting after him. A general shout was raised to warn him of his danger, and he wheeled round on his enemy, just as the latter made a rush at him. With the most astonishing courage and presence of mind, the little fellow struck out right and left with his clenched fists at the voracious animal, and with effect sufficient to drive it off, when he again began to make for the shore. A second and a third time the attack was made, and repulsed in a similar manner, and all began to hope his escape from the threatened danger, when, just as the boat got within oars-length of him, he disappeared below the surface with a loud shriek, which was responded to by all who witnessed the scene. He rose in the course of a few seconds, and was pulled into the boat with almost the whole flesh stripped from one of his thighs, and the blood streaming from him in torrents. The sailors pulled instantly for the wharf, but ere the boat reached it, the warm current of life was exhausted; and the poor little fellow was carried to his sister's house a lifeless and mangled corpse!

ADA:

A TALE OF ANCIENT GREECE.

Clisthenes, Prince of Sicion, a small kingdom in ancient Greece, had an only child, a daughter, named Ada, fair and beautiful as the morn. As Athens, of all the cities of Greece, was the most renowned for elegance and politeness of manners, Clisthenes determined to intrust the education of his youthful heiress to a noble matron of that illustrious city. At an early age, therefore, she was sent, with befitting attendants, to reside in Athens, and was received into the house of Tisander, a man

distinguished for the splendour of his descent and for the affluence of his fortunes. His wife was celebrated amongst the ladies of Athens for the refinement of her manners and the discreetness of her discourse. As she had no daughters of her own, she looked upon the young Ada with the eyes of a mother, and devoted herself to the improvement of her mind with unceasing assiduity. Those accomplishments, also, which serve to enhance the graces of the person, were not omitted; and when her father demanded back again his daughter, she was delivered into his hands the most polished and lovely of the maids of Greece.

During the stay of Ada under the roof of Tisander, she had often met the young Appias, his son, who was somewhat older than herself. Appias had already distinguished himself for his strength and prowess in feats of arms and in athletic exercises. He was bold and daring in his enterprises, and formed for warlike achievements. Few of his own age could compete with him in the use of the sword or the throwing of the dart. He was ever foremost also in the exercises of the palestra, or place of out-door sports—wrestling, boxing, and throwing the discus or quoit, inuring his body to fatigues of every sort. Athens, indeed, rang with the praises of Appias, and Tisander congratulated himself upon having such a son. The project of uniting him to the wealthy heiress of Clisthenes already presented itself to his mind, and he felt assured the noble qualities of his son would win the sanction of the Prince of Sicion.

Perhaps the rough and vigorous sports in which Appias placed his pride, unfitted him for soft discourse with the gentle Ada; for although she admired his fine and manly person, and rejoiced to hear his valour praised, he never made an impression on her heart. But a youth more delicate in his frame, and placid in his mien, had touched the chord upon which the affections vibrate. He who had thus awakened these gentle sympathies was named Milenos, the brother of a fair Athenian girl, the friend *and companion of* Ada. Silent, and with downcast eyes,

Milenos used to meet the maid of Sicion, but, bashful and diffident, could scarcely tell his tale. When kindred hearts, however, are drawn together, what need of words? It is then sufficient to know, that Milenos and Ada owned a mutual attachment, and that their vows were plighted at the appropriate shrine in one of the temples of the city. Such was their heedlessness, that they for a time forgot that parents and guardians would sternly regulate their destiny. At last they were awakened from their dream of passion. Clisthenes summoned his daughter home, and with many holy-formed projects for their future conduct, they unwillingly parted.

When Ada returned to the court of her father, Clisthenes found her in every way answerable to his hopes. He thought himself the happiest of fathers in having such a daughter, and in the pride of his heart he declared she should have for a husband the most distinguished man in Greece. The fame of her beauty, and the wealth and power of her father, drew many proposals for her hand, and, amongst the rest, Tisander sent a solemn embassy to solicit an alliance with his son Appias, whose heroic qualities he did not fail largely to expatiate upon. But Clisthenes civilly evaded all offers for the present, and particularly to Tisander he returned for answer, 'that the obligations he was under to him for the care he had bestowed upon his daughter's education were such as could scarcely be repaid, but whilst the uniting her to so excellent a youth as Appias would be highly gratifying to him, he had determined to bestow her in marriage in a manner the most honourable and least invidious to all her suitors. Of the plan it was his intention to adopt, he should early apprise Tisander.'

Whilst the matter was thus in suspense, all Greece was busy with preparations to celebrate the games of Hercules at Olympia. An armistice was proclaimed amongst all the powers at war, according to the ancient custom of the Greeks. A simultaneous movement from all parts of Greece now took place towards the territory of Elis, and a prodigious assemblage was formed at the

famed Olympia. After the accustomed offerings had been rendered to Jupiter Olympicus, the heralds announced, in repeated proclamations, that the games were about to commence. The combatants in the athletic exercises marched in procession to the vast arena whereon their strength was to be exhibited, whilst numerous race-horses were led prancing to the stadium. The chariots, as they moved leisurely along, some drawn by four horses abreast, others by two, presented a cheering spectacle, since their numbers promised unusual sport in the most admired of the games. When the judges had taken their seats, and those who had been victors at any of the public games had stationed themselves in the first row, as was permitted to them, with their wreaths of olive, laurel, or parsley around their heads, the general body of spectators assumed their places on the benches which ran along the place of exercise in a slanting direction upwards. The competitors then advanced towards the judges, and were severally sworn to observe the rules laid down in the different contests, and to use no unworthy art or guile. Afterwards the great business of the meeting began.

First, the foot-race, in which twenty competitors were engaged, attracted all eyes. The victor, who was from Thessaly, received his reward—a fillet of wild olive, and a branch of the palm-tree, from the hands of the judges, and was borne off with loud shouts of triumph by his fellow-countrymen. Then commenced the more severe of the athletic exercises. Several couples, their bodies shining with oil, prepared to wrestle. In this competition Milo of Croton overcame all opposition, and was, with tumultuous applause, proclaimed the victor, for at no time previous had the prize been gained with such dispatch and apparent ease. The same Milo, upon the following day, threw the quoit or discus further than had ever been known, whilst also, in boxing with the iron glove, he overcame his three competitors, and in one day was twice crowned, a circumstance which had never occurred *on any former* occasion. After the horse-race had brought

the second day's sport to a conclusion, and the assembly was about to break up, an unheard-of spectacle was presented before their eyes. Milo, carrying a two-year-old heifer on his shoulders, appeared at the barrier of the stadium, and running forward down its whole extent, turned round the goal at the far extremity, and again traversed its length with his monstrous burden. Enthusiastic shouts of rapture hailed this extraordinary exhibition, and the name of Milo was reverberated in a thousand peals. Nor did the wonder cease even here, for after disengaging himself from the heifer, he levelled his fist at his forehead, and with one blow felled him dead; then lifting him up, he bore him from the ground amidst the plaudits of the onlookers.

This feat being accomplished, the chariot-races next engaged the general attention. The vehicles which were started, were chiefly chariots with four horses, and constituted, as was considered, the most noble and interesting of the sports, for kings and princes entered the lists as competitors. Gelon, king of Syracuse, the two kings of Sparta, Periander, tyrant of Corinth, Clisthenes, Prince of Sicion, with five others of the chief men amongst the Greeks, drew up their chariots at the barrier, and, on the signal, started at speed. The skill of the charioteers was principally directed to wheel as closely as possible round the goal or distant post, at the further end, and thus cut out their adversaries. Twelve times had they to run round the stadium or course, and the interest of the race was well maintained by the ever-varying position of the parties. But upon the tenth round, the chariot of the Syracusan prince was leading the others at some distance, when, in taking the turn at the barrier, it came in contact with the goal, and the wheel being shivered into atoms, the charioteer was thrown from his stand, and killed on the spot. Regardless, however, of the accident, the others pressed forward, and now Clisthenes broke ahead, and with unexampled daring, grazing the very goal, kept such a start that all further competition was in vain. The Prince of Sicion was

herefore declared the victor, and, being crowned by he judges, his name was announced as associated with he ensuing Olympiad, and to be noticed accordingly in all public documents. The applause had scarcely subsided, when a herald advanced into the midst, and entreating silence, invited assembled Greece in the name of Clisthenes to feast with him that day. Reiterated shouts gave token of the acceptance of so munificent an invitation, and when these had again abated, the herald once more broke silence, and thus delivered himself: 'Clisthenes of Sicion thus speaks to the men of Greece: Whoever among ye think an alliance with his daughter Ada worthy of attention, are solicited to resort to Sicion on the sixtieth day from the present, and on the expiration of a year from that period, he will deliver his daughter to the most worthy of her suitors. For the space of that year Clisthenes will take upon himself the duties of a host to all who may come to him.' This proclamation being twice repeated, the herald withdrew, whilst its terms had raised considerable excitement in the vast assemblage.

For five days the games at Olympia continued, and first of all the Athenians, Alcmæon, father of Milenos, was victor in the chariot-race with two horses. The young Milenos himself managed his father's chariot, and his graceful and unpretending demeanour gained him as much applause as his skill in guiding the reins. He also maintained his reputation for address in the use of arms, by carrying off the prize for throwing the javelin, having hit the mark at 100 paces with unerring precision. The father and son were therefore received on their return to Athens with public honours, as was usual with victors at the Olympic games, the cities of their birth partaking the lustre of their achievements in the public arena. The success of Alcmæon was not less grateful to him than was that of his son. He had risen by his ability from an obscure origin to be one of the wealthiest men of Athens, and, like most persons so circumstanced, *he was anxious* for some species of local distinction, in

order that his family might be elevated in the estimation of his fellow-citizens. These successes, therefore, at the public games, were greatly in favour of his views; for it was an enlightened practice in ancient Greece, by some reckoned worthy of imitation in later times, to raise men in rank from their superior abilities in charioteering, racing, wrestling, or such like exercises. Alcmæon was therefore greatly favoured by the Athenians, who speedily shewed their respect for his merits by electing him to the office of Polemarch, the third in the list of Archons, or chiefs.

The elevation of Alcmæon to so high a dignity in his native city, emboldened Milenos to aspire openly to the hand of the beautiful Ada. If his family had remained unknown amongst the Athenians, Clisthenes would certainly have rejected him as a suitor for his daughter, since his object was to gain a powerful connection by the projected alliance; but now the condition of the family was entirely changed. As the sixty days assigned by the Prince of Sicion were near expiring, several noble youths commenced their journey to that city, to compete for the illustrious prize. Appias, the son of Tisander, set out with a numerous train, and was followed by Milenos, whose appearance was rendered by his father's care as magnificent as that of any of his rivals. When they arrived at Sicion, there was already assembled a numerous crowd of distinguished aspirants from distant as well as neighbouring regions, all attended by companions in arms, and by slaves gorgeously apparelled. Whilst Clisthenes was busied in giving them all severally a gracious reception in the audience-hall of his palace, a rumour was spread that a mighty host had entered the city. Suspense and curiosity were excited by this report, which were soon appeased by the appearance of the leader of this martial array. He was borne on the shoulders of men in a purple litter adorned with gold and gems. Being placed on the ground, he advanced to Clisthenes, clothed in a silken robe of pure Tyrian dye. He announced himself as Glaucus of Sybaris, from Magna

Græcia, whose fame for excessive wealth and amazing luxury was spread far and wide. His train was as numerous as an army, and included 100 cooks, 100 fowlers, and 100 fishermen. To the question of Clisthenes, how he had fared on his journey, he answered that he had suffered excruciating agony from sleeping on hard beds, so that his bones were aching with increasing torment. 'I slept last night,' continued he, with an air calculated to excite sympathy with his woes, 'on a bed of roses, but the leaves got doubled up under me, and I awoke in terrible anguish.' The degrading effeminacy of the remark raised a smile of contempt in Clisthenes and his guests.

As it was the intention of the Prince of Sicion to select as his son-in-law the man whom he found not only the most worthy in his moral and intellectual capacity, but also the most valiant and expert in war-like and athletic games, he had erected a palestra and a hippodrome or circus. Here every morning were combats and races, in which Clisthenes stood as an attentive observer. Fencing, throwing the arrow and the quoit, wrestling, running, leaping, were the ordinary exercises, and horse and chariot races the sports of the hippodrome. In the afternoon, discussions on poetry, music, philosophy, and ethics, were maintained, in which each in his turn was to recite a piece of his own composition, the merits and arguments of which were to be judged and canvassed. In the evening, a sumptuous feast was given by Clisthenes, at which all the guests were present, and the day's entertainment was generally closed by the performance of Thespis and his tragic chorus, whom the prince had invited from Athens to assist at this extraordinary meeting. The talents of Thespis excited the greater wonder and applause, since the improvements his genius had effected in dramatic representations were little known in Greece. In this varied manner was each day of the year passed, which Clisthenes had assigned as the period of probation.

In accordance with the rigid custom of the Greeks, *Ada, the fair maid* for whose hand so many rivals were

struggling, was kept secluded from observation. The strict notions of filial piety in which the young girls of Greece were educated, did not permit her to consult any will but her father's in the disposal of herself in marriage. However warmly her heart beat and was touched with love for Milenos, she soon learned that paternal authority was exerted to curb the ebullitions of youthful passion. So great was the awe inspired by the name of parent in the heroic days of Greece, that she never dared even to mention to him the involuntary and powerful attachment she had formed in Athens. When she was apprised of the plan her father had in view for selecting the most estimable person in Greece as her husband, she could not fail to feel flattered that so many distinguished youths had entered the lists as competitors. So glorious and honourable to her, indeed, was the strife, that she could not accuse either the affection or the judgment of her father. She thus partook of the exalted feelings which actuated Clisthenes; and she declared, that not even Milenos should have her hand, unless he approved himself a worthy champion in the struggle. She could not, however, but feel interested in his success; and, in spite of the heroism with which she had armed herself to yield to her father's choice, her heart beat high with expectation when Milenos's name was mentioned with applause. As the year drew nigh its expiration, she learned with a lively emotion from Clisthenes, that his choice lay between Appias and Milenos, as their superiority over the other competitors was decided. The balance in the mind of Clisthenes was nicely poised. Appias was pre-eminent in personal strength and prowess, in feats of arms and athletic combats. Milenos stood before his fellows in the arts which adorn the mind, and in the virtues which give lustre to knowledge. At length, that influence which outward accomplishments have over certain minds, joined to the feeling of friendship for Tisander, decided the question in favour of Appias; and though Ada grieved at the fiat, she was too much a Grecian maid to murmur.

Upon the day in which Clisthenes was to pronounce his decision, a more than usual sumptuousness marked the closing feast. Many of the chief citizens of Sicion were present, besides all the suitors; and an unusual quantity of wine was quaffed. During the entertainment, a discourse arose upon music and dancing, in which the indiscreet Appias took part, urging with infinite warmth various arguments in defence of dancing. As this species of exercise, except in the dress and attitudes of warriors, was held in no repute amongst the Grecians, his opinions met with many opponents. Heated with the discussion, and with the wine he had swallowed, Appias suddenly ordered the musicians, who were stationed at the foot of the hall, to advance forward, and to play the lively air known by the name of *Emmelia*. At the same time springing to the floor, he cried out: 'Now you shall see whether grace and dignity be not compatible with dancing. So saying, he commenced moving about to the tune he had called for with an agility which astonished the beholders. Not satisfied with this exhibition, he ordered a table to be brought, upon which he mounted, and proceeded to dance in the two modes which were in use amongst the Lacedæmonians and the Athenians. During these actions of Appias, Clisthenes had sat amazed and disgusted with his infatuation; but although his ill-humour was apparent, he said nothing. But a scene soon arose which raised his indignation to the greatest height. Whilst Appias was dancing on the table, many of the guests, amused and delighted at the spectacle, applauded him with loud shouts. Intoxicated with these senseless cheers, the unfortunate Appias consummated his disgrace by standing on his head, and throwing his legs with various contortions into the air. Unable any longer to endure a sight so revolting to his sense of decorum, Clisthenes called sternly to Appias to descend, and then addressing him, said: 'Son of Tisander, you have danced away your *wife!*' *To this* the insensate youth replied: '*Appias cares not!*'—an abrupt rejoinder that became a proverbial *saying in Greece* to a very remote age.

/hen the sensation caused by this adventure had sided, Clisthenes rose and addressed the audience. expressed his sense of the obligation he was under so many illustrious men who had aspired to become i son-in-law, but as it was only possible for one to ceed, and it was necessary for him to declare his ioice, he now announced it as having fallen on Milenos, ie son of Alcmæon, to whom he gave his daughter for , wife, according to the Athenian laws. To the rest of the competitors he presented a talent of silver, as a small mark of the estimation in which he held them.

The result, it need be scarcely said, was one of unutterable joy to Ada and Milenos; and the marriage, which was shortly afterwards solemnised, sealed their happiness. So distinguished an alliance increased the dignity of the family of Alcmæon in Athens; and the descendants of Milenos and Ada reached the highest posts in the government of their country, and took an active part in the heroic conflicts of Marathon and Salamis.

GEORGE ROSS, THE SCOTCH AGENT.

BY HUGH MILLER.

In the letter in which Junius accuses the Duke of Grafton of having sold a patent place in the collection of customs to one Mr Hine, he informs the reader that the person employed by his Grace in negotiating the business, was 'George Ross, the Scotch Agent, and worthy confidant o Lord Mansfield. And no sale by the candle,' he add 'was ever conducted with greater formality.' Nov slight as this notice is, there is something in it sufficient tangible for the imagination to lay hold of. If the read thinks of the Scotch Agent at all, he probably thinks him as one of those *convenient* creatures so necessary

the practical statesman, whose merit does nc more in their being ingenious in a great degree their being honest in a very small one. So thing is poor human nature, however, that th statement of Junius has never yet been fairly cont no possible estimate of character could be mor The Scotch Agent, whatever the nature of his s the Duke of Grafton, was in reality a high-min what is more, a truly patriotic man; so good indeed, that, in a period of political heats an sities, his story, fairly told, may well teach us of charity and moderation. I wish I could the reader to where his portrait hangs, side with that of his friend the Lord Chief-Justic drawing-room of Cromarty House. The air of benevolence impressed on the features of the l old man, with his gray hair curling round his would secure a fair hearing for him from sturdiest of the class who hate their neighbour good of their country. Besides, the very presen noble-looking lawyer, so much more like the eulogised by Pope and Littleton, than the denounced by Junius, would of itself serve as guarantee for the honour of his friend.

George Ross was the son of a petty proprietor Ross, and succeeded, on the death of his fathe few barren acres on which, for a century or tw the family had been ingenious enough to live. possessed besides what was more valuable tha such patrimonies—an untiring energy of di based on a substratum of the soundest good-se what was scarcely less important than either— enough to turn his capacity of employment to account. Ross-shire, a century ago, was no such a man; and as the only road to preferme period was the road that led south, George R very young, left his mother's cottage for Englar He spent nearly fifty years amongst statesi *courtiers, and in the* enjoyment of the friendshi

men as President Forbes and Lord Mansfield. At length he returned, when an old gray-headed man, to rank among the greatest capitalists and proprietors of the county; and purchased, with other lesser properties in the neighbourhood, the whole estate of Cromarty. Perhaps he had come to rest him ere he died; but there seems to be no such thing as changing one's natural bent, when confirmed by the habits of half a lifetime; and the energies of the Scotch Agent, now that they had gained him fortune and influence, were as little disposed to fall asleep as they had been forty years before. As it was no longer necessary, however, that they should be employed on his own account, he gave them full scope in behalf of his poorer neighbours. The country around him lay dead. There were no manufactories, no trade, no knowledge of agriculture, no consciousness that matters were ill, and, consequently, no desire of making them better; and the Herculean task imposed upon himself by the Scotch Agent, now considerably turned of sixty, was to animate and revolutionise the whole. And such was his statesman-like sagacity in developing the hitherto undiscovered resources of the country, joined to a high-minded zeal that could sow liberally in the hope of a late harvest for others to reap, that he fully succeeded.

He first established in the town an extensive manufactory of hempen cloth, which gave employment to about 200 persons within its walls, and fully twice that number without. He next built an ale brewery, which, at the time of its erection, was by far the largest in the north of Scotland. He then furnished the town, at a great expense, with an excellent harbour, and set on foot a trade in pork, which, for many years, has been carried on by the people of the place to an extent of from about L.15,000 to L.20,000 annually. He set himself, too, to initiate his tenantry in the art of rearing wheat; and finding them wofully unwilling to become wiser on the subject, he tried the force of example, by taking an extensive farm under his own management, and conducting it on the *most approved* principles of modern

agriculture. He established a nail and spade manufactory; brought women from England to instruct the young girls in the art of working lace; provided houses for the poor; presented the town with a neat substantial building, the upper part of which serves for a council-room, and the lower as a prison; and built for the accommodation of the poor Highlanders, who came thronging into the town to work on his land and in his manufactories, a handsome Gaelic chapel. He built for his own residence an elegant house of hewn stone; surrounded it with pleasure-grounds, designed in the best style of the art; planted many hundred acres of the less improvable parts of his property, and laid open the hitherto scarcely accessible beauties of the hill of Cromarty, by crossing and recrossing it with well-nigh as many walks as there are veins in the human body. He was proud of his exquisite landscapes, and of his own skill in heightening their beauty, and fully determined, he said, if he but lived long enough, to make Cromarty worth an Englishman's while coming all the way from London to see it.

When Oscar fell asleep, says the old Irish bard, it was impossible to awaken him before his time, except by cutting off one of his fingers, or flinging a rock at his head; and wo to the poor man who disturbed him! The Agent found it every whit as difficult to awaken a sleeping country, and in some respects almost as unsafe. I am afraid human nature is nearly the same thing in the people that it is in their rulers, and that both are alike disposed to prefer the man who flatters them to the man who merely does them good. George Ross was by no means the most popular of proprietors—he disturbed old prejudices, and unfixed old habits. The farmers thought it hard that they should have to break up their irregular map-like patches of land, divided from each other by little strips and corners not yet reclaimed from the waste, into awkward-looking rectangular fields, and that they durst no longer fasten their horses to the plough by the tail—a piece of natural harness evidently *formed for the* express purpose. The towns-people

leemed the hempen manufactory unwholesome; and found that the English lace-women, who, to a certainty were tea-drinkers, and even not very hostile, it was said, to gin, were in a fair way of teaching their pupils something more than the mere weaving of lace. What could be more heathenish, too, than the little temple covered with cockle-shells, which the laird had just reared on a solitary corner of the hill, but which they soon sent spinning over the cliff into the sea, a downward journey of 100 yards. And then his odious pork-trade! There was no prevailing on the people to rear pigs for him, and so he had to build a range of offices in an out-of-the-way nook of his lands, which he stocked with hordes of these animals, that he might rear them for himself. The herds increased in size and number, and, voracious beyond calculation, almost occasioned a famine. Even the great wealth of the speculatist proved insufficient to supply them with food, and the very keepers were in danger of being eaten alive. The poor animals seemed departing from their very nature, for they became long and lank, and bony as the griffins of heraldry, until they looked more like race-horses than pigs; and as they descended with every ebb in huge droves to browse on the sea-weed, or delve for shell-fish among the pebbles, there was no lack of music befitting their condition, when the large rock-crab revenged with his nippers on their snouts the injuries inflicted on him with their teeth. Now all this formed a fine subject for joking to people who indulged in a half-Jewish dislike of the pig, and who could not guess that the pork-trade was one day to pay the rents of half the widows' cottages in the county. But no one could lie more open than George Ross to that species of ridicule, which the men who see further than their neighbours, and look more to the advantage of others than to their own, cannot fail to encounter. He was a worker in the dark, and at no slight expense; for, though all his many projects were ultimately found to be benefits conferred on his country, not one of them proved remunerative to himself. But he seems to have known

nankind too well to have expected a great deal from
their gratitude; though on one occasion, at least, his
patience gave way

The town, in the course of years, had so entirely marched
to the west, that the town's cross came at length to be
fairly left behind, with a hawthorn-hedge on the one
side, and a garden-fence on the other; and when the
Agent had completed the house which was to serve as
council-room and prison to the place, the cross was taken
down from its stand of more than two centuries, and
placed in front of the new building. That people might
the better remember the circumstance, there was a
showy procession got up; healths were drunk beside the
cross in the Agent's best wine, and not a little of his best
crystal broken against it; and the evening terminated in
a ball. It so happened, however, through some cross
chance, that though all the gentility of the place were to
be invited, three young men, who deemed themselve
quite as genteel as the best of their neighbours, wer
passed over—the dignified manager of the hemp-man
factory had received no invitation, nor the clever sup
intendent of the nail-work, nor yet the spruce clerk
the brewery; and as they were all men of spirit, i
happened that, during the very next night, the cross
taken down from its new pedestal, broken into
pieces, and carried still further to the west, to an
space where four lanes met; and there it was fou
the morning—the pieces piled over each other, ar
rounded by a profusion of broken ale bottles. The
was amazingly angry—angrier, indeed, than his ac
ance had deemed him capable of becoming; an
course of the day, the town's crier went thro
streets, proclaiming a reward of ten pounds in
a free room in Mr Ross's new buildings for li
one who would give such information as migh
the conviction of the offenders.

In one of his walks a few days after, the
with a poor, miserable-looking Highland wom
been picking a few withered sticks out o

hedges, and whose hands and clothes seemed torn by the thorns. 'Poor old creature,' he said, as she dropped her courtsey in passing, 'you must go to my manager, and tell him I have ordered you a barrel of coals. And stay—you are hungry: call at my house as you pass, and the servants will find you something to take home with you.' The poor woman blessed him, and looked up hesitatingly in his face: she had never betrayed any one, she said; but his honour was so good a gentleman, so very good a gentleman; and so she thought she had best tell him all she knew about the breaking of the cross. She lived in a little garret over the room of Jamie Banks, the nailer; and having slept scarcely any all the night in which the cross was taken down, for the weather was bitterly cold, and her bed-clothes very thin, she could hear weighty footsteps traversing the streets till near morning, when the house-door opened, and in came Jamie with a tottering, unequal step, and disturbed the whole family by stumbling over a stool into his wife's washing-tub. Besides, she had next day overheard his wife rating him for staying out to so *untimeous* an hour, and his remark in reply, that she would do well to keep quiet, unless she wished to see him hanged. This was the sort of clue the affair required, and in following it up, the unlucky nailer was apprehended and examined; but it was found that through a singular lapse of memory, he had forgotten every circumstance connected with the night in question, except that he had been in the very best company, and one of the happiest men in the world.

Jamie Banks was decidedly the most eccentric man of his day, in at least one parish; full of small wit and small roguery, and famous for a faculty of invention fertile enough to have served a poet. On one occasion, when the gill of whisky had risen to three-halfpence in Cromarty, and could still be bought for a penny in Avoch, he had prevailed on a party of his acquaintance to accompany him to the latter place, that they might drink themselves rich on the strength of the old proverb; and as they actually effected a saving of two shillings in

spending six, it was clear, he said, that, had not their money failed them, they would have made fortunes apiece. Alas for the littlenesses of that great passion—the love of fame! I have observed that the trades-people, among whom one meets with most instances of eccentricity, are those whose shops, being places of general resort, furnish them with space enough on which to achieve a humble notoriety, by rendering themselves unlike everybody else. To secure to Jamie Banks due leisure for recollection, he was committed to jail.

He was sitting one evening beside the prison fire, with one of his neighbours and the jailer, and had risen to exclude the chill night-air by drawing a curtain over the open barred window of the apartment, when a man suddenly started from behind the wall outside, and discharged a large stone with tremendous force at his head. The missile almost brushed his ear as it sung past, and rebounding from the opposite wall, rolled along the floor. 'That maun be Rob Williamson,' exclaimed Jamie, 'wanting to keep me quiet; out, neebour Jonathan, an' after him.' Neebour Jonathan, an active young fellow, sprung to the door, caught the sounds of retreating footsteps as he turned the gate, and dashing after like a greyhound, succeeded in laying hold of the coat-skirts of Rob Williamson as he strained onwards through the gate of the hemp-manufactory. He was immediately secured, and lodged in another apartment of the prison; and in the morning Jamie Banks was found to have recovered his memory.

He had finished working, he said, on the evening after the ball, and was just putting on his coat preparatory to leaving the shop, when the superintendent called him into his writing-room, where he found three persons sitting at a table half covered with bottles. Rob Williamson, the weaver, was one of these; the other two were the clerk of the brewery, and the manager of the hemp-manufactory; and they were all arguing together on some point of divinity. The manager cleared a seat for him beside himself, and filled his glass thrice in succession, by way

of making up for the time he had lost—nothing could be more untrue than that the manager was proud! They then all began to speak about morals and Mr Ross; the clerk was certain, that, with his harbour and his piggery, and his heathen temples and his lace-women, he would not leave a ray of morality in the place; and Rob was quite as sure he was no friend to the Gospel. He a builder of Gaelic kirks, forsooth!—had he not, yesterday, put up a Popish Dagon of a cross, and made the silly mason bodies worship it for the sake o' a dram! And then, how common ale-drinking had become in the place—in his young days they drank naething but gin—and what would their grandfathers have said to a *whigmaleeries* of a ball! 'I sipped and listened,' continued Jamie, 'and thought the time could not have been better spent at an elder's meeting in the kirk; and as the night wore later, the conversation became still more edifying, until at length all the bottles were emptied, when we sallied out in a body, to imitate the old reformers by breaking the cross. "We may suffer, Jamie, for what we have done," said Rob to me, as we parted for the night; "but remember it was duty, Jamie—it was duty; we have been testifying wi' our hands, an' when the hour o' trial comes, we maunna be slow in testifying wi' our tongues too." He wasna slack, the deceitfu' bodie!' concluded Jamie, 'in trying to stop mine.' And thus closed the evidence. The Agent was no vindictive man: he dismissed his two managers and the clerk, to find for themselves a more indulgent master; but the services of Jamie Banks he still retained; and the first employment which he found for him after his release, was the fashioning of four iron bars for the repair of the cross.

The Agent, in the closing scene of his life, was destined to experience the unhappiness of blighted hope. He had an only son, a weak and very obstinate young man, who, without intellect enough to appreciate his well-calculated schemes, and yet conceit enough to sit in judgment on them, was ever shewing his spirit by opposing a sort of selfish nonsense, that aped the semblance

of common sense, to the expensive and benevolent ph sophy of his father. But the old man bore patien with his conceit and folly. Like the great bulk of class who attain to wealth and influence through th own exertions, he was anxiously ambitious to live in posterity, and be the founder of a family; and he kn it was quite as much according to the nature of thin that a fool might be the father, as that he should be son, of a wise man. He secured, therefore, his lands his posterity, by the law of entail; did all that educat and example could do for the young man; and succeed in getting him married to a sweet amiable Englishwom the daughter of a bishop. But, alas! his precautic and the hopes in which he indulged, proved equally v The young man, only a few months after his marria was piqued when at table by some remark of his fat regarding his mode of carving—some slight allusion is said, to the maxim, that little men cannot afford neglect little matters; and rising with much appar coolness from beside his wife, he stepped into an adjc ing room, and there blew out his brains with a pis The stain of his blood was long observed in two la brownish-coloured blotches on the floor.

George Ross survived his son for several years, and continued, though a sadder and a graver man, to b himself with all his various speculations as before. was observed, however, that he seemed to care less t formerly for whatever was exclusively his own—for fine house and his beautiful lands—and that he chie employed himself in maturing his several projects the good of his country folks. Time at length began set its seal on his labours, by discovering their valu though not until death had first affixed *his* to the char ter of the wise and benevolent projector. He died f of years and honour, mourned by the poor, and regret by every one; and even those who had opposed innovations with the warmest zeal, were content *remember him, with* all the others, as 'the good laird.'

[The story of George Ross, the Scotch Agent, app

to us not only qualified, as the writer remarks, to teach a lesson of charity and moderation, but also to furnish to the numerous individuals who retire from business with independences, a hint as to the best means of employing and enjoying the vacant evening of life. The majority of such persons make the mistake of supposing, that mere exemption from the business which has occupied their early and middle years, will make their latter days pleasant; not reflecting that, in the breaking-up of all their habits, and the removal of all those objects which have hitherto furnished the stimulus of life, they are bringing about a revolution in their own system fraught with the greatest dangers. They commence, in fact, a life of leisure, without having, at any period of their lives, cultivated those tastes, or practised those habits, or formed those connections, which alone render a life of leisure agreeable; and generally fall to pieces, like empty barrels, before they have been gentlemen for half-a-dozen years. Now, if these individuals could contrive, like George Ross, to take an interest in any neglected village or district, or in any other way find an employment which, while free from compulsion and responsibility, would yet afford them as much occupation as they could desire, there cannot be the least doubt that they would make the latter part of life that real remuneration for an age of toil which it is at present only fable to be. In the very nature of such an employment, they would find a compensation for the nature of the other; and a long period of close application to a set of objects in which the good sought is in a great measure concentrated in self, would be rewarded by the privilege of applying to a totally different set, in which the good would be diffusive — they would be enabled to exercise their benevolence, and in that would find the sweetest of all the joys which life has to bestow.]

HYMN OF NATURE.

BY W. O. PEABODY, AN AMERICAN AUTHOR.

God of the earth's extended plains!
The dark-green fields contented lie:
The mountains rise like holy towers,
Where man might commune with the sky:
The tall cliff challenges the storm
That lowers upon the vale below,
Where shaded fountains send their streams,
With joyous music in their flow.

God of the dark and heavy deep!
The waves lie sleeping on the sands,
Till the fierce trumpet of the storm
Hath summoned up their thundering bands;
Then the white sails are dashed like foam,
Or hurry, trembling, o'er the seas,
Till, calmed by thee, the sinking gale
Serenely breathes, Depart in peace.

God of the forest's solemn shade!
The grandeur of the lonely tree,
That wrestles singly with the gale,
Lifts up admiring eyes to thee;
But more majestic far they stand,
When, side by side, their ranks they form,
To weave on high their plumes of green,
And fight their battles with the storm.

God of the light and viewless air!
Where summer breezes sweetly flow,
Or, gathering in their angry might,
The fierce and wintry tempests blow:
All—from the evening's plaintive sigh,
That hardly lifts the drooping flower,
To the wild whirlwind's midnight cry—
Breathe forth the language of thy power.

God of the fair and open sky!
How gloriously above us springs
The tented dome, of heavenly blue,
Suspended on the rainbow's rings!
Each brilliant star, that sparkles through,
Each gilded cloud, that wanders free
In evening's purple radiance, gives
The beauty of its praise to thee.

God of the rolling orbs above!
Thy name is written clearly bright
In the warm day's unvarying blaze,
Or evening's golden shower of light.
For every fire that fronts the sun,
And every spark that walks alone
Around the utmost verge of heaven,
Was kindled at thy burning throne.

God of the world! the hour must come,
And nature's self to dust return;
Her crumbling altars must decay;
Her incense fires shall cease to burn!
But still her grand and lovely scenes
Have made man's warmest praises flow;
For hearts grow holier as they trace
The beauty of the world below.

BENEVOLENCE OF JEWS.

Among the great standing injustices of society, the contempt openly or covertly entertained for the Hebrew race, is certainly one of the least defensible. Our prejudices have, in the first place, condemned this people to every mean pursuit; and then we accuse them of meanness. We exclude them so effectually from all the honourable professions in which superior talent finds

employment, that they are obliged to spend their best abilities in outdoing their fellow-countrymen in trade; and then we accuse them of ultra cleverness as tradesmen. We deprive them of every means of making an impression on society except that of wealth; and then we ask what but their wealth have they to recommend them. We withhold from them that respect, the desire of gaining which is one of the chief supports of principle in all ordinary men; and because some consequently act as if they wanted principle, we tax the whole tribe with habitual treachery in their dealings. With the political and religious questions connected with this people, we have no desire to meddle; but it is surely within our province to endeavour, by correct information, to do away with some of those merely social prejudices which ignorance alone seems to have given rise to against them.

One chief source, we suspect, of the antipathy with which we treat this part of our community, is the prevailing impression as to their being themselves, as a people, deficient in the social charities. We suppose the Jews to be exclusively sordid and selfish, and thus, in withholding from them our kindly regards, think we are doing to them no more than what they do towards others and towards themselves. Now, the truth is, that the Jews, however eager and ingenious in the pursuit of wealth, are even in a greater degree remarkable for their benevolence. Many of the ceremonies of their religion are combined essentially with deeds of charity. Gifts of five hundred pounds from individuals towards the charitable fund which exists in every congregation, are as common as subscriptions of the tenth part of the amount among ourselves; and even a thousand pounds have been given from a single purse in aid of some of their humane institutions. At the funeral of the late Mr Rothschild, the officiating priest mentioned over *the grave, that he* had, at various times, received from *that eminent financist*, sums amounting in all to about *twenty thousand* pounds, to be bestowed in charity.

And on various occasions of a general subscription in London for objects in which the public spirit and public benevolence was concerned, it is a fact too well known to be disputed, that the Jews have greatly outshone their fellow-citizens.

We could relate many anecdotes, to shew that the hearts of this people are quite as much in the right place as our own. Some years ago, a steam-vessel on its way between Glasgow and Dublin was detained for two days by stress of weather in Lamlash Bay. A horde of poor Irish labourers, who had taken a position on the deck, with only as much provision as was calculated to serve them during the usual twenty-four hours of the passage, began to feel the pinching calls of hunger, and, ere the vessel could leave the bay, a scene of dreadful misery had commenced. The steward, from his own stores, had given them a sack of potatoes; but this went little way in satisfying so many mouths, and yet it was all which the honest fellow could be expected to give. In the morning, after one of the foulest and coldest nights which had occurred for a long time, he mentioned the case to the gentlemen in the cabin, whom he naturally expected to take some interest in the matter, and contribute towards the relief of the sufferers. Only one person paid any respectful attention to what he said, or had the humanity to accompany him to the deck. This individual, on reaching the spot, found, as he had been told, that nearly a hundred human beings were in a state of absolute starvation, both from cold and hunger. So benumbed and torpid were they—so entirely were they deprived of all vital energy, that even upon whisky, when a little was offered to them, all except one or two turned an eye of indifference, and it was found necessary to take them down in small numbers to the engine-room, in order to restore some degree of animation, before any of them could speak. The benevolent stranger immediately returned to the cabin, and described what he had witnessed. Then, taking off his hat, he placed ten shillings in it, and went round the cabin to receive any

I will give a sovereign myself, and I swear to you, I will have the fact trumpeted in every newspaper in the country.' This roused them, and a small sum was collected, by means of which the poor wretches upon deck were enabled to reach their destination in some degree of comfort.*

At a more recent period, a monk of the order of La Trappe was brought before an alderman in the city of London, accompanied by a Jew. The monk appeared emaciated to an extraordinary degree, and, in conformity to the rule of his order, maintained a rigid silence. He was stated by the Jew to have been seen wandering about Towerhill and its neighbourhood on the preceding evening, with all the evidences of starvation, but without uttering a syllable of complaint, or soliciting the smallest assistance. To pursue the narrative of the daily intelligence which chronicled the incident—'The monk had at length stretched himself in as private a place as he could find, where he was found by the Jew in a state of feverish sleep. The Jew—a Mr Knight—shook the stranger, and asked him if he had no lodging to go to. The monk answered by a shrug and a ghastly look that fully disclosed the condition of his purse, but not a word did he speak. Alderman Cowan requested that the Jew would mention what he had ascertained about the poor man. Mr Knight stated that, having been born in France, he soon discovered that the melancholy being he had picked up was a countryman of his, and had been brought up under the silent system. It was a strange mode of recommending a man's self to the notice of the

* To be quite specific, the highest contribution was five shillings *from the captain*, and the Hebrew ultimately found it necessary to *give a sovereign, in order* to effect the relief of the sufferers.

Author of all good, to slight and reject the use of the gifts and faculties which he had been pleased to dispense; but so it was with the votaries of La Trappe, by the presiding authority of which the skeleton-like stranger was sentenced to do penance by a pilgrimage through England and Ireland for some transgression of the rules of the order. Witness took the monk home, and placed before him the best that could be afforded; but the wretched man would take but little refreshment, and refused to lie down upon any other bed than the hard floor, where he consigned himself once more to sleep, but not until he had fervently prayed for mercy, as was evident from his heavy sighs, uplifted hands, and moving but soundless lips. Next morning, witness ascertained that his guest had left a change of clothes at some public-house in the neighbourhood of London Bridge, and had been two days looking for the place without finding it. Alderman Cowan said, that the conduct of the persons who had relieved the poor enthusiast was truly noble. Many, he feared, who were in the habit of reviling the Jews, "passed by on the other side."

'Mr Knight said: "Although my wants are but very few, I am so poor that my children would severely feel any further encroachment upon their daily bread; and I caused the poor man to be brought here, to have the assistance of the police to find his little property, that he may continue his pilgrimage, after which he is to go back to Belgium."

'Mr Hobler inquired: "Did you tell him that you were a Jew?"

'Mr Knight answered: "No; I was afraid that, deplorable as his condition was, he would have scorned my aid if I said a word about it. Neither do I wish that he should be informed at all of the fact, lest the knowledge of it might wound prejudices which happily no longer exist in this country."

'Mailey, the policeman, was then directed by Alderman Cowan to inquire in the public-houses in the neighbourhood of London *Bridge, whether* the monk had deposited

his clothes in any of them. In the course of the d the officer returned, having succeeded in his sear Wrapped up in the threadbare garment, were so portions of the works of Origen, Kempis, and oth eminent writers on the Christian religion; and the f tures of the poor monk, for the first time, appeared relax, and something like a gleam of satisfaction w observable for a moment upon his countenance when t books were put into his hands. He then bowed to t alderman, meekly placed his hands upon his breast, sho his benevolent host by the hand, and once more set o upon his pilgrimage.'

Many of our readers must have known the individu of whose character we are now about to give an outlin He was a jeweller for nearly half a century at Banbu in Oxfordshire, and for the last sixteen years of his li resided in London. For convenience, we shall call hi Isaacs. This gentleman of Nature's court—for such truly was—came to England a poor boy, and commenc active life as a pedler. He married early in his ov humble rank, receiving nothing with his wife but a sm parcel of metal shirt-buttons. Even while a poor a struggling man, he began to manifest the extreme ben volence for which he was afterwards remarkable. relation of his wife had a daughter to marry, but bei unable to furnish the promised dowry of ten pounds, a the bridegroom being too poor to do without it, t union was like to have been put off indefinitely, wh Isaacs furnished the money, and made the young peop happy, his own capital being then probably little mo than double of what he thus generously expended. It worthy of remark, that the little sum was well bestow in every respect, for it became the nucleus of a fortu now amounting to about half a million. After Isaacs h set up in Banbury, and was taking his place among t respectable citizens of the town, a proposal was made *have a Sunday*-evening lecture by subscription in t *principal church*, for the benefit of those who could *attend divine service* during the day. When this sche

was publicly mentioned, much indifference was manifested by many, and some decided objections were presented by others. At length, one of the individuals who took an interest in the scheme, said, half jocularly: 'Come, let us ask Isaacs what he thinks of it.' They accordingly proceeded to the shop where, from morning till night, that worthy creature attended to his little trade, and in brief terms explained their object, and asked his opinion of it. What was their surprise when he instantly headed a paper with his own subscription for two guineas! This occurrence was decisive. Objections were silenced; the indifferent were shamed into liberality; and the lecture was established.

By industry, Isaacs became possessed of sufficient property in the funds to yield him an income of about six hundred a year. He then retired to live at leisure among his friends in London. Next to benevolence, the most remarkable feature of his character was a devotion to the spirit of frugality, accompanied by a contempt, in which he was quite sincere, for all superfluous luxuries. The servant who waited upon himself and his wife, having scarcely complete occupation, he allowed her to take in spinning or sewing on her own account, so that not a moment of her time might be wasted. On finding that she made a more profitable use of her spare hours than was originally calculated upon, he did not scruple to allow her a few more than was strictly convenient to himself, and for some time actually paid from his own pocket a young girl who was brought in to perform a share of her duty.

The whole economy of his moral nature was arranged on the principle of a co-ordinate supremacy of benevolence and frugality. These leading features sometimes came into view simultaneously, and formed circumstances of the most grotesque incongruity. A friend calling upon him one day about four o'clock, being one hour after his usual dinner-time, found him walking through his room with an appearance of elation and cheerfulness, such as he *did not commonly* exhibit. On the cause

being inquired into, he answered: 'Why, I have not dined since yesterday at three o'clock.'

'And why have you not dined?'

'Oh, I was busy all morning in the city, and when I came home rather late, I found the table-cloth withdrawn, and all over; so I contented myself with my tea.'

The source of the old man's joy, was his having tricked himself out of a dinner. Presently, the husband of one of his wife's grand-nieces, who had recently lost all he had in the world, came in, bearing that look which can never be mistaken when borne by a poor man in the presence of a rich. Isaacs called his first visitor into another room. 'There's poor ——,' said he; 'he has called just now by appointment, to consult me about setting him agoing again. Of course I must give him something. Here,' he added, shewing a fifty pound-note, which he had evidently put into his pocket for the purpose, 'do you think this will be enough from *me?*'

The poor relative was sent away rejoicing with this munificent gift, which was amply sufficient for making him a man again. We have heard the visitor whom he consulted on this occasion express his conviction, that he had denied himself his dinner that day, simply as an appeasing sacrifice to the spirit of self-denying frugality, on his indulging to so great an extent in the opposite sentiment. Nor was this the most remarkable instance of collision of the two principles. Mr Isaacs, it appears, was self-constituted a kind of guardian and benefactor to several families connected with his wife. Another grand-niece of that lady received from him a portion of five hundred pounds, being more than the surplus of one year's income. The marriage being appointed to take place in his house, he invited the intended bridegroom to spend a few days with him. The entertainment was extremely good in every respect, except that a cucumber was brought to table without vinegar or oil. On the deficiency being pointed out to the host, 'O never mind vinegar or oil,' said he testily; 'these things are all

accordingly the cucumber was allowed to make its appearance for three days at dinner without being touched. The man whose generous heart enabled him to spend five hundred pounds in advancing the interests of a being who had no claim upon him of any kind, could not allow himself to disburse one penny for the purpose of rendering a cucumber palatable!

These anecdotes, we should suppose, may safely be left to work their own effect upon minds in which bad habit has not completely extinguished all generous feeling.

LEDYARD THE TRAVELLER.

JOHN LEDYARD, one of the most enterprising of modern travellers, was born in the year 1751, in the province of Connecticut, in North America. He lost his father at an early age, and to his mother, who was left with but scanty means for the education of four children, he was indebted for cares and counsels that made an indelible and most salutary impression on his heart. He received his education partly from her, but chiefly in the grammar-school of Hartford. Being designed for the profession of the law, he pursued the study of that science for some time; with so little relish, however, that his friends yielded to his wish to adopt another career. At the age of nineteen, he proceeded to Dartmouth College, in order to qualify himself to become a missionary among the Indians. At the college he acquired knowledge with ease; manifested more indocility than diligence; and had not been there quite four months, when he suddenly disappeared, without the privity of any one. He is understood to have wandered to the borders of Canada, and among the Six Nations, with whose language and manners he formed an acquaintance, which was afterwards of much service to him, in his inter*course with savages* in various parts of the world.

Nearly four months elapsed before he returned to his college; and, in the course of a few more, conceiving himself ill treated, in consequence of some reproof for breach of discipline, he resolved to escape altogether. The mode of his flight was equally curious and characteristic. With the aid of some of his fellow-students, he felled, on the margin of the Connecticut river, a majestic forest tree, and fashioned its trunk into a canoe, fifty feet long and three wide.

The canoe was finished, launched into the stream, and, by the further aid of his companions, equipped and prepared for a voyage. His wishes were now at their consummation, and bidding adieu to these haunts of the muses, where he had gained a dubious fame, he set off alone with a light heart to explore a river, with the navigation of which he had not the slightest acquaintance. The distance to Hartford was not less than 140 miles, much of the way was through a wilderness, and in several places there were dangerous falls and rapids. After pursuing a perilous navigation for several days, and being on one occasion nearly precipitated over a fall in the river, he was fortunate in reaching his home, greatly to the surprise of his relatives.

Ledyard next appears in the character of an enthusiastic student of divinity. For some time, he sought the station of a parish minister; until wearied with unexpected obstacles in the pursuit, and unable to obtain a licence to preach, he abandoned his theological researches and pious designs in despair and mortification. The transition is startling—from the character of a candidate for the pulpit, to that of a common sailor, in which capacity we quickly find him on board of a vessel bound to Gibraltar, under the command of one of his father's old friends, by whom he was treated rather as a friend and associate, than a member of the crew. At Gibraltar, struck with a military parade, he enlisted, 'thinking the profession of a soldier well suited to a man of honour and enterprise.' Urged by the captain of the vessel, the *British commanding*-officer released his new recruit, who,

, would have been content to remain, to follow
dventure.
e expiration of a twelvemonth, when he was
back to New London, he had gained only a
ge of the duties and sufferings of a sailor.
stared him in the face; dependence upon the
f his friends was intolerable to his lofty spirit;
dentary or common-place occupations comported
temper and ambition of a genuine rover. He
ired to have heard from his father that he
ithy relatives in England. For that country he
resolved to embark, with the vision before his
kind patronage, by means of which he might
mpetency and distinction, in some yet undeter-
phere of life. After working his passage as a
Plymouth, in England, he remained destitute of
o reach London. Fortune threw him into the
of an honest Irishman, whose plight exactly
d his own; and the two friends agreed to set out
on foot for the capital. Begging, by turns, on
, they succeeded fully in their objects. The first
of our adventurer in London, was to discover
nt relations. A glimpse of the family name on
e heightened his ardour; but when he presented
t the house of a Ledyard, with all simplicity, as
rican cousin, he was so coolly received that his
vanished, and his pride prevented him ever
the attempt to be recognised. It was just at
od that Captain Cook was preparing for his third
voyage round the world. The idea of accom-
him struck Ledyard with so much force, that he
nlisted in the British marine service, and soon
d to gain an introduction to Captain Cook, who,
y his appearance and character, immediately took
his service, and promoted him to be a corporal
es.
e age of twenty-five, Ledyard found himself
d in an expedition such as his heart yearned for;
erformed *the voyage* in a manner which called

forth the approbation of his superiors. At an isl called Onaloska, on the north-west coast of America was selected by Captain Cook to proceed alone on expedition into the interior, in search of a settlement Europeans, which was believed to exist there. T hazardous commission he executed with ability success, having, after a journey of some days, reac a small colony of Russians, three of whom he brou back with him to the ship. Ledyard afterwards hea the party of marines who attended Captain Cook w he was killed by the natives at Owyhee, an accoun which he subsequently published in the narrative of voyage.

For two years after the return of the expedition England, Ledyard remained in the British navy. war, however, now commencing betwixt Britain and American provinces, he refused to be attached to an the squadrons sent with hostile intentions against country; and in 1782 made the best of his way ho where he was welcomed by his mother, after an abse of eight years. A few months of retirement among relations more than satisfied the mind of Ledyard, was insatiable of adventure. Conceiving the plan c voyage to the North Pacific Ocean, he repaired to N York, but could obtain no coadjutors there. He n tried Philadelphia, and after being reduced to the n mortifying distress by poverty, met there with the enc ragement which he so anxiously sought for his new j ject. Robert Morris, the prince of liberal and sagaci merchants, instantly took, as he expresses it, "a nc hold of the enterprise;' engaged to contribute a ship funds for its execution; and provided the sanguine j jector with the means of comfortable subsistence until preparations should be completed. Unexpected diffi ties multiplied, however, so as to defeat the hopes exertions of both; and Morris lost an opportunity acquiring immense wealth, in a mercantile advent which, when pursued by others several years after, veri *in its lucrative results* all the calculations of Ledyar

the first, whether in Europe or America, to suggest a scheme of trade with the North-west Coast. His views, observes Mr Sparks, his American biographer, accorded exactly with those acted upon by the first adventurers, who were rewarded with extraordinary success.

Clinging still enthusiastically to his project, he determined to try his fortune with it abroad. Robert Morris replenished his purse, and enriched him with letters of introduction to eminent merchants in Europe, particularly in France. He selected Cadiz as his first port; spent upwards of a month there in the best social circles; wrote entertaining descriptions to his friends in America; and then suddenly quitted that scene for Brest and L'Orient. Some of the principal merchants of the latter city signed an agreement, by which they engaged to send him forth on his favourite expedition, in a vessel fully equipped for the new and arduous purpose. They actually provided a fine ship of 400 tons; and Ledyard, after eight or nine months of buoyant hope and joyful diligence, was nearly at the summit of his wishes, when, from some difficulty with the government, the voyage was entirely abandoned by his patrons. Again cruelly baffled and left penniless, he shaped his course to Paris, where he supposed a better fortune might await his ambition as an explorer. Mr Jefferson happened to be then minister from the United States at the court of France. That illustrious patriot, with his habitual fondness for noble enterprise, animated the intelligent confidence, and relieved the immediate necessities of his romantic countryman. Ledyard contracted, besides, an intimacy with the celebrated Paul Jones, who assisted him to the best of his ability.

The restless temperament of Ledyard did not suffer him to despair at his want of success in procuring the object of his desire. Clinging to his determination to find his way, by land if not by sea, to the north-west coast of America, with the view of exploring that vast and as yet almost unknown region, he formed a plan of travelling overland to the north-eastern extremity of Asia, through Russia and Siberia, and thence crossing Behring's Straits.

While preparing to proceed in this extraordinary undertaking, he was induced suddenly to set out for London, an invitation having been sent to him to repair thither, and embark in an English ship, which was in readiness to sail for the Pacific Ocean, and of which the owners undertook to have him set on shore at any place on the north-west coast that he might choose. In six days he was in London, where Sir Joseph Banks and other distinguished men of science entered warmly into his plan, which was to land at Nootka Sound, and thence strike directly into the interior, and pursue his course, as fortune should guide him, to Virginia. Colonel Smith, then secretary of the American legation in London, described him, in an official letter, in these terms: 'He is perfectly calculated for the attempt; robust and healthy, and has an immense passion to make discoveries which will benefit society, and insure him, agreeably to his own expression, *a small degree of honest fame.*'

He embarked with no other equipment than two dogs, an Indian pipe, and a hatchet: he thought himself now secure of his object; but the vessel was not out of sight of land, before it was brought back by an order from the government; and the voyage was finally relinquished! This miscarriage might be deemed enough to have weighed upon his heart with invincible pressure; to have paralysed the energies of the stoutest spirit; but in a very short time after, Ledyard was prepared to 'make the tour of the globe, from London east, on foot.' He called himself 'the slave of fortune and the son of care;' remarking, however, that 'the nearer the approach which he had so often made to each extreme of happiness and distress, had rendered him so hardy, that he could meet either with composure.' Sir Joseph Banks, Dr Hunter, Sir James Hall, and Colonel Smith, subscribed a small sum for his journey, and contributed also the most flattering letters of introduction. At Hamburg, to which city he immediately went, he unfortunately learned that an American major, whom he wished to enlist as the companion of his enterprise, had repaired to Copenhagen, and

fallen there into the severest pecuniary embarrassments. Our enthusiast hastened to the Danish capital, in order to sacrifice his ten guineas for the relief of one whom, in fact, he had never seen—to whom he owed no assistance. He travelled far aside from his direct route, and exposed himself to all the evils of a winter journey through Sweden and Finland. The major took his money; but, after they had passed an amicable fortnight together in Copenhagen, answered his wish of further companionship by saying: 'No; I esteem you, but I can travel in the way I do with no man on earth.' The simple generosity of Ledyard submitted; he drew a bill on his friend Colonel Smith for a small sum, and, in the depth of winter, 'set out for Tornea, alone, without friends, on a road almost unfrequented at that season, and with the certainty that he must travel northward 600 miles before he could turn his steps towards a milder climate, and then 600 or 700 more, in descending to St Petersburg, on the other side of the Gulf of Bothnia.' He chose, too, a different direction from the common one, and passed far into the most unfrequented parts of Finland. Before the 20th of March, he reached St Petersburg! that is, within seven weeks of the time of leaving Stockholm, making the average distance per week which he travelled about 200 miles. No part of his Journal, during this dreadful tour, has been preserved; and his sufferings can therefore only be conjectured.

At St Petersburg, his letters procured him eminent acquaintance, among whom the learned Professor Pallas and Count de Ségur proved his chief patrons. After waiting there nearly three months, he obtained at length his passport for the prosecution of his journey to Siberia. Just at this time a Scotch physician was going to the province of Kolyvan, in the employment of the empress. Ledyard joined him, and thus had a companion for more than 3000 miles of his route. They passed through Moscow, Kazan, Tobolsk; and our adventurer remained a week at Barnaoul, the capital of Kolyvan, and the term of his companion's journey. After spending a week at

Barnaoul, he set out for Irkutsk with the courier wh had charge of the mail. Here he remained about te days, and then proceeded down the river Lena, an arrived at Yakutsk after a voyage of twenty-two day This place was unfortunately destined to be the termina ing point of his wonderful journey. The Russian goverı ment, with its habitual meanness, suspected his intention and ordered him to be detained or prevented from goin further.

It was while spending a dreary and inclement winte at Yakutsk, that Ledyard penned in his journal h exquisite and celebrated eulogy on *Women*—a simpl unstudied effusion, with which the sex have more reaso to be pleased than with all the most elaborate and finely termed compliments that gallantry or flattery ever pr duced. 'I have observed,' says he, 'among all nation that the women ornament themselves more than the mer that, wherever found, they are the same kind, civil, oblig ing, humane, tender beings; that they are ever incline to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest. They d not hesitate, like man, to perform a hospitable or generou action; not haughty, nor arrogant, nor supercilious, bu full of courtesy and fond of society; industrious, econ mical, ingenuous, more liable in general to err than ma but in general, also, more virtuous, and performing mor good actions than he. I never addressed myself in th language of decency and friendship to a woman, whethe civilised or savage, without receiving a decent and friendl answer. With man it has often been otherwise. I wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Den mark, through honest Sweden, frozen Lapland, rude an churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide-spread regions of the wandering Tatar, if hungry, dry, cold, we or sick, woman has ever been friendly to me, and un formly so; and to add to this virtue, so worthy of th appellation of benevolence, these actions have bee performed in so free and so kind a manner, that, if I wa dry, I drank the sweet draught, and, if hungry, ate th *coarse morsel*, with a double relish.'

Ledyard had not been quite two months at Yakutsk, when Captain Billings arrived there from his expedition to the river Kolyme and Frozen Ocean. The captain was one of our traveller's companions during the whole of Cook's last voyage, and might well be 'surprised at meeting his old acquaintance in the heart of Siberia,' not having heard from him since their separation at the close of the voyage. After they had passed about five weeks together at Yakutsk, Billings persuaded Ledyard to return to Irkutsk with him, a distance of 1500 miles, which they accomplished in seventeen days, travelling in sledges up the river Lena, on the ice. Ere a month more had elapsed, Ledyard was arrested as a French spy! by 'an absolute order from the empress;' hurried into a kibitka with two guards, conducted with all speed to Moscow, and thence to the frontiers of Poland, where his ferocious attendants released him, with the suggestion that he might go where he pleased, but if he returned again to the dominions of the empress, he would be hanged! This transportation, as it may be called, was effected in six weeks, over a space of 6000 versts—three versts being equal to two English miles.

After undergoing this ignominious and cruel treatment, Ledyard reached Königsberg absolutely destitute, and in bad health. He was so fortunate as to dispose there of a draft for five guineas on his old benefactor, Sir Joseph Banks, a sum by which he was enabled to pursue his journey to England. Once more, therefore, after an absence of fifteen months, do we find him in the British capital, and, to use his own words, 'again disappointed, ragged, and penniless, but with a whole heart.' He had scarcely enjoyed, in London, time enough to choose his lodgings, when Sir Joseph Banks proposed to him, on behalf of the African Association, an expedition into the interior of Africa. He replied, that he had always determined to traverse the continent of Africa, as soon as he had explored the interior of North America. Sir Joseph gave him a note of introduction to the secretary of the Association, *with whom* he sought an immediate

interview. "Before I had learned from the note the
and business of my visitor," says the secretary (Mr
fay in an official report,) I was struck with the n
ress of his person, the breadth of his chest, the ope
of his countenance, and the magnitude of his eye."
asked when he would set out — to-morrow morni
was his answer. His biographer dwells upon this pl
as an instance of extraordinary decision and fortitu
character. The frequency of his disappointments
freshness of his sufferings, the magnitude of the la
and perils inseparable from the new enterprise, v
have caused any other than Ledyard to hesitate at
If not to shrink from it in utter safety. Lassitude, de
or horror.

The route traced for him by the Association, was
London to Paris, thence to Marseilles, across the
termination to Egypt, from Alexandria to Grand
from Cairo to Sennaar, and thence westward, in the la
and supposed direction of the Niger. He stopp
Paris six or eight days, performing homage of grat
to his illustrious friends, Jefferson and Lafayette.
this more than a month, he was in Alexandria; a
less than a week more, in Grand Cairo, only the sta
post of his arduous expedition. Here three months
ensued before he had any certainty of being ab
proceed in his design. He awaited the departure o
caravan, which he wished to accompany to Sen
Alas, it was his fate to close his earthly career just
on the eve of departure for the interior! During
residence in Cairo, his persons had made it neces
him to be much exposed to the heat of the sun
[illegible] of the summer, at the
[illegible] season of the year. The consequence
[illegible] which he thought
[illegible] would. Wh
[illegible] other pe
[illegible] was so great
[illegible] unattended
[illegible] proceed.

was attempted by a powerful dose of tartar emetic: but all was in vain. The best medical skill in Cairo was called to his aid without effect, and he closed his life of vicissitude and toil, at the moment when he imagined his severest cares were over, and the prospects before him were more flattering than they had been at any former period. He was decently interred, and all suitable respect was paid to his obsequies by such friends as he had found among the European residents in the capital of Egypt. The precise day of his death is not known, but the event is supposed to have happened towards the end of November 1788. He was then in the thirty-eighth year of his age.

Regret is deep, not only for the extinction of such a spirit, but for the loss of that chance of discovery which attended his undertaking. He had seen more, could endure more, and persevere further, than any other man. His intense zeal, incredible activity, dauntless courage, resolute honour, comprehensive intelligence, promised all that could be achieved by an individual.

ROYAL CEMETERIES OF FRANCE.

The ancient church of St Denis, which contained in its sepulchral vaults the mortal remains of the long line of princes, who, during a period of 1200 years, had swayed in succession the sceptre of France, was opened in 1793 by a decree of the National Convention, the tombs pillaged of their valuable relics, and the leaden coffins enveloping the bodies carried off, to be moulded into bullets 'for the punishment of the enemies of France.' It is not our intention to make any remarks upon that dreadful condition of excitement under which the nation must have laboured, before wanton desecrations of this character could have been *sanctioned* by the legislative assembly,

and eagerly followed out by the people—these considerations are for other pages than ours. Many things and spectacles, however, worthy of observation, presented themselves at the opening of the sepulchral chambers of St Denis, and to these we propose to direct the attention of the reader.

Though the church of St Denis had undergone alterations since the time of Pepin, Charlemagne's father, the sepulchral vaults had remained unchanged since the reign of that monarch, who was their constructor. In these vaults lay the relics of kings, queens, and princes; of martyred saints and famous warriors; some of them tricked out in all the trappings of living royalty, robed, sceptred, and crowned; some of them perfect in form, by the care of the embalmer, as when the spirit yet dwelt in the tenement; others mouldered away into dust, indistinguishable from the rotten cerements that enveloped them. Men, on the breath of whose lips once hung the destinies of millions, whose names were the pride of history; fair dames, in whose honour tournaments were held—for a smile from whom knights rushed into the battle-field as to a banquet; all that earth retained of such beings as these, lay shrouded in the sepulchres of St Denis; and their bones, so long venerated, were turned out for the sport and mockery of a rabble, to whom all that had ever been associated with the name of royalty was for the time the object of hatred unutterable.

Those to whom the opening of these chambers of the royal dead was intrusted, began their operations on the 12th of October 1793, with a sufficient number of workmen to assist in the task. The first monument which was opened, was that of the celebrated Marshal Turenne, whose warlike services to France had earned for his remains a place in the royal cemetery. On laying open the little vault that contained the body, one of those strange tricks which death sometimes plays, presented itself to the gaze of the spectators. Though no process *of embalming*, or any mode of preservation whatever, *had been used* upon the body, Turenne, who was killed

anon-ball at Saltzbach in 1672, was lying in so
a condition, that not even a feature of his face
the slightest degree discomposed. Though a
of princes, Turenne was not himself a prince,
remains were secure, comparatively, from dis-
All present were anxious to carry off some
lic of the great soldier, and one of the fingers
ght hand was taken away by Camille Desmoulins.
of Turenne bore a striking resemblance to his
, and, indeed, likenesses of him were subse-
taken from the body, which was deposited in
n box in the vestry, and lay there for the
n of visitors for a long time afterwards.
ault of the Bourbon sovereigns, situated near the
neous chapels, was the next object of attention;
the workmen, induced by curiosity, hastened
out the coffin of Henry the Great—the greatest
the royal annals of France, and once the idol
ation. Alas, for the dead lion! The remains
s beloved master were torn from their resting-
id given up to the indiscriminating insults of
dened populace. The body of Henry was in a
remarkable preservation; probably because, like
, he had died a violent death—being stabbed
ach by a friar named Ravilliac, in the year 1610.
traction of the blood tends greatly, it is well
o preserve bodies from the usual consequences
ural death. No spot or stain was on Henry's
sheet, and the face resembled that of one asleep.
y was no sooner out of the coffin, than one of
tators, a soldier, drew his sabre, and cutting a
n the long beard, which was fresh and uninjured,
on his own upper lip, swearing that, from that
would wear no other mustaches. In this deed
ght be a portion of reverence, but what followed
r no such interpretation. Henry was placed
with the winding-sheet thrown carelessly around
l in this condition he was exposed to the gaze
ıbble, *who, in the hour* of their delirious hatred

of royalty, poured out on the once reverenced clay torrents of vulgar jests and unfeeling mockery. One woman, more turbulent and forward than the rest, waved her clenched hands, and, upbraiding the body with the crime of having been a king, struck it to the ground.

The coffin of Henry IV. bore the oldest date in the Bourbon vault, in which lay four kings, four queens, twenty-one princes, and twenty-eight princesses. The workmen were four days in clearing this vault, the bodies and remains found in it being all thrown, after a short exposure, into a pit of liquid lime, to insure their speedy destruction. So many of the bodies were far advanced in decay, that before their removal was effected, the vault became filled with effluvia of so noxious a character, that the workmen suffered severely from fevers caught in consequence. Some few of the bodies were in good preservation; and amongst others, that of the proudest monarch of France, Louis XIV., whom his admiring subjects honoured with the name of the Grand Monarque. The reception of Louis by the spectators of the exhumation, was not more favourable than that given to the truly great King Henry IV., whom he was vain of being thought to resemble. If their deeds in life shewed no true similitude, the treatment at least which befell their remains was in all respects the same.

In the Bourbon sepulchral chamber were found many insignia of royalty, and several cases containing hearts. These cases were generally of lead, coated with silver, and in some instances gilt. Below several of the coffins were leaden caskets containing the intestines of those among the dead, on whose embalming particular care had been expended. The lead of all these heart-cases and caskets was carried away with the coffins for the making of bullets, and their contents thrown into the same lime-pit with the bodies. The coffin of the last buried king, Louis XV., was the last examined. This *coffin was not* in the vault, it being customary in the *etiquette of royal burials*, to permit the last buried king *to remain in a niche* at the entrance to the vault, until

his successor on the throne came after him to the chambers of death. The latter, in like manner, awaited the coming of the next occupant of the throne. The passage of Louis XV.'s successor to his tomb, was too brief and bloody for the maintenance of the funereal pomps and etiquette of the proud house of the Bourbons.

The opening of Charles VIII.'s vault followed. This king, styled in life the *affable*, was enclosed in a plain leaden coffin, without sign or vestige of royal rank. Not far from him reposed one, whose living frame held lodged within it the subtilest and most treacherous spirit that human body ever enclosed. This was Charles's father, Louis XI., whose ambition, craftiness, and superstition, have been so ably portrayed by Sir Walter Scott. In a tomb not far from Louis, lay his father, Charles VII., who, some time before his decease, knowing well the dangerous and wicked character of his son, became so apprehensive of being poisoned, that he refused all nourishment, till nourishment was unable to save him. Now the two lay in one home—at rest!

The vault of Louis XII. was remarkable for nothing excepting two crowns of gilt brass, which lay above the monarch and his queen. It was only after much trouble and research, that the workmen could discover the vault of Francis I., the contemporary of Henry VIII. of Britain, and his rival in the princely joustings at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. The bodies of Charles VII. and VIII. were reduced to the state of perfect skeletons, but the workmen were almost unable to clear the vault of Francis, such being the putrified condition of the remains it contained. Five of Francis's family lay in it, in heavy leaden coffins, similar to that in which he himself lay.

In the next vault lay the bodies of a family, whose vices and deeds form one of the blackest pages in modern history. Henry II., and eleven of his family lay here, the most noted of whom were his three cruel sons, Francis II., Charles IX., and Henry III.; Catherine of Medicis, his wife; and Margaret of France, his daughter. To the dark annals *of this bigoted* and persecuting family

we shall but briefly allude. Henry II., the head of i at the coronation of his queen, one year after he mounte his throne, caused, by way of adding to the holy mer and festivity of the day, many unhappy Protestants be burned at the stake, while he himself stood by watch their agonies. His nerves, though stubborn iron, swerved from the horror of this spectacle; ye forcing down the qualms of human nature within hir he gazed on it, till the last of his victims was but shrivelled ember. The avenging hand fell upon him- from that hour he knew no peace. After a few yea of miserable suspicion and capricious tyranny, he wa accidentally slain at a tournament. What his wi Catherine of Medicis was, during her regency, histo hath strongly told. Her son Francis exceeded his paren in cruelty, which is saying much; but the worst actio of the race were deeds of mercy in comparison of th severities of the next son, Charles IX. In his reig befell the massacre of St Bartholomew, where 40,0 Protestants perished by the sword. The guilty monarch fe the hand of retributive justice even more severely tha his father had done. Shortly after, while his mind wa racked with anguish, his body began to ooze out blo from every pore; and in this wretched condition h died.

The vaults, it will have been observed by the reade were not opened regularly, according to the successic of the kings; and, indeed, the vaults do not appear have been so arranged. This irregularity continue throughout the whole process. For example, near Hen II.'s vault, was found the skeleton of the celebrate warrior Du-Guesclin, and, subsequently, the remains Carloman, brother of Charlemagne, and both sons Pepin, the founder of the edifice. Pepin's own grave wa discovered many years afterwards, before the princip entrance to the church of St Denis. Pepin's last wi being extant, his remains were fully identified, for *that will* he directs his body to be laid on its face *a stone coffin, to be* placed in front of St Denis's Churc

ior, in which position it was found. We shall return, owever, to the vaults of later kings.

The tomb of Charles VI. and his queen, Isabel, had een, shortly before the general exhumation, broken to and pillaged, so that it contained only a few dried ones. The vault of Charles V. was in a side-chapel, alled the Chapel of Charles, and the tomb of this king as the richest that had been met with. His coffin as of brass, and contained a silver crown, gilt, and in ood preservation; a silver hand of Justice; and a sceptre f gilt silver, about five feet in length, and surmounted ith a cluster of leaves. This last relic was beautifully rought, and untarnished in lustre, though it had lain ere 400 years. In the coffin of Jane of Bourbon, his ife, were the remains of a crown, rings, bracelets, and pair of sharp-pointed shoes, shining still with embroidery gold and silver. An interesting mark of this queen's abits had been buried with her—namely, a distaff and indle. This king, Charles V., was poisoned by his elative, the king of Navarre, who himself perished in still more miserable manner, being burned to death by ie accidental ignition of a cloth belt steeped in brandy nd sulphur, which he wore for a leprous affection.

Charles's father, King John, lay in the chancel of St enis. He is well known in history as having been risoner to the Black Prince of Wales, who vanquished im at the battle of Poictiers, and in other engagements. n John's coffin, beside a pure white skeleton, lay a roken sceptre, and a silver hand of Justice. The saying f this monarch, who, notwithstanding his misfortunes, erited the title of *the Good* from his people, is memorable. n resolving, when unable to pay his ransom, to render imself a prisoner to the English prince, John said: Though good faith were banished from the rest of the arth, it should still be found in the breasts of princes!'

Philip of Valois lay in the chancel, near his son King ohn. His coffin, formed of hard stone, and lined with lates of lead, was closed with a sheet of that metal oldered on *some iron bars*, and over this lid was placed

a large flat stone. His body was dust, and none even o that was visible, excepting what lay in the crevices of gilt crown, and an ornamented sceptre. This was al that remained of the great monarch, against whom all th power of the English Edward contended in vain for th throne of France.

Besides the long line of kings and their families, whos tombs we have enumerated, many more of older dat were opened, of whose possessors scarcely even the nam was known. Upon the whole, it is evident that th expectations of those who hoped to find loads of burie treasure in these tombs must have been signally disap pointed, since the few baubles which we have notice constituted the whole of the prize. We do not mean t attribute sordid motives to those who suggested a schem like this; but if such motives did exist, it is impossible t regret their failure.

The treasures of the church and shrine of St Denis wer of great amount and value, as might have been expecte in one of the most splendid ecclesiastical possessions i France; and the whole went, by a decree of the Convention to similar purposes with the trinkets and leaden coffin of the sepulchres. These treasures were kept in fiv cabinets; and from the following enumeration of some o the principal articles, the reader may judge of the lon duration of the grandeur of St Denis, and may join wit us in regretting the destruction of relics so venerable In the first cabinet were two mitres of ancient abbots o St Denis; one of them formed entirely of pearls an jewels set in gold, and the other of seed pearls strewed wit fleur-de-lis. These mitres were made about the twelft century. In another cabinet was a vase of Orienta agate, supposed to be the finest in the world. It wa covered with hieroglyphical figures of beautiful execution John Tristen, in his Commentaries, expresses his belie that this vase was made by Ptolemy Philadelphus, kin of Egypt. An inscription on the foot says that it wa given to St Denis by Charles III. The crown of Charle *magne, of gold,* and enriched with jewels, used at th

on of the French kings. A cup made of the Samaris, used by St Louis. The sword which he o the Holy Land, and a silver shrine containing of St Denis. A splendid missal, written eight s ago. Four crowns, two of gold and two of sed at the coronations. A manuscript on vellum, to St Denis. And the crown used at the corona- he queens, which was made of gold, and studded cious stones. There were other valuable curiosi- antique objects in this splendid collection, but r importance, and a notice of which does not equisite.

MAD BUFFALO.

ie of American Osage Indians occupy an exten- ct of country to the north and west of the s territory. The game continued to be abun- oughout this region, until the whites began to upon their hunting-ground. Killing the buffalo tongue and skin alone, the whites committed woe among them; and the animals, continually , receded from the seat of slaughter. The ient of the United States, to protect these and idians from such unjust invasions of their ter- passed a law, prohibiting citizens from hunting Indian lands. This wholesome law was often and its violation was very distressing to the as the game had already become scarce, and, emmed in to the westward by the Pawnees, a l and warlike tribe, with whom they were always hey were unable to extend their hunting-grounds lirection.

spring of 1824, a party, consisting of three or ites, as many half-breed Indians, and a negro, ding *the law, went* from the borders of the

Arkansas territory to hunt in the Indian lands, were discovered by a party of Osages, led by Washenpasha, or the Mad Buffalo, the most famc chief of that nation. Mistaking the hunters, afterwards stated, for Indians of an unfriendly they attacked and killed several of the party; b ascertaining the character of those who had fall expressed much regret. 'We fear,' they said, will make trouble.' Some of the men were even to tears.

As always happens in such cases, the affair p great excitement among the inhabitants on the fr whose fears and passions are always excited slightest insult from their warlike neighbours aggressors were demanded from their tribe commandant of the American troops, posted Neothio River. After much consultation amon selves, and upon frequent reiteration of the dema met in council at the garrison, to the number of 400. They formed themselves into a circle, to ho talk after their own fashion. The demand wa repeated, and an appeal made to them, enforc necessity of their compliance, and the evil conse which would result from a refusal. At length, t Buffalo arose with great dignity, and coming f declared himself to have been the leader of th accused. He said that he had mistaken the hun a party of unfriendly Indians, and did not kno were any whites among them until after the de done. He expressed his willingness to make an ment for the wrong which he had ignorantly cor against the children of their Great Father, the Pr and stepping into the middle of the ring, 'I deli self up,' said he, 'to the American commandan dealt with as may be thought proper.' Fiv warriors immediately followed his example. Th taken in charge, and held in close custody at the a few days, and then sent, under a strong guarc *the Arkansas*, to Little Rock, distant about 30

› first or second night of their journey, one of
ed off his handcuffs, and made his escape. Mad
is very much distressed at the event; he spoke
erter with vehement indignation, as a coward,
isgraced his nation and himself. At the mouth
rto, they met with Major Davenport, who had
wn to Mad Buffalo and his people for three
whose frank and soldierly treatment had won
dence. They expressed great pleasure at this
nd consulted with him, as a friend, concerning
tion. He explained to them, as well as he
nature of their offence; that, under the laws of
l States, they would have to be tried for murder
; of justice, under civil authority, and if found
ıld be punished with death by hanging. He
to employ counsel to defend them, as our own
d under similar circumstances.
d Buffalo seemed to be much moved by this
n, and, for the first time, to comprehend his
ion. He told Major Davenport that he had
to appear before a council of warriors, like
ho would decide on principles of honour, and
ılar circumstances, whether he had violated the
ıith between his tribe and the children of his
ıer. He did not expect, he said, to be tried by
ıich he was ignorant, and which, as it appeared
ry unjustly fixed the punishments to his offence
l. On the following day, he requested Major
to speak for him, and delivered his war-club,
that he made him his deputy, with full power
him in every emergency. He requested the
hew the war-club to Claimore, the principal
e Osages, who, on seeing that symbol, would do
night be required of him. 'When I saw you
' said he, 'I felt as if I had seen my father. I
to be my friend; go to Claimore, shew him my
Whatever you think ought to be done for me,
›re, and he will do it.'
.rted; *the one for Little* Rock, the other for the

post on Neothio River. Major Davenport was n
in seeing Claimore, shewed him the war-club,
him to employ counsel for his people below, and t
that the Buffalo wished him to attend his trial, a
justice done him. Claimore refused to attend tl
as he considered it not safe to trust himself
enemies; but offered 500 dollars for counsel, wh
accepted, and paid. When the trial came on at th
and exertions corresponding with the importance
case were made for the prisoners, no legal evider
produced against them, nor a case made out to v
conviction. Three of them were acquitted. Bu
was thought necessary by the politic jury to m
example, which should strike terror among the I
the Mad Buffalo and the Little Eagle were sele
victims to the prejudice and vengeance of the neig
ing whites—the Buffalo, on account of his influe
the tribe; and the Eagle, because the lot happe
fall on him.

The Buffalo behaved during the trial with th
resignation, the same calm courage and dignity, as
all along exhibited. He and the Eagle were conc
to be hung, and the three who were acquitted, re
to their tribe. The sons of the Buffalo, some of
were quite grown up, frequently visited Major Da
at the garrison, and always requested to see the w

After they heard that their father was condemn
they despaired of again seeing him, they reques
major to give them the war-club. They woul
secretly, and then silently, examine it, while th
would roll down their cheeks. He promised to gi
the eldest of the sons, when it should be ascertain
their father never would return, but not before.

The Buffalo declared he would never submit to b
up by the neck; and made some unsuccessful at
to destroy himself. The convicts were respited fro
to time by the acting governor, who took occasion
them in prison. Upon being introduced, the Buffal
him a speech, in which he expressed his sentim

and, figurative, and fearless language. In the midst of his speech, the Eagle touched him, and told him that, in speaking so loud, he might give offence. 'Give offence!' replied the Buffalo indignantly—'am I not a man as well as he?' Much interest was made by Major Davenport, Governor M'Nair, and some others, to obtain their pardon. After about a year's imprisonment, they were finally pardoned by President Adams, soon after entering upon the duties of his office, in 1825. They were liberated at the Rock, and supplied by the people of the village with a gun, ammunition, and provisions for their journey home. Such, however, are the jealousy and hatred existing between the frontier settlers and the Indians, that to avoid the danger of being shot on the way, it was necessary for them to take a circuit round the settlements of more than 300 miles. With this view, they took the direction of the mountains, lying close by day, and travelling by night, until they had passed the last settlement. Here they were so much exhausted by hunger, fatigue, swelled legs, and sore feet, that they could proceed no further, and, to add to their sufferings, the Buffalo was taken sick. The Eagle left him, with a view of saving himself, and, if possible, of sending relief to his companion. Thus left to himself, the Buffalo heated a stone, and by applying it to his breast, was greatly relieved. He again pursued his journey, passed Eagle on the way without knowing when or where, and arrived at the garrison on Grand River, so much emaciated that Major Davenport did not know him. He had not felt himself safe until he reached this point; and he could not give utterance to his joy and gratitude, except by emphatic gestures and inarticulate sounds. The major gave him his war-club, supplied him with a horse and provisions, and sent him to his tribe. The Little Eagle arrived soon after, and was sent on in the same manner.

The document containing their pardon was soon after sent on, and delivered to them. But they could not comprehend its meaning. And as it was a large paper, and such as had been presented to them to sign when they

gave away their lands, they viewed it with much jealousy and alarm. After recruiting their strength a little, the Buffalo and Eagle, accompanied by about 200 of the Osages, returned to the garrison, to learn what the big paper meant. On its being read and explained to them, and being told it said nothing about their lands, they went away perfectly satisfied, expressing the most friendly disposition towards their Great Father the president.

Thus terminated the affair and trial of the Mad Buffalo and his companions, strongly illustrating the character of these rude sons of the forest, their views of civilised jurisprudence, and the absurdity, if not injustice, of making them amenable to laws of which they must be wholly ignorant.

THE STRANGE FISH:

AN ENGLISH VILLAGE SKETCH.

After many years of toil and vicissitude, having betaken myself to the retirement of a small country village, with an income which gave me no right to look down upon my less well-born neighbours, and an education, family connections, and profession, which entitled me to visit the higher classes, I felt a strong degree of interest in the fate and fortunes of the whole of the little community around me. About half a mile from the village, there stood a house which, in consequence of some inconveniences attending it, had been for a long time empty. It was sufficiently large to accommodate a family of some fortune, but it was placed awkwardly enough at the angle of two cross-roads, with only a three-cornered piece of ground in front, and rather a small garden behind. It was the sort of place *which did* not seem to suit anybody, and some thoughts *were entertained* about pulling it down, when, just as it

gan to assume a very deplorable aspect, the windows ing broken, and the shutters swinging in the wind, it as suddenly taken. No one seemed to know anything out the new occupant, but all the workmen in the eighbourhood were put into requisition, and extraordiary were the changes which they effected. All the olours of the rainbow were employed in painting the xterior of the house: the doors were bright yellow; the hutters, which, by the way, were patent iron, bright reen; the lower part of the front blue; and the upper hite, something like the fashion of painting on a ship's ide.

All this looked singular enough, but we were still more urprised by the manner in which the piece of ground n front was laid out: embrasures were thrown up, and ix guns (six-pounders) planted in a most formidable way. The hedges of the garden were replaced by high walls, armounted by so strong a *chevaux-de-frise*, that egress or egress, excepting by a low postern-gate, seemed impossible; in short, no precaution was omitted to render the mansion proof against open or concealed assaults. A person rom London superintended the repairs, alterations, &c.; nd none, excepting the workmen employed, were permitted to enter the house. Wagons and caravans laden ith furniture now began to arrive; and the curious were assured of the occupation of the family, by the appearance f an exceedingly stout and frightful negro, who came nto the village to make purchases, and was to be seen lanting flowers amid the cannon which bristled in front f the house. This ill-favoured personage was a man of ery few words, English words at least; for though he ould make himself well understood whenever he wanted ything, the moment that he was questioned concerning ings which had no reference to his bargains, he replied an unintelligible language, completely mystifying the lders, while the children were absolutely scared away by e hideousness of his aspect, and the uncouthness of his pressions.

Having a good deal *of what I might* please to call learned

or retired leisure upon my hands, I must confe
amused myself with speculations concerning
owner of a mansion which had always arrested
tion whenever I turned my footsteps that way
passed it more frequently in my walks, and as,
standing the numerous precautions which had be
to secure it from invasion, it lay open, and ex
conspicuous to the view, I was soon gratified by
of its inhabitants. Disappointed in my expect
finding a humorist or a Cockney, a very strange
of humankind presented itself in the master.
perceived a delicate fair girl of sixteen flitting at
the guns and the flowers, and sometimes singing sw
in low tones, which would be suddenly arrested,
hilarity of youth, which would occasionally bre
seemed to be struggling against cares which shou
only to a riper age; afterwards I caught a glin
young man, in whose handsome but melancholy
nance the marks of a troubled mind were more
visible; then of a female, who might be said
advanced beyond middle age, and who, with the
deportment which proved her to have sprung
mean origin, seemed evidently worn down and
by sorrow. A single glance at the husband an
was sufficient to account for the dejection which
terised the features of his dependents. He was
built man, with one leg, possessing a most sinister
nance, scarred all over, and bronzed by long ex
wind and weather; and every way worthy of t
lation of 'a strange fish,' which was at once
upon him by the villagers. However fierce or
there is usually something open and frank about
and Captain Grindell, as he styled himself,
evidently a tyrant of the most despotic descripti
occasionally shew a heartiness of manner whic
to efface the disagreeable impression occasione
appearance. At first he seemed to be averse to
of communication with his neighbours: the cler
the parish called, and our village Esculapius als

card at the door, but neither was admitted, nor were their visits returned. The old man, for he had long passed the meridian of life, seldom stirred abroad, but shewed himself occasionally on the front of the lawn, seated by the side of a table, and solacing himself with grog and tobacco.

Passing the house one day with the clergyman while its inmate was thus employed, he hailed us after a nautical fashion; and partly out of civility, and partly from curiosity, we accepted his invitation, and entered the gate, which was opened by the negro, who grinned horribly a ghastly smile as he gave us admittance. We declined a participation in the grog, which our host liberally pressed upon us; but qualifying our refusal by some well-timed compliments upon the improvements he had made in his house, he called out to his wife to get tea, and ushered us into a handsome drawing-room. This apartment was very richly furnished; and to persons accustomed to the fantastic assemblage of ornaments which marks the taste of the present day, would not have appeared so extraordinary as it seemed to the eyes of my companion, who gazed with curiosity and surprise upon the foreign wonders it contained. Superb Indian jars were mixed with great lumps of coral; the bead, bark, and grass-work of North America, and the cloths, weapons, and toys of the Gold Coast; table-covers printed by the Ashantees with human blood, and leather from Kandy made of human skin; while the curtains, carpets, and rugs were of Persian silk, some of the chairs carved ivory, and the tables of the richest woods. Pleased with our comments, Captain Grindell, in a fit of good-humour, offered to shew us over the house. We found the whole of it furnished in the same way, apparently without the least regard to expense, but without an atom of taste—a promiscuous and multitudinous variety of articles from every part of the world being jumbled together. Notwithstanding the ostentation with which our host stated the sums he had laid out in furniture and repairs, we could easily perceive that meanness was an inherent trait in his disposition: windows

were blocked up in places in which they appeared to be the most essential to comfort, avowedly to save the tax; and, with the exception of the negro, no regular servant was kept in the house. We were struck by the total absence of books: Captain Grindell was evidently no reader, nor did he appear to consider a library essential to his family.

Upon our return to the drawing-room, we found the family assembled; few words were uttered excepting by the master of the house, for if we addressed the ladies, they replied courteously, but as briefly as possible, while Edward, the young man before mentioned, never spoke at all. Mrs Grindell sat at the tea-table the personification of wo, her eyes fixed upon the ground, and apparently afraid to move a finger without the permission of her lord and master. Mary, a little less constrained, seemed anxious to conciliate our good-will, and to improve the acquaintance: her countenance brightened as the pastor expressed a hope that he should see the family at church; and by watching a face, which, though pretty, owed its greatest beauty to its expression, I knew when to throw in a word to advantage in seconding the suggestions of my companion. Apparently our visit gave general satisfaction; we had allowed Captain Grindell the largest share of the conversation, with the exception of the invitation to church, restricting our remarks to expressions of admiration of the novelties which met our eyes and compliments to the collector. As we took leave, the master of the house shook us cordially by the hand, and asked us to come again; Mrs Grindell cast one look of gratitude upon us; and the eyes of Mary, and of Edward also, though neither spoke, assured us that we had been most welcome. It was now Thursday, and as my friend and I walked down the road together, we agreed not to pass the house again until after the following Sunday; both felt sincerely anxious to contribute, if possible, to the happiness of the unfortunates, for such we deemed them who languished under the iron rule of this sea-monster. *We saw that* he was exceedingly tenacious of his own

authority, and that it would be necessary to go cautiously to work, to prevent him from suspecting that he was not the person whose acquaintance we were the most desirous to cultivate. On Sunday, we had the satisfaction of seeing the whole party come to church; the ladies and Edward took possession of a pew belonging to the house in which they lived, but the captain came no further than the porch, where he fidgeted about, now casting his eye upon his family, and now looking out upon the fields, scarcely settling himself down to the sermon, to which it was very clear he paid no sort of attention. As soon as the service had ended, he started up in great satisfaction, bustled to the pew door, and got his wife and son and daughter out with as little delay as possible. He paused, however, in the church-yard; said something civil to the curate and myself, as he hitched up his trousers, and passed a quid from one side of his mouth to the other; and, finally, asked us to walk over in the evening. We readily accepted this invitation, being more than ever interested in the welfare of the grief-stricken trio, who had not ventured more than a silent salutation in the presence of their tyrant. All had seemed deeply impressed with the service, joining in it with a fervour of devotion which could not be mistaken.

Nothing particular occurred during our second visit; the same silence prevailed upon the part of Mary, her mother, and of Edward; while Captain Grindell engrossed nearly all the conversation to himself. He had a strange, rambling, discursive style, partly springing, I thought, from a natural disposition to pass from one thing to another, and partly from an unwillingness to communicate too much. He would tell of actions in which he had been engaged, and suddenly stop short, commencing a fresh sentence with something totally distinct from the previous subject. Persons who are known to be wealthy usually obtain the respect of the vulgar of all classes; and Captain Grindell, with nothing else to recommend him, was rather a favourite in the neighbouring village. His guns, and his fierce dog, and volleys *of horrid oaths*, scared beggars from his

door; but he paid liberally for everything, and lived well; consequently, there was always a remnant of provisions, besides other perquisites, for those who might be employed about the house. He thus could not fail to be in some degree popular. At length some particulars of the family transpired through an old charwoman, who was employed to do some of the work of the house.

It appeared that Edward was not the son of Mrs Grindell, and that he was treated very ill by his father, who was jealous of the kindness shewn him by Mary and her mother. The young man sometimes ventured to remonstrate upon the usage he received, and threatened to go out into the world and seek his fortune; a step from which he was only deterred by considerations for the two females, whom he should in that case leave entirely to the tender mercies of as brutal a tyrant as ever walked a deck. This woman's account and my own observations agreed perfectly, and there seemed to me to be something extraordinary in the extreme watchfulness which marked Grindell's conduct towards the members of his own family. The charwoman had never been alone with any one of them; he went abroad very seldom, always during her short absences, leaving the black in charge of the house. He was fond of flowers, and seemed to derive some amusement from their cultivation; but his time was principally spent in sitting over his grog, apparently absorbed in recollections of the past, only desiring, when he happened to be in a particularly good-humour, the society of strangers, and then, with characteristic arrogance, sending for the curate or myself, to come and keep him company for an hour or so.

Several weeks passed on in this manner; our presence always seemed to afford gratification to those in whom we felt most interested, but we gained little or no ground in the way of more intimate acquaintanceship. They appeared to be afraid to make the slightest advances in *the presence of* one whom they held so much in awe; and *though Edward* once seemed inclined to address me, the *words died* upon his lips, as a movement of Grindell

him with the idea that he was about to turn
I observed that this strange personage always
istols in his bosom. On one occasion, in stooping
the but-end of one of them appeared. I turned
away before he could perceive that I had made
overy, and afterwards I contrived to ascertain
a doubt that he was constantly armed in this
He seldom spoke about family affairs, but one
when I called, he told me that Edward had left
osing forsooth to be independent, and to see the
The ladies did not appear that day; but after-
hen I did see them, I was astonished at the
a which had taken place. Both had grown thin
ard, their eyes were sunk into their heads, and
im as if from constant weeping It was impos-
to feel the strongest indignation while surveying
ot who had caused all this misery; but, especially
osence of any appeal from the suffering party, I
ve no right to interfere in his domestic concerns.
ten formed a subject of surprise to my friend the
nd myself, that so ladylike a person as Mrs
could ever have been induced to connect herself
ulgar sea-faring man, almost wholly without edu-
nd certainly destitute of everything that could
ractive to a woman of any refinement. The sex,
, are so often compelled to marry for a main-
that we concluded that she had taken him as the
ape from poverty, an alternative which she must
erly regret ever having adopted.
islike which I entertained for Captain Grindell
ly equalled by that inspired by his factotum, the
Generally speaking, there is something conciliat-
t a negro, even in his most degraded state, but
ow revolted one's feelings in every way. He
always to enjoy the distress of the people whom
tyrannised over, and to whom he acted some-
the part of jailer; and now that Edward had
, he grinned, and chattered, and gazed with
t triumph *upon me*, as if he had penetrated my

thoughts, and rejoiced over my discomfiture. It was now said openly in the village, that Edward, being only an illegitimate son, Miss Mary would be the heiress of all her father's wealth. My friend the curate, who numbered fewer years than myself, had long looked upon the fair girl with admiring eyes; he had perhaps betrayed his secret feelings too strongly, for Grindell suddenly grew rather shy; and then reports rendered him unwilling to intrude himself upon the family, as he feared he might be suspected of mercenary motives. I was therefore the only visitor at the Fort—for by that name, as the most appropriate one we could think of, we called the habitation of these strangers. Neither Mrs Grindell nor Mary improved in their looks, and I thought I could perceive an alteration for the worse in the captain's appearance. He was often stricken with sudden bursts of passion without any apparent cause, while his strength and activity seemed to be unaccountably diminished: he would drop down into a chair, as if no longer able to support himself; and though he would not acknowledge that he was ill, he often paused in his discourse, and gasped for breath. He had given up going to church, if it might be called going, when he never went beyond the door; and of course his wife and daughter were deprived of the solace which their attendance upon divine service had afforded them. Grindell also kept within doors more than he had been wont. The deck, as he had called the green plat before the door, had been his favourite lounge; and in pacing up and down its circumscribed limits, he had enjoyed the sort of exercise to which he had been long accustomed, and was enabled to keep a look-out upon all that was going on within the house.

One exceedingly dark and stormy evening, in the month of September, in which the equinoctial gales had commenced at an unusually early period, I was much surprised by a tap at the window of my little parlour, which opened, after the French fashion, into the garden. Hastening to *ascertain the cause*, I caught a glimpse in the fitful light

of a female figure; and a sort of instinctive feeling, for I certainly did not recognise the party, told me that it was Mary Grindell. I instantly unclosed the window, and in another moment her arms were about my knees, and she entreated me to save the life of Edward, of her dear brother. Much amazed, I raised her up; and by a strong effort endeavouring to render herself coherent, she told me in a few brief words, that we had all been deceived in supposing that Edward had in reality quitted his home. In consequence of his determination to do so, his inhuman parent—if parent he could be—had seized his person, and confined him in a dungeon-like place constructed amongst the cellars. This circumstance she had only discovered an hour before; and by the conversation which she had overheard between Grindell and the black, which revealed it, she felt assured that, disappointed in their hope of compassing his destruction by a protracted imprisonment, they would take his life. In her distraction at the thought of murder, she had forgotten the danger to which she was about to expose her father; and though I felt very little desire to save him from the gallows, which he so justly merited, I knew that poor Mary would never forgive herself, if she should be the cause of bringing a parent to an untimely death, and therefore determined, at every personal risk, to preserve Edward's life without making the affair public by applying to the civil power. Mary having, by a most fortunate accident, found a key which opened the garden-gate, had been enabled to fly to me at this alarming juncture.

It was of consequence that she should not be missed, and I therefore conducted her back, arranging all the way our plan of operations. It was still early in the evening, and the deed contemplated by the associate ruffians was not to take place until after midnight. Being well acquainted with the interior of the house, and on friendly terms with the great dog, I hoped to achieve my object without bloodshed. Possessing myself of the key after I had admitted Mary, I instantly summoned the curate to my aid. We armed ourselves with pistols, and entered

the garden without difficulty. It was now necessary to very cautious, and drawing on thick worsted stockin over our boots, we got into the house without noise. had been fastened up for the night in the interval whi had elapsed between Mary's return; but she had contriv to withdraw the bolts, and pushing open the door, went straight to the pantry, where we heard the bla singing, or rather chuckling, over some national ditty, a the key being on the outside, locked him in. The wind we knew was too high to permit his escape, nor could single strength avail to force open the ponderous do Thence we proceeded to the parlour. Grindell was sitti with his back to the door, and was not disturbed by c entrance. In a moment each seized an arm; and thou by a strong effort, he endeavoured to shake us off, succeeded in unscrewing his wooden leg, and getti possession of his pistols. Shouting for the black, he ma a desperate resistance, but without avail. We stead maintained our hold, speaking calmly, and waiting ur he had exhausted himself by convulsive exertions to free. When he had no longer the power of resistance, told our errand, and insisted upon his accompanying to Edward's prison. Apparently he felt that he was and by no means in a condition to refuse, for he permitt us to move him forward. We soon reached the cell unbarred and unbolted the door, and Edward, starting his feet, though scarcely recognisable from the effects his long confinement, saw at once that he was free, and hurried, yet intelligible words, poured out his than We carried Grindell back to the upper floor, for by t time he was nearly insensible. Mrs Grindell and Ma who had been locked up above stairs, soon joined us, a we assisted them in putting the dying caitiff to bed. It w agreed to keep the black still in confinement, while r friend ran for the doctor, and Edward performed so very necessary ablutions, and changed his dress. He t me, what I had long suspected, that Grindell had join the character of pirate to that of the commandant of *privateer.*

I now ascertained that this unfortunate youth had learned, a few months before, from the confession of one of his reputed father's dying associates, the particulars of his own birth. His parents, who were passengers on board a vessel captured by this wretch, had both been murdered, while he had been brought up as the illegitimate child of their destroyer. Affection for Mrs Grindell and for Mary had induced him to keep this secret, until at length, worn out by brutal treatment, being seized in an attempt to make his escape from the house, he told his persecutor all that he knew, and was instantly incarcerated in the cellar, whence Grindell and the black determined that he should never come out alive. Upon the arrival of the doctor, he pronounced the patient's case to be hopeless. Grindell, without expressing remorse or sorrow for his past deeds, from the moment in which he felt that he had been overpowered, resigned himself to our guidance, and now executed a will, in which, after an ample provision to his wife, he divided the whole of his property between Edward and Mary.

The wretch did not long survive this act of justice. He died at the end of three days, and we lost no time in getting rid of the black, who, terrified by the prospect of a halter, was but too happy to agree to return to Africa in order to escape the penalty of his crimes. The guns of the Fort are now sold; Edward and a very charming wife are living in the house, which has undergone several improvements; while Mary and her mother have betaken themselves to the neighbouring parsonage, my friend the curate proving a successful wooer.

THE NEGRO:

AN INCIDENT IN REAL LIFE.

ONE winter evening, when 'norland winds were l loudly, but harmlessly around the walls of our ol stantial English dwelling, our whole family, consist four persons—namely, my father and mother, my and myself—were sitting before a cheerful fire, en that dim delicious hour that intervenes betwe night and the day, ere shutters are closed, or c placed on the table. On the present occasion, thi was spun out to an unusual length, and yet not one felt inclined to have the lights brought in. My who had been much abroad during his life, was pec animated in his narration of the various scenes l witnessed, and our questions ever and anon stim him to some fresh recollection. A pause at last e however; and the close of the twilight enjoyment s inevitable, when my sister put a question which pro it for a considerable time further. 'What,' said she the happiest passage, father, in your life?'

Bless her dear heart! had the candles been upon the table, she would not have put that qu She was then eighteen, and the blissful dream c was uppermost in her thoughts. But my father's had no reference to that subject, as the reader will if he has patience enough to peruse the following as it came from the narrator's lips :—

'I shall tell you, my children,' said our father, passage in my life gives me most satisfaction in the spect. Soon after your mother had united her fat mine, I fell into a respectable and profitable busir New York, where, as you are aware, that comp was earned which now enables me to pass the e *of life in comfort* in my native England. The occu *which I followed* required my daily presence for

in the centre of that city, where I met the parties
hom I had business connections. The time which
rally chose for this purpose was the hottest part of
y, when every one almost is within doors, and there
ss chance of missing my object. The streets at
riod of the day are often remarkably empty, only
ggler being visible here and there. It was on one
se business visits that I saw, in a back-street, two
a Irishman and a negro, jostling, or rather struggling
ach other. There was no other object in the street
ert my attention, and I therefore almost involun-
kept my eyes fixed upon the men. The negro was
erful, athletic man, and had evidently the better
struggle, which speedily became a complete wrestle.
ishman felt his inferiority, and, becoming irritated,
his arm, and gave his opponent a tremendous blow,
felled him to his knees. The Irishman after this
himself into a defensive attitude, and on the black
himself from the ground, blows were rapidly
anged by the parties. All this passed almost
aneously, and the issue was equally speedy. The
struck his adversary on the side of the head with
nt force to drive him to the ground. The unfortu-
rishman's head came in contact with a stone, and
ull was fractured. Within a few moments after
l, he was dead!

one was near enough to witness the course of this
but myself. A crowd, however, soon collected on
ot; and as the street was chiefly inhabited by the
ing Irish, the assemblage was principally composed
t nation. The wounded man was carried into a
to receive medical assistance, and I, losing sight
negro, proceeded on my way home.

' own affairs occupied so much of my time and
on, that the unhappy incident I had witnessed
almost entirely from my mind. A few mornings
t happened, however, I was much shocked to per-
y the newspapers, that the negro had been com-
to prison *on a charge* of wilful murder, several

Irishmen having sworn before the coroner, that they seen the black *strike the deceased with a stone.* To g colour to this assertion, one of them had the audacit bring forward what the newspapers called "the f stone." Horrified at such villainy as this, I insta formed the resolution of going forward at the trial, telling the truth as I had witnessed it. Your mother my friends attempted in vain to dissuade me, on ground that I would inevitably incur, by such cond the hatred of the lower orders of the Irish, v disappointed of their victim, might wreak their reve on me. A sense of duty to the negro and to jus enabled me, thank Heaven, to resist these representati though reason admitted their feasibility. "The p negro is, like myself, in a land of strangers," said I; ' is far from the hearth of his infancy, and perhaps not one friend in the world. He is of a persecuted despised race; and, come what may, I am resolved t he shall at least have the advantage of having the tr stated regarding the melancholy accident in which has been involved." Recollect, my children, that was only my duty, and that the peculiar circumstan of the case alone gave my resolve—if, indeed, it possess—any merit.

'On the morning of the trial, I was in attendance the court-house. On applying for admittance to grand jury-room, I was informed that a true bill been found against the negro, and that the gentlemen the jury had given orders for the admission of no m witnesses, being perfectly satisfied with the evide laid before them. I was not to be put off, however, this manner, but forced my way, almost in spite of attending official, into the room, and after relating whole of my story to the grand jury, was admitted as evidence. At the same time, the true bill already fo was held still as the conclusion to which these gentlen

the same facts, until the jury were thoroughly satisfied, and the court impatient to hear the sentence pronounced against a wretch so vile as the black seemed to be. He, poor fellow, seemed more thunder-struck at the deliberate falsehoods uttered, than alarmed at his dangerous predicament. No voice was lifted up in his favour; no eye glanced on him with compassion or sympathy; friendless and hopeless, he sat like a being of an inferior kind among his fellow-men. I was called at length, and gave a plain and full statement of the facts of the case: "That I was the only person in the street, besides the deceased and the prisoner, at the time of the occurrence; that I knew neither of the parties; that the Irishman struck the negro first, bringing him on his knees with the blow, and causing the blood to gush from his nose; that the black rose, and wiping the blood from his face with his left hand, after a short struggle, with the same hand gave the Irishman a blow on the side of the head, which drove him to the ground, where his head, striking the curb-stone, was fatally injured; and that no *stone* could possibly be in the negro's hand without my observing it."

'I feel pleasure, my children, in stating, for the honour of human nature, that a buzz of satisfaction ran through the court-room at the conclusion of my story. My own character and station in life, together with the total absence of interested motives, caused the entire overthrow of the previous evidence, and compassion and sympathy for the accused took the place of anger and abhorrence in every breast. The counsel for the prosecution alone, as was natural perhaps, acted as if unsatisfied. He cross-examined me very closely, and made me repeat so often the manner in which the negro struck the deceased, and with which hand he did it, that my patience became in the end exhausted, and I brought matters to a conclusion by suiting the action to the word, and applying my fist pretty smartly to the side of his own head. The solemnity of the occasion could not restrain the laughter that broke forth, and the barrister sat down, satisfied, it appeared *at length*, and somewhat chop-fallen.

The jury, without the slightest hesitation, acquitted th prisoner of the charge of murder, and returned a verdi of manslaughter. He was sentenced to be imprisone for some months; but this was merely formal, for in few days he was restored to perfect liberty.'

'Did you ever hear of the negro afterwards?' inte rupted my sister.

'I never saw him more than two or three times. Th first time was about a month after the trial, when, passing an oyster-shop or cellar, a voice called ou "Massa G——! Massa G——!" I turned, and reco nised in the owner of the store the unfortunate negr His gratitude for the service which accident had enabl me to do for him, was written in every line of his count nance. He compelled me to taste a few of his oyste and anxiously pressed me to inform him of my residenc that he might carry thither his whole stock as a prese for me. "Ah, massa," said he, "when me stand at b without friend, and when me saw 'pectable gentlema go in box, me tink, what! you going to hang me to But when me heard massa speak true, me tank God f sending one gentleman to speak my cause. De blessi will be answered from de sky which poor nigger spea for Massa G——. Me could not help cry de first tim many year." And the tears again ran down his cheel as he spoke.

'This passage of my life,' continued my father, 'if n the happiest at the time, is at least one of the most pleasin to look back upon. And this, my children, is the be test of all happy passages in life.'

'Did you suffer nothing for your behaviour fro those wretches of Irishmen?' asked my sister—'tho vindictive'——

'Hush, Betsy,' said my father; 'do not vent gener reflections, as I fear you were about to do, upon a natio which has shewn so many great and good men in the li of her sons, and whose every error has been owing *ignorance*, and, it may be, hard usage. Those Irishme *who were connected* with the affair I have describe

ings who had never enjoyed opportunities of on, and their errors ought not to be assumed as nd for general reproach to their country. You hope, see such things more clearly as you grow

· little Betsy *did* see these things more clearly as w older, for she is now the happy wife of as good as ever lived, and he is an Irishman. Heigho! ne flies!—her eldest girl, I fear me, will make me ay soon a granduncle!

THOMAS HASTIE:

A PLAIN SCOTTISH STORY.

s HASTIE spent the early part of his life in ng the peaceful occupation of a shepherd upon the f Tweedsmuir and Moffat-water. When he was orty years of age, he was left a small sum by an cle; and having scraped together a little by his dustry, he took it into his head that he would try ade of cattle-dealing; but before beginning, he d to take two or three trips to England as a drover, r to see the fairs, and get a little acquainted with siness. He first went to the fairs of Appleby and aw, near the borders, driving cattle and sheep for eople. He then bought a few lambs, which he took terby fair. Thomas did tolerably well with this his lventure, and shortly after, about the end of Sep-, he bought a considerable number of what are crock or draught ewes. These he paid part in hand, rt he was to pay when he returned from England; ie was well known in the place, the farmers did not to trust him. He also bought a small pony to on, and hired a young man to help him to drive; owever, going along with the drove himself.

This was in the autumn of 1799, a year which will b long remembered as a cold, wet, and uncomfortable season the harvest was uncommonly backward, as the corn was no all cut at the 1st of December; and it was therefore a tim of great dearth, such as had not been for a hundred year before. When it got near Halloween, some of those wh sold Thomas Hastie the sheep, began to say that the thought he stayed long, as he had purposed to be bac about the middle of October; and some of them said the were afraid some misfortune had befallen him. Howeve on the 22d of November, which is what is called Ol Martinmas Day, just in the dusk of the evening, Thoma made his appearance. He came to the door of Davi French, who kept a toll-bar about two miles from Moffa and was riding on the same little pony that he took awa with him, which seemed ready to drop down with fatigue He had a poor dog, named Laddie, which had followe him all day amidst wind and rain, and seemed also unabl to go any further. He asked David if it was possibl that he could put in the horse for a little, as he foun himself quite done up, and could not possibly proce until both he and the horse had some rest and refresh ment. David said he could put up the horse for a time as he had a small house where he kept a cow, and there was some spare room in it. The horse was accordingl put in, and had plenty of hay. Thomas was taken int the dwelling-house; a good fire was put on, and he go plenty to eat and drink; and even poor Laddie, the dog was not neglected. Thomas stayed till he was well warme and dried, when, looking out about nine o'clock, he sa it was quite fair, and the moon was shining brightly the wind had also fallen, and it was a tolerably good nigh after such a bad day. 'If the night had been no better said he, 'I must have asked your leave to let me stay a night; and if you could not have given me a bed, I woul have been content to sit by the fire, as I could not hav gone out; but as it is so well mended, I think I will g *on to Moffat;* and as the pony is so wearied, if you wil *have the goodness* to let it stand till morning, I will p

sping it. I can easily go by the short way to
foot, and will return to-morrow morning, to
of it. The dog is also so much done out, that
sh him to stay also.'
being agreed to on the part of the turnpike-
his wife, Thomas got the loan of a staff, and
ad. French did not mind much although he
ear next morning, as he thought he might be
business in Moffat; but the day began to get
d, and still he did not appear: David continued
h anxiety till the night closed in—still their
lligence of him.
econd morning, after breakfast, as he had some
rs to attend to in Moffat, he left his wife to
ar, and went thither. After transacting his
e called at several houses where he knew
particularly acquainted, but no person had
t which David was not a little surprised. He
for some time still inquiring, and telling that
stie had come to his house and left his horse
ut that he had never returned to take them
se to whom he told the circumstance did not
reat attention, as they were not interested,
es, they seemed to think that he would
after all. Several days, however, elapsed,
did not appear; and after a week was gone,
the same. He had a brother who lived in the
irkpatrick, and with whom he used to stay, for
rt, when he was at home, for he had no family
f his own. David sent information to him,
e to the toll-bar, and made the most minute
What could French say, but just tell the
stood. The brother, however, took away
nd dog, saying that it was a strange and
affair.
disappearance was now matter of general talk.
from whom he bought the sheep came, one
er, and questioned French what could have
im. *No doubt, said* they, he would have the

money with him for which he sold the sheep, and this gives a serious turn to the affair. Poor French could do nothing but still tell the same story over and over again. At last they began to have strange suspicions of David, and in the end did not scruple to say, that surely he had murdered Hastie for the sake of the money. He was therefore taken before the sheriff, who examined him most strictly; still he told the same unvaried tale. The sheriff said that there was strong cause of suspicion, yet there was no proof or certainty of any kind that could justify the ordering him into confinement, as there was a possibility that Hastie might come back after all. French was therefore dismissed; but although set at liberty, he was far from being happy. Although there was no proof of his guilt, the whole country looked on him as if he were guilty. No person entered his door or scarcely ever spoke to him. This was particularly disheartening, especially in the winter nights. Often he would say to his wife: 'How strange is this affair! Here did a man come to us cold and hungry, and wet and weary; we warmed and fed him, and got him dried and rested; and yet for doing all this good, we have only brought evil upon ourselves. What a most unlucky day that was to us!' then he used to pray that his innocence might, after all, be cleared up; but as time ran on, this hope grew more and more faint. The season of letting the toll-bars at last drew near, and he told his wife that he thought they had better give up theirs, and leave the place altogether. She said that if they did that, it would confirm the neighbours more and more in their suspicions of his guilt. 'He is surely guilty,' they would say, 'for he has fled the country.' On that account the unhappy couple resolved to stop for another year; for whatever suspicions might exist regarding David, there could be no objections to him as a tenant, as he had always paid his rent punctually. The day of roup or public auction came, but no *man* bade a shilling against him. Every one imagined *that the bar had* gained an ill name by the transaction; *so foolish* are sometimes the most sensible people.

herefore, was at liberty to sit still at the former
Then he came home, he told his wife that they
stop. 'I should have liked as well to have gone
ere else,' said she; 'yet, after all, I think it may
r to stay, as, before the year is done, I trust
ice will do something for us in the way of clear-
our innocence with respect to Thomas Hastie.'
just continued in the same solitary way. They
sold refreshments, but this they now gave up
no person ever came in to ask for any.
ummer and harvest passed over, and another
set in, but all continued in the same state of
and uncertainty as before regarding Hastie's
rance. At last the 31st day of December, the
of the year, came round. It was bitterly cold,
air was darkened with the drifting snow. When
ather late, David said to his wife: 'Mary, my
and I have seen a good many New-Year's Days
, and we always had something rather better
st the common everyday fare wherewith to
in another season. To-morrow again begins
year, and I believe we have little in the house;
erefore, if you please, go into Moffat, and get some
ld cheese, and also some tea and sugar, which I
ou want, as we have lived very poorly for some
t; and although we have no neighbours to come
rejoice with us, yet let us be as happy as cir-
ces will allow, between ourselves. I know my
ocence, and God knows it; we will therefore
n for the bypast, and commit ourselves to him
future. I have been very unjustly calumniated,
ely forgive those that did so. They did not, nor
ot know that they were wrong, and I must own
pearances were much against me. But it is
late, and I must be going,' continued he; 'you
to the bar till I come back.'
ot stay long,' said David's wife; 'it is the last
the year, and at this time there are often drunk
oing about.'

He promised to be back as soon as possible, and so set out.

As the snow still continued to fall, and was beginning to get rather deep, Mary mended her fire, and sat down to knit a stocking, and watch the bar through the window. When it began to be rather dark, she went to shut the door, but considered that she would leave it half-open, that she might the more readily run out if she was wanted; which, having done, she resumed her work. After some little time, she thought she heard a foot on the floor, when, lifting her head, a man, muffled up in a big-coat, and buttoned to the chin, stood before her. 'How do you do, Mrs French?' said he.

She thought she knew the voice, and looked at his face, when, jumping up, she gave a loud scream, and falling backward on her chair, she fainted quite away. At that very instant, her husband coming in, was surprised to see his wife in a swoon, and a man standing over her, but much more so when he saw who it was. 'Thomas Hastie!' cried he; and staggering to a chair, was nearly as bad as his wife. After they had again come a little to themselves, David exclaimed: 'What, in the name of wonder, Thomas, has become of you? I have suffered much on your account, and, even to this day, the whole country, far and near, believe me to be a murderer, although there could be no proof got of it. I must, therefore, insist that you stay with us till you and I go into Moffat together, to shew the people that you are still alive.'

'I will most undoubtedly do that,' said Thomas; 'but as this night is very coarse, I would be glad that you could keep me till the morning, and then you and I will go together; and as I have done you an injury, I will make you all the reparation in my power.'

Accordingly, next morning after breakfast, they went together. Every one was amazed to see Thomas Hastie; and many who would not speak to David French before, came forward and shook hands with him, congratulating *him on the clearing* up of his character. They went into

a public-house, where they had some refreshment, for which Hastie paid. 'And now,' said he, 'I will stop here for at least a few days, till I can get all my creditors together, and settle with them, and I wish you to be present when I do so, that I may justify you to every one. In the meantime, you may go home, and on next Friday I will be glad to see you in this house at twelve o'clock.'

A man was then sent round to all the creditors, telling them to appear on Friday, which they did not fail to do, and David French was also there. Every man was paid his full demand. They all had dinner, which Hastie had beforehand ordered to be prepared for the occasion. The table being cleared, Hastie proposed a bumper to the health of David French—'A man,' said he, 'whom I have wronged very much, for which I am extremely sorry.'

The health being drunk, Hastie said: 'Now, gentlemen, you may perhaps be curious to hear the cause of my mysterious disappearance, which I will tell you in as few words as possible. You all know it is a year past in September since I set out for England with about nine-score of draught ewes. Although the sales were rather dull, yet I got them tolerably well off in the end. The young man that I took with me had found another master, and was going further on, so I turned to come home with my money, which was all in gold. I had first got forty pounds, which I sewed in a pocket in the inside of my waistcoat. I next got fifty pounds, which I put in a pocket in another part of my clothes, till I could find it convenient to sew it in. It was on the 12th of November; the day was very bad, and I had come a long way. I came to a public-house in the evening, where I had stayed before. The house was a good deal crowded, and I wished to have given my money in charge to the landlord, but he was intoxicated, and so I did not do so. I was shewn into a room where there were two beds; I asked who was to lie in the other one, and was told there was no person for it. I lay down, keeping on my waist-

coat, but put my clothes and what was in them below
head. Being wearied, I slept very soundly till a
three o'clock in the morning; as soon as I awaked, I
for that part of my dress containing my money,
found it was gone. I jumped out of bed in a mon
and immediately found the clothes on the floor an
my feet, but the money was away; I made such a n
that I soon raised the most part of the family.
landlord came with a light, and understanding what
the matter, asked who had been in the other bed.
girl said, two men came after I was asleep, and she
put them in. Her master blamed her for taking in
person after he was gone to bed, and especially at
unseasonable hours. But then the deed was done:
were gone, and had taken my fifty pounds along with th
and there was no remedy. I stayed some days at the ho
and sent in all directions, but no kind of description c
be given, as no person had seen them but the girl,
she could tell nothing; so I was obliged again to take
road, which I did with a sorrowful heart; and all
way home to Scotland, I was thinking how I would
my creditors, or if I would face them at all. At la
came to the house of this good man, and having
myself warmed and dried, it struck me, that if I ca
my people together, and told them, most likely
would not believe me; and what a pity would it
thought I, to suffer such a loss, and be counted a
and a cheat into the bargain. It then came into
head that I would go to my brother, who, I had he
was in a good way as a master-cooper at New York;
I considered that if I stayed a single day where I wa
would be known, and I would not get easily away.
horse was so wearied, that I could not think to take
one foot further, and it was the same with the dog, w
had followed me all day through wind and rain; a
knew that if I had taken him, I would not have got
into a vessel with me; so I left them both together,
set out for Greenock on foot. After waiting abo
week, I found a vessel going to New York, and took

passage in her. We had a quick but a very stormy voyage. On landing, I soon found my brother, who was glad to see me; he had plenty of work, but said he had not been well for some time. I procured a situation in a store as a porter; but my brother getting worse and worse, and being unable to attend to any business, I left my place, that I might wait on him in his illness. One day, when we were alone, he said to me: "Now, Thomas, I am fully persuaded that I am dying, but I am very glad that you are here to be with me at my latter end. I have a little money, which you can more easily get than you could have done if you had been at home. I have put everything into writing that I wish to be done; and as all that I have will go to yourself and our brother James, I wish you to have fifty pounds more than he, to pay your expenses to and from America." He then gave me a list of some small debts he owed, which he wished me to settle; "And now," said he, "my last advice to you is, that you go home and pay all your debts, and then you can live in comfort; for as you have learned no trade, you cannot do much good here." I still had some hopes that my brother would have recovered, but he became daily worse, and in two weeks he died. I fulfilled all his injunctions to the very least, and now I have executed the last of them in paying you all. I am still sorry for the hurt I did to this honest man, David French; but if ever I can do him good, I will.'

On hearing this strange story, all agreed that the narrator of it had done a very wrong thing in going away clandestinely, and that he should have faced his creditors manfully, as they all had great confidence in his integrity. At the same time, however, they gave him great credit for returning, particularly on poor French's account.

Hastie was fully sensible that he had committed a serious error, and therefore now did all in his power to repair it. Next day, he went to the toll-bar, and presented Mrs French *with silk* for a gown, and, 'David,'

said he, 'I have not much money, but there is ten pou for you; with the one half, I wish you to buy yoursel suit of new clothes, and with the other five pound good silver watch; and may God bless you both; and far as I can further help you, I will still do it.'

THE GREAT DOUGLAS CAUSE.

MANY persons will have heard of this celebrated laws without being informed of its particulars. It occur in Scotland about a century ago, and created an ex ordinary excitement. The following account of cause is given by Mr James Macmillan in a neat li volume, entitled *Guide to the Chapel-Royal and Pal of Holyrood*:—

Lady Jane Douglas was one of the handsomest and m accomplished women of her age, and bade fair, in l youth, to have been one of the happiest of her fami but, unfortunately, her fortunes were clouded in early l by the interruption of a nuptial agreement which w all but concluded between her and the Earl of Dalke who was afterwards Duke of Buccleuch. Ever af till she was advanced in life, she resolutely rejected offers of marriage; but in August 1746, being then fo eight years of age, she was secretly married to Stewart, afterwards Sir John Stewart of Grantully. Stewart was a younger brother of no fortune, and had no profession by the fruits of which he could h to maintain his lady in any degree equal to her h rank. Their whole resources consisted of an allowa of L.300 per annum, made to Lady Jane by her brot the duke, with whom she was, at the time of her marria on bad terms.

This misunderstanding with her brother was the rea *assigned by* Lady Jane for keeping her marriage secr

e more effectually to conceal it, she and her
l went abroad a few days after their marriage.
esided abroad, principally in France, from 1746
end of December 1749. At the latter date they
d to this country, and took up their residence
on. They brought with them two male children,
n they stated that Lady Jane had been delivered
, at a twin-birth, in the month of July in the
48. When they came to London, they were in
pest distress for want of money, their only
e, the allowance from the Duke of Douglas,
been stopped in the month of July 1749, before
ime her marriage with Mr Stewart had been made
In addition to their misery arising from this, Mr
was heavily involved in debt, and totally without
ans of paying his creditors, who threw him into
1 this appalling situation, some of the friends of
pier days applied to government on behalf of
ane, and obtained a pension for her of L.300
ium. By some cause or other unknown to us,
h this munificence on the part of the crown to
ane should have secured her and her husband
ant, and might even have enabled them to live
parative comfort, yet they still continued to suffer
enury to a deplorable extent, Lady Jane having
bliged more than once to sell her clothes and
rifling effects to support her husband, who was
prisoner in the King's Bench prison. She lived
ie time, while Mr Stewart was in prison, with
dren at Chelsea; and from the tenor of numerous
which passed between the unhappy pair, produced
legal process afterwards spoken of, they seem
e treated the children most affectionately, and
y respect as the kindest of parents. In 1752,
ane came to Scotland, and attempted to effect
ciliation with her brother the duke, but in vain—
s not even admitted into his presence. She
d again to London, leaving the children in Edin-
under the care of a woman who had formerly

accompanied her and her husband as a servar continent. The youngest of the twins, who wa Sholto Thomas Stewart, died on the 14th M which event seems to have deeply afflicted La who returned shortly after to Edinburgh, a tried to effect a reconciliation with her brothe vain. Her health was now completely broken in November following, the unfortunate lady Edinburgh.

After the death of Lady Jane, the survivi Archibald, was befriended by Lady Schaw, who, g pitying his destitute condition, took him under tection, and supported and educated him. U death, he found an able friend in the person of peer; and in the year 1759, Mr Stewart s by the death of his brother to the estate an Grantully, executed, as the first act of his admir a bond of provision in his favour for upwards o wherein he designed him as his son by La Douglas.

Meanwhile, the Duke of Douglas continued in his refusal to acknowledge him as his neph duke had, during the far greater part of hi entirely withdrawn himself from the world, lived in such constant retirement at his castle at that there was little reason to expect that he w think of marriage, though that was an event muc for by every friend of his family. However, disappointed the public expectations; for, in the y he entered into a marriage with the duchess, what followed, seems to have been an event highl able to Mr Douglas. The duchess seems imi to have espoused his cause, with all that warm is natural to those who think they act upon th truth and humanity. But perhaps her Grace w too eager and keen in endeavouring to alter the s of the Duke of Douglas with respect to the bir *defendant*, whether these sentiments were the *imposition*, or of real conviction upon his part. W

of these was the truth, it is certain that the duke and duchess quarrelled upon this point, and that their quarrel gave rise to a separation betwixt them. But this did not continue long; the duke and duchess were soon, by the mediation of some friends, brought together, and effectually reconciled to one another.

In the summer of 1761, the Duke of Douglas was seized with a distemper, which, in the opinion of his physicians, would prove mortal. The duke was of the same opinion himself; and therefore, on the 11th July 1761, when he was drawing near his end, he executed an entail of his whole estate in favour of the heirs whatsoever of the body of his father James Marquis of Douglas, remainder to Lord Douglas Hamilton, brother to the Duke of Hamilton, &c. And of the same date, the duke executed another deed, setting forth, that as in the event of his death without heirs of his body, Archibald Douglas, *alias* Stewart, a minor, and son of the deceased Lady Jane Douglas, his sister, would succeed to him in his dukedom of Douglas; he therefore, by that deed, appoints the Duchess of Douglas, the Duke of Queensberry, and several other noble and honourable persons, to be his tutors and guardians.

Here was a surprising change in the fortunes of the destitute boy, who had seen her whom he believed to be his mother expire in a miserable garret, her last moments uncheered by the presence of any of her kindred, and had, after her death, depended for existence upon the bounty of strangers. His guardians proceeded, immediately after the duke's death, to have him put in possession of the estate of Douglas. He was served heir,* before a jury, to the late duke, after the examination of a great body of evidence, the examination or inquest having been attended by counsel on the part of the Duke

* In such proceedings, the king's warrant is issued from his Chancery to the judge ordinary of the place, desiring him to inquire, by a jury, into certain points mentioned in the brieve, amongst which the principal is—Whether the person claiming to be heir to the defendant is really so connected with him or not? and to report their verdict into *the Chancery along* with the brieve.

of Hamilton, who claimed the Douglas estate as male.

The guardians of the Duke of Hamilton were convinced, by the proof exhibited to the jury, of legitimacy of Douglas, and, with the view of expisc the truth, they despatched Mr Andrew Stuart,* or their number, to Paris. Mr Stuart's discoveries wer his opinion, of importance, and his colleagues beli that they amounted to no less than a demonstr that the whole story of the pretended delivery, a forth in the service of Mr Douglas, was an abs fiction.

In these circumstances, three actions of redu of that service were respectively raised at the inst of the Duke of Hamilton's guardians—Lord Do Hamilton and Sir Hew Dalrymple of North Berwi which actions were afterwards conjoined by the C of Session. The effect of the conjoined action, if suc ful, would have been to declare that Mr Douglas not the son of Lady Jane, and, consequently, to set aside from the estate.

This extraordinary law-plea excited so much atte at the time, and has obtained so great a celebrity s that we venture to think the following summary of proofs on both sides will not be unacceptable to non-professional reader.

The proofs for Mr Douglas consisted of—1*st*, depositions of several witnesses, that Lady Jane appe to them to be with child while at Aix-la-Chapelle, other places. 2*dly*, The direct and positive testimo Mrs Hewit, who accompanied Lady Jane to Paris, t actual delivery at Paris upon the 10th July 1748. The depositions of other witnesses with regard to claimant's being owned and acknowledged by Lady and Sir John Stewart to be their child, and the habit repute of the country. 4*thly*, A variety of letters w had passed betwixt Sir John Stewart, Lady Jane Dou

* Mr Stuart was afterwards well known by his letters to *Mansfield, and his* Genealogical History of the Family of Stewa

wit, and others, respecting the claimant's birth.
our letters said to have been written by Pierre la
who, according to the defendant's account, was
ucheur to the delivery of Lady Jane, and which
esented as so many true and genuine letters.
these, that a few days before his death, which
l in June 1764, Sir John Stewart emitted a
declaration in presence of two ministers and
ice of the peace, declaring and asserting, as
into eternity, that the defendant and his deceased
ther were both born of the body of Lady Jane
his lawful spouse, in the year 1748. Mrs Hewit,
charged with being an accomplice in the fraud,
ing the law-plea of a lingering illness, and to the
isted that all she had sworn about the birth
lefendant was truth, excepting some mistakes
rs as to names and dates, which she corrected
er to a reverend gentleman of the Episcopal
ion, to whom, when visiting her in the way of his
n, she again and again affirmed solemnly that
) had sworn as to the birth was true.
ave here a body of evidence which at first sight
refragably to establish the genuineness of Mr
s claim; but no one can read the counter-proof
acknowledging that it is well calculated to make
plexed in the extreme.'
ursuers maintained—1*st*, That Lady Jane was
ered upon the 10th of July 1748, by the evidence
is letters written by Sir John Stewart and Mrs
pon the 10th, 11th, and 22d July 1748. 2*dly*,
ly Jane Douglas was not delivered in the house
lame la Brune, nor in the presence of a Madame
) and her daughter; under which head they
various circumstances to shew that no such
as the Madame la Brune in question, or her
, ever existed. 3*dly*, That Lady Jane Douglas
t have been delivered either upon the 10th of
in the house of a Madame la Brune, because
n that date, and *during* several days preceding

and subsequent to the 10th of July, Lady Jane Dou with her husband, and Mrs Hewit, resided at the I de Chalons, kept by M. Godofroi, where it is ack ledged she was not delivered. And this *alibi* the plai asserted to be clearly proved by the testimony o and Madame Godofroi, as well as by certain books by them, called the *livre d'épense* and *livre logeur* (of expenses and lodger-book.) *4thly*, The falsehood o delivery in the house of a Madame la Brune upon 10th July, is also proved by Lady Jane's situation r her arrival at the house of Madame Michelle, and by incidents which happened during her continuance th *5thly*, Is stated the evidence of imposture arising f the studied concealment and mystery at Paris in 1748, when Sir John and Lady Jane, with their confid Mrs Hewit, carried with them from Paris to Rheims child; and from their repetition of the same conceal and mystery, upon their return to Paris in Noven 1749, when the same three persons brought from Par Rheims a second child. Lastly, the plaintiffs broug proof, that at Paris, in the month of July 1748, a n child, recently born, was carried off from his parent the name of Mignion; and that, in the month of Noven 1749, another male child, born in the year 1748, carried off from his parents, of the name of Sanry. T both these children were, under false pretences, carrie from their parents by British persons then at Paris, that these British persons were Sir John Stewart, I Jane Douglas, and Mrs Hewit.

To these were added a most critical examinatio the defendant's proof of Lady Jane's pregnancy, a contrary proof brought to redargue it, and the p of the non-existence of the Pierre la Marre, w the defendant affirms to have been the accouc with a proof of the forgery of the letters attrib to him.

On the 7th July 1767, the case came on for judgm in the Court of Session; and so important was the c *deemed, that* the judges, fifteen in number, took no

than eight days to deliver their opinions. The result was, that seven of the judges voted to sustain the reasons of reduction, and other seven to assoilzie the defender; the Lord President, who has no vote but in such a dilemma, voted for the reduction, by which Douglas, *alias* Stewart, lost both name and estate. An appeal from this decision having been taken to the House of Peers, the judgment of the Court of Session was reversed in the year 1769, and Douglas declared to be the son of Lady Jane, and heir of the Duke of Douglas. [Public feeling in Scotland seemed to be wound up to as high a pitch of excitement respecting the decision of the House of Lords, as it could have been respecting a great battle deciding the fate of the nation. An advocate on Mr Douglas's side, rode post to carry the news to Edinburgh, where a multitude hailed him with transports of joy, and, taking the horses from his carriage, bore him home to his lodgings in triumph.] Archibald Douglas was created Lord Douglas by George III., and his descendant now enjoys the title and princely family estates.

The printed papers in this great law-plea make up a formidable array of huge volumes, and are in great request for the libraries of Scottish lawyers to this day. It is acknowledged on all sides, that never was a more creditable display exhibited on the bench than in the opinions delivered by the judges, many of whom were known by their literary efforts throughout Europe. Among these were Lord Kames, Lord Gardenstone, and Lord Monboddo, who voted for the defender, and Lord Hailes, who voted for the reduction.

THE POOR MAN'S GRAVE.

BY ROBERT GILFILLAN.

THE poor man's grave! this is the spot
Where rests his weary clay;
And yet no grave-stone lifts its head,
To say what grave-stones say.
No sculptured emblems blazon here,
No weeping willows wave;
No faint memorial, e'er so faint,
Points out the poor man's grave.

No matter—he as soundly sleeps,
As softly does repose,
Though marbled urn around his grave
No idle incense throws!
His lowly turf it burdens not,
Yet that is ever green;
And, hopping near it oft at morn,
The little redbreast's seen.

For none disturbs the poor man's grave—
To touch it who would dare,
Save some kind hand to smooth the grass,
That grows all wildly there.
The poor man's grave! call it his home—
From sorrow all secure—
For wo and want vex him no more,
Whom Fortune stamped as poor.

The poor man's grave!—a lesson learn,
And profit by't who can—
Here lies a man all nobly poor,
And yet an honest man.
He was a man well known for worth,
But all unknown to fame;
And yet within his village bounds,
He did not lack a name.

For all the village came to him,
When they had need to call;
His counsel free to all was given,
For he was kind to all.
The young, the old, the sick, the hale,
Found him a friend most sure;
For he rejoiced in other's weal,
Although himself was poor.

And yet not poor; for calm content
Made all that he possessed
Be cherished with a grateful heart,
Which made it doubly blest.
Serene 'mid ills, to age designed,
His days in peace did flow—
His timeward pilgrimage is past,
And now he sleeps below.

A happy man!—though on life's shoals
His bark was roughly driven,
Yet still he braved the surge—because
His anchorage was in Heaven!
I know no more—what more wouldst know,
Since death deliverance gave:
His spirit took its flight on high—
This is the poor man's grave!

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE AT LISBON.

HE city of Lisbon, the capital of Portugal, was almost tirely destroyed by an earthquake on the 1st of Novem- r 1755, and the awful occurrence stands on record as e of the most disastrous that ever befell a kingdom. e accounts that have been transmitted to us of the rticulars of this terrible event, are in many respects flicting; which is not indeed surprising, since the ctators of such a *scene* may well be supposed to be

incapable of minute attention to details when every moment threatened their inclusion in the general overthrow. The universal terror and alarm, joined to the natural anxiety for self-preservation, could have left few minds in a cool and collected state to mark the progress of a devastation so sudden and so indiscriminating. From the materials which contemporary accounts and the incidental notices of later travellers afford, we learn with sufficient accuracy the following particulars.

The weather at Lisbon for some days previous to the fatal event had been clear and very warm for the season, and the morning of the 1st November itself was ushered in with a brilliant sun and a cloudless sky. A few minutes after nine o'clock, a rumbling noise was heard like distant thunder, which gradually increased until it excelled the loudest roar of cannon; and then occurred the first shock. It shook the city to its foundations, and overwhelmed the inhabitants with consternation. The houses waved to and fro with such violence, that the upper stories immediately fell, and crushed their occupants and the passengers in the streets to death. The motion of the earth was so vehement, that it was impossible to stand upright, and the effects of so unexpected and frightful a concussion were rendered doubly terrible by a thick gloom which overspread the light of day. Thousands rushed into the street to escape being buried in the ruins of their dwellings, and made their way over heaps of rubbish to the great square in front of St Paul's Church, to be out of the reach of falling stones.

The great church of St Paul's itself had fallen, and involved an immense multitude in destruction. The 1st of November was the festival of All Saints, and from an early hour the churches had been crowded with devotees and ecclesiastics. Most of these, in the act of religious worship, were at once killed or miserably mangled. Such of their congregations as escaped, including many of the dignitaries of the Church in their episcopal and *purple garments*, rushed to the side of the river as to a *place of comparative* safety. Priests in their sacerdotal

vestments, ladies half dressed or with tattered clothes, and an immense concourse of people of all ranks and ages, were here assembled, supplicating Heaven upon their knees, and with agonising shouts repeating their *Miseracordia meu Dios.* In the midst of their anguish and their devotions the second great shock came on, nearly as violent as the first, completing the work of destruction. The general consternation was at its height, and the shrieks and cries of Miseracordia resounded from one end of the town to the other. The church on the top of St Catherine's hill, after rocking to and fro, fell with a tremendous crash, and killed great numbers who had sought protection on that eminence. But the most terrible consequence of the second shock fell on those at the water-side. On a sudden, the river, which at that part is four miles broad, was observed to heave and swell in a most unaccountable manner, since no wind was stirring at the time. In an instant there appeared at some small distance a large body of water rising like a mountain, which came on foaming and roaring, rushing towards the shore with fearful impetuosity. The crowd attempted to retire before it, but the motion of the waters was too quick to permit escape in so dense a throng. The volume of water burst upon them, and sucked back into its tremendous vortex, amid shrieks and wailings, the defenceless multitude. A magnificent quay that had been recently built of rough marble at a vast expense, was at this moment entirely swallowed up with all the people on it who had crowded there for refuge. Numberless boats and small vessels, likewise, which were anchored near it, and were full of persons who had thrown themselves into them with the idea that the place of greatest safety was on the water, were all swept away, leaving no trace behind.

In the meantime, the ships in the river were tumbled and tossed about as in a storm; some broke their cables, and were carried to the other side of the Tagus; others were whirled round with incredible swiftness; several large boats were *turned keel* upwards; and all this

terrible commotion occurred without any wind, wh
rendered it the more astounding. According to
account of a shipmaster who encountered the concuss
and survived its dangers, the whole city of Lisbon
surveyed from the river, was waving backwards
forwards like the sea when the wind first begins to ri
that the agitation of the earth was so great, even un
the river, that it threw up his large anchor from
mooring, and carried it to the surface of the water;
that immediately the river rose near twenty feet, and
instantly subsided. Upon this event he saw the qu
with the whole concourse of people upon it, sink do
and at the same time every one of the boats and ves
near it was drawn into the cavity, which instantly clo
upon them, so that not the least sign of a wreck was e
seen afterwards. It is worthy of remark, that this nc
quay was the only place in Lisbon that was entirely sv
lowed up, the destruction in other parts only amount
to demolition.

After all the devastations and horrors of the two p
ceding shocks, the measure of misfortune might seem
its full. But a third shock was still in store, to compl
the misery of the wretched population. It was somew
less violent than the two former, though the water rusl
in again and retired with the same rapidity. Such
the impetuosity with which the river was moved, t
some vessels were cast upon dry ground that had ridd
in seven fathoms of water. This alternate rising a
sweeping back of the waters was repeated several tim
committing on each occurrence extensive injury a
destruction. At this period, it was generally believed t
the city of Lisbon was doomed to be entirely swept fr
the face of the earth.

But the earthquake had now completed its ravag
and gave place to a raging element not less inexora
and desolating. In a hundred places at once, the flan
burst forth with such fury that the whole city appea
in a blaze. The commencement of the conflagration
owing, not so much to the discharge of subterranean fi

issued from fissures in the earth, as to other cir-
ances which rendered it inevitable. As is usual in
lic countries on days of high festival, every altar
ry church and chapel was illuminated with wax-
and lamps; and these falling with the curtains
imber-work during the convulsion, soon gave a
ing to the fire. The neighbouring buildings caught
mes already kindled by kitchen and other fires in
dwellings, and spread them throughout the city.
estruction of life and property during the conflagra-
as almost equal to that caused by the earthquake,
it was six days before it was finally arrested and
uished. The total loss of life in these several dis-
is estimated variously at from 30,000 to 60,000 souls.
scarcely possible to depicture the condition of a
tion such as Lisbon possessed, amounting, perhaps,
a million human beings, in the midst of such a
of horror and desolation. The distinctions of rank,
ssessions of the wealthy, the restraints of law and
were all equally demolished, and society was
d to its primitive state. The country about Lisbon
owded with fugitives in a state of destitution, whilst
use of the inhabitants, with the prisoners who had
loose from the jails, spread themselves in all
ons to pillage and destroy. When the earthquake,
e fire which succeeded it, had brought confusion to
ht, the terrors of human violence were added. A
was spread amongst the people, that orders had
iven to cannonade the town to stop the fire, so that
o had property gave up the idea of saving any
, and with the members of their families endea-
with all speed to gain the fields. Thus the city
andoned by all the respectable inhabitants, and
b of ruffians and demons was left uncontrolled to
ate every diabolical outrage.

o terrible a crisis, two fortunate circumstances
ed Lisbon from total destruction and depopulation.
st was the escape of the king, Joseph I., who
ood his *retreat, together* with the queen and the

royal family, from the palace the moment before it and took refuge in the royal gardens at Belem. E for eight days, they had to shelter themselves in t carriages; yet the presence of the king, his exhorta and his authority, were necessary to the restoratio order. The other circumstance to which allusion been made, was of yet greater importance than the It consisted in the executive government being in hands of a most able and energetic minister—the fa Sebastian Carvalho, Marquis of Pombal, who took ins and effective measures to put the royal prerogative in f A proclamation was issued, in which were the follo expressions:—'His majesty exhorts all his subject imitate the pious endeavours with which the king st to remedy the effects of the public calamity which ha much grieved his paternal heart. His majesty in them, in consequence, to return to the quarters of t ancient capital, and co-operate with him in its re-estab ment. His majesty relies with confidence, that it not be necessary to resort to force to compel his fait subjects to acquit themselves of duties so essential imperative.' The soothing terms of this proclamation w however, not alone relied upon. Orders were forwa to the governors of all the towns and places situated the different roads from Lisbon, to permit no one to without a particular permission from government. consequence of this, guards were posted on all s who stopped and drove back the wretched fugitives.

But the Marquis Pombal had to combat the prejud and superstition of the people, in inducing their volun return to the city. The reforms that he had previo effected in the enormities of ecclesiastical power wealth, had excited, as was natural, the violent anim of the priests and monks. They now took advanta the public disorder, and of the awful dispensation w had just occurred, to preach that it was a judgment the sacrilegious impiety which had prompted an i *ference with* their privileges and gains. They poi *out the minister*, and even the king himself, as the ob

he wrath, and disposed the minds of the people, wered by so great a calamity, to disregard the injunctions. The interference of the pope's nuncio one able to restrain the unholy zeal of this turbu- ody, and to compel some of them to second the ic efforts of the minister. Thus at length certain were found, who proceeded amongst the super- s flock which was wandering up and down the and exhorted them to return to the town, and apply lves to their several occupations.

the meantime, several fanatics and pretended ts rushed about the city and the neighbouring crying out that the end of all things had arrived, at the earth itself was to be enveloped in destruc- It required a courageous mind to grapple with all difficulties, since the fanaticism of a multitude, sed by misfortune, is easily excited, and is especi- be feared. The Marquis Pombal caused many of false prophets to be seized, and led to exemplary ment, soothing the superstitious horror of the people laring that they were robbers in disguise, who were s only to perpetuate the public disorder. He also guards before the royal treasury, and other public which had escaped destruction, and distributed s about the ruins of the city, to chase away the oned wretches who were engaged in the work nder. They were seized and brought before the als, which he had hastily instituted in every quarter, ere thence instantly led to execution. He judged , that, at a time when the ties of civil society were elves broken, the only mode of repressing vice and ng crime, was to hold up on every side the picture ishment, so that a salutary fear might be excited minds of the evil-disposed. The bodies of the als executed were therefore left for several days g on high gibbets, exposed to the public view.

ong the pressing emergencies which so frightful a r produced, was necessarily of the first importance roviding with *food a vast* population despoiled of

every necessary. This great object required from P
the exercise of all his determination and vigilance. C
were issued to every province of the kingdom to fo
supplies, the imposts were removed on imports
public ovens were erected, and all persons who
engaged in no particular trade compelled to labour
public behoof. The granaries of corn were fortunat
some distance from the city, and thence supplies
gained to furnish bread to the surviving inhabi
without distinction and without payment, at so f
a moment. The king exhausted his treasures in fu
ing food to his subjects, the severest penalties
inflicted on monopolists, and rewards distributed to
as assisted in the restoration of the public trade and
dence. Thus the horrors of a famine were averte
the endeavours of the minister to restore the cit
impeded by a calamity which might have paralys
his exertions.

When so many objects pressed upon the attenti
once, it was necessary to proceed with vigour.
immense number of wounded and mangled bodies, s
others half burnt, together with the sick and dying
internal maladies, required immediate care. Physi
surgeons, and apothecaries, were ordered to give un
ted attendance, whilst temporary hospitals were e
in the ruins and in the convents, with such conveni
as the emergency permitted. After providing fo
wounded and the still living, it was necessary to
heed to the heaps of dead which were in the stre
buried beneath the houses and churches. This re
the greater attention, since the humidity of w
increased by the waters which were stagnant an
the ruins, was rapidly decomposing the bodies and i
ing the air with a pestilential vapour. But so en
was every one in caring for his own preservation, a
nerveless had misfortune rendered the people, th
burying of the dead was with difficulty accompl
The efforts of the Church were required to rou
population to a sense of duty, and of the danger to

s would expose them, before any decided endea-
ere made to remove the shocking encumbrance.
eral days the bodies lay around, torn and mangled
s of dogs that prowled about the carrion. It was
h necessary for the Marquis de Pombal to employ
f soldiers in clearing away the corpses, since, after
xertions, few of the inhabitants could be brought
e in the terrible task. The bodies that lay near
r were put into boats, and being carried towards
were flung into it with weights attached. Various
re consecrated to receive the dead on land, where
re brought and cast into pits, with quicklime and
gredients to destroy the putrid exhalation. In
amongst the ruins, the odour was so overpowering
ny of the labourers fainted, and others took fevers
ich they ultimately perished. It therefore became
y, in many places, to allow the bodies to remain,
them up with earth, and pouring on chemical
tions to purify the atmosphere.

t affairs were in this deplorable state, the coasts
gal and of Algarves were threatened with inva-
the corsair powers of Barbary. Their fleet was
vering off Lisbon shortly after the event which
nearly destroyed it, and the prudence of Pombal
ed to conceal the alarming intelligence from his
d countrymen, and to oppose a sufficient force to
gression. Troops were sent to line the shores,
armament made ready, under pretence that they
quired to guard against the exportation of pro-
nd the flight of the inhabitants. Fortunately, no
was made by those piratical powers, and an evil
magnitude was avoided, though the apprehension
s sufficiently alarming and distracting, even to the
ded minister who was so happily for Portugal at
n of affairs.

the Christian powers of Europe, the intelligence of
throw of the city of Lisbon was received with the
sympathy. Even the jealousy of Spain, the per-
oe of Portugal, was lulled for the moment, whilst

its ancient ally, Great Britain, was forward in gener offers of assistance. The king of Great Britain sen special message to parliament on the subject, and immediate vote of credit was passed, to enable him forward such supplies as the contingency merited.

Thus, owing much to his own talents and firmness, much also to the aid afforded by foreign states, and to active co-operation of many patriotic Portuguese, Marquis of Pombal was enabled to bear up against overwhelming evils which pressed upon his country, out of the ruins and ashes of the former city to erec new and yet more splendid Lisbon. The discovery o cement, made from the refuse of burnt coal, by an Engli man of the name of Stephens, is commemorated as one the happy circumstances which essentially contributed the rebuilding of the desolated city. By the rigor regulations enforced by the authority of government, new houses were built upon a more uniform plan, and streets considerably widened, so that in its outward asp Lisbon was greatly improved by the misfortune wh threatened to extinguish its existence. Infinite priv misery was, however, the consequence of so wholesal destruction of property, and, especially among the co mercial class, a very general ruin and bankruptcy ensu The traders of England, being extensively engaged mercantile transactions with Portugal, suffered to a v great extent.

Although the earthquake which destroyed Lisbon co mitted its greatest ravages there, it was more or less in various parts of the world. At Madeira and Oporto also in different counties of England, it was sensibly f On the Lake of Windermere, in Cumberland, the wat were violently agitated, and for an instant rose seven f but almost immediately subsided. Two fishermen, w were in a boat on the edge of the lake repairing th fishing-tackle, found themselves suddenly carried t considerable distance from the shore, and were astonished, that they expected nothing less than that consummation of all things was at hand.

HE THIMBLE CONJUROR OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

OLONEL CROCKETT, in his *Exploits and Adventures in* xas, relates the following droll incident :—

There was a considerable number of passengers on board Mississippi steamer, and our assortment was like the akee merchant's cargo of notions—pretty particularly scellaneous, I tell you. I moved through the crowd m stem to stern, to see if I could discover any face t was not altogether strange to me; but after a neral survey, I concluded that I had never seen one of m before. There were merchants, and emigrants, d gamblers, but none who seemed to have embarked the particular business that for the time being occupied r mind—I could find none who were going to Texas. l seemed to have their hands full enough of their n affairs, without meddling with the cause of freedom. e greater share of glory will be mine, thought I; so ahead, Crockett.

I saw a small cluster of passengers at one end of the at, and hearing an occasional burst of laughter, thinks there's some sport started in that quarter; and having thing better to do, I'll go in for my share of it. Accordgly, I drew nigh to the cluster, and seated on a chest s a tall lank sea-sarpent looking black-leg, who had awled over from Natchez, and was amusing the pasngers with his skill at thimblerig; at the same time was picking up their shillings just about as expeditiously a hungry gobbler would a pint of corn. He was doing at might be called an average business in a small way, d lost no time in gathering up the fragments. I watched e whole process for some time, and found that he had opted the example set by the old Tempter himself, get the weather-gage of us poor weak mortals. He made a point to let his victims win always the first stake, t they *might be tempted to* go ahead; and then when

they least suspected it, he would come down upon the
like a hurricane in a corn-field, sweeping all before it.

I stood looking on, seeing him pick up the feed fro
the greenhorns, and thought the men were fools to l
cheated out of their hard earnings by a fellow who h
just brains enough to pass a pea from one thimble
another, with such sleight of hand that you could n
tell under which he had deposited it. The thimbl
conjuror saw me looking on, and eyeing me as if I
thought I would be a good subject, said carelessly
'Come, stranger, won't you take a chance?' the who
time passing the pea from one thimble to the other,
way of throwing out a bait for the gudgeons to bite at.

'I never gamble, stranger,' says I; 'principled again
it; think it a slippery way of getting through the wo
at best.'

'Them are my sentiments to a notch,' says he; 'b
this is not gambling by no means—a little innocen
pastime, nothing more. Better take a hack by way
trying your luck at guessing.' All this time he continu
working with his thimbles; first putting the pea und
one, which was plain to be seen, and then uncoverin
it, would shew that the pea was there; he would th
put it under the second thimble, and do the same, a
then under the third; all of which he did to shew ho
easy it would be to guess where the pea was deposite
if one would only keep a sharp look-out.

'Come, stranger,' says he to me again, 'you had bett
take a chance. Stake a trifle, I don't care how sma
just for the fun of the thing.'

'I am principled against betting money,' says I; 'b
I don't mind going in for drinks for the present compan
for I'm as dry as one of little Isaac Hill's regular s
speeches.'

'I admire your principles,' says he; 'and to shew th
I play with these here thimbles just for the sake
pastime, I will take that bet, though I'm a whole h
temperance man. Just say when, stranger.'

He continued all the time slipping the pea from

thimble to another; my eye was as keen as a lizard's, and when he stopped, I cried out: 'Now, the pea is under the middle thimble.' He was going to raise it, to shew that it wasn't there, when I interfered, and said: 'Stop, if you please,' and raised it myself, and sure enough the pea was there; but it might have been otherwise if he had had the uncovering of it.

'Sure enough you've won the bet,' says he. 'You've a sharp eye, but I don't care if I give you another chance. Let us go fifty cents this bout; I'm sure you'll win.'

'Then you're a fool to bet, stranger,' says I; 'and since that is the case, it would be little better than picking your pocket to bet with you; so I'll let it alone.'

'I don't mind running the risk,' said he.

'But I do,' says I; 'and since I always let well enough alone, and I have had just about glory enough for one day, let us all go to the bar and liquor.'

This called forth a loud laugh at the thimble conjuror's expense; and he tried hard to induce me to take just one chance more, but he might just as well have sung psalms to a dead horse, for my mind was made up; and I told him, that I looked upon gambling as about the dirtiest way a man could adopt to get through this dirty world; and that I would never bet anything beyond a quart of whisky upon a rifle-shot, which I considered a legal bet, and gentlemanly and rational amusement. 'But all this cackling,' says I, 'makes me very thirsty; so let us adjourn to the bar and liquor.'

He gathered up his thimbles, and the whole company followed us to the bar, laughing heartily at the conjuror; for, as he had won some of their money, they were a sort of delighted to see him beaten with his own cudgel. He tried to laugh too, but his laugh wasn't at all pleasant, and rather forced. The bar-keeper placed a big-bellied bottle before us; and after mixing our liquor, I was called on for a toast by one of the company, a chap just about as rough hewn as if he had been cut out of a gum log with a broad axe, and sent into the market without even being smoothed off with a jack-plane—one of them chaps

who, in their journey through life, are always ready f
a fight or a frolic, and don't care the toss of a copp
which. 'Well, gentlemen,' says I, 'being called up
for a toast, and being in a slave-holding state, in ord
to avoid giving offence, and running the risk of bei
Lynched, it may be necessary to premise that I a
neither an abolitionist nor a colonisationist, but simp
Colonel Crockett of Tennessee, now bound for Texa
When they heard my name, they gave three chee
for Colonel Crockett; and silence being restored,
continued: 'Now, gentlemen, I will offer you a toa
hoping, after what I have stated, that it will give offen
to no one present; but should I be mistaken, I mu
imitate the old Roman, and take the responsibilit
I offer, gentlemen, "the abolition of slavery:" Let t
work first begin in the two houses of Congress.' Th
drank the toast in a style that satisfied me, that t
little magician might as well go to a pigsty for woo
as to beat round in that part for voters; they were
either for Judge White or Old Tippecanoe. The thimb
conjuror having asked the bar-keeper how much was
pay, was told there were sixteen smallers, which amoun
to one dollar, and he immediately laid down the blun
one of Biddle's notes.

After setting my face against gambling, Thimblerig
obliged to break off conjuring for want of customers,
call it half a day. He came and entered into convers
with me, and I found him a good-natured, intell
fellow, with a keen eye for the main chance.
belonged to that numerous class, that it is per
safe to trust as far as a tailor can sling a bull
tail—but no further. He told me that he had
brought up a gentleman; that is to say, he w
instructed in any useful pursuit by which he could
a livelihood, so that when he found he had to
upon himself for the necessaries of life, he b
suspect that Dame Nature would have conferre
ticular favour, if she had consigned him to the
any one else.

Idleness being the mother of all mischief, he had soon taken to very indifferent courses for a livelihood: in short, he commenced the profession of swindler at Natchez. Here he remained till Judge Lynch began his practice in that quarter. This drove him to his shifts in the steam-boats on the river. I asked him to give me an account of Natchez, and his adventures there, and I would put it in the book I intended to write, when he gave me the following, which betrays that his feelings were still somewhat irritated at being obliged to give them leg-bail when Judge Lynch made his appearance. I give it in his own words:—

'Natchez is a land of fevers, alligators, niggers, and cotton bales: where the sun shines with force sufficient to melt the diamond, and the word ice is expunged from the dictionary, for its definition cannot be comprehended by the natives; where to refuse grog before breakfast would degrade you below the brute creation; where the evergreen and majestic magnolia-tree, with its superb flower, unknown to the northern climes, and its fragrance unsurpassed, calls forth the admiration of every beholder; and the dark moss hangs in festoons from the forest trees, like the drapery of a funeral pall; where bears, the size of young jackasses, are fondled in lieu of pet dogs; and knives, the length of a barber's pole, usurp the place of toothpicks; where the filth of the town is carried off by buzzards, and the inhabitants are carried off by fevers; and where nigger women are knocked down by the auctioneer. Such is Natchez.

'The town is divided into two parts, as distinct in character as they are in appearance. Natchez on the hill, situated upon a high bluff overlooking the Mississippi, is a pretty little town, with streets regularly laid out, and ornamented with divers handsome public buildings. Natchez under the hill—where, O where, shall I find words suitable to describe the peculiarities of that unholy spot! An odd affair occurred while I was last there,' continued Thimblerig. 'A steam-boat stopped at the landing, and one *of the hands* went ashore under the

hill to purchase provisions, and the adroit citizen that delectable retreat, contrived to rob him of al money. The captain of the boat, a determined fe went ashore in the hope of persuading them to refu but that wouldn't do. Without further ceremony, ass by his crew and passengers, some three or four hun in number, he made fast an immense cable to the f tenement where the theft had been perpetrated, allowed fifteen minutes for the money to be forthcon vowing, if it was not produced within that time, t steam to his boat, and drag the house into the r The money was instantly produced.

'I witnessed a sight during my stay there,' conti the thimble conjuror, 'that almost froze my blood horror, and will serve as a specimen of the custon the far south. A planter of the name of Foster, conn with the best families of the state, unprovoked, in blood murdered his young and beautiful wife, a months after marriage. He beat her deliberatel death in a walk adjoining his dwelling, carried the to the hut of one of his slaves, washed the dirt her person, and, assisted by his negroes, buried her his plantation. Suspicion was awakened, the body d terred, and the villain's guilt established. He fled, overtaken, and secured in prison. His trial was some device of the law, delayed until the third of the court. At length it came on; and so clear indisputable was the evidence, that not a doubt entertained of the result; when, by an oversight on part of the sheriff, who neglected swearing into his deputy who summoned the jurors, the trial abruptly discontinued, and all proceedings against F were suspended, or rather ended.

'There exists, throughout the extreme south, b of men who style themselves Lynchers. When individual escapes punishment by some technicalit the law, or perpetrates an offence not recognise *courts of justice,* they seize him, and inflict such chas *ment as they* conceive adequate to the offence.

usually act at night, and disguise their persons. This society at Natchez embraces all the lawyers, physicians, and principal merchants of the place. Foster, whom all good men loathed as a monster unfit to live, was called into court, and formally dismissed. But the Lynchers were at hand. The moment he stepped from the court-house, he was knocked down, his arms bound behind him, his eyes bandaged, and in this condition was marched to the rear of the town, where a deep ravine afforded a fit place for his punishment. His clothes were torn from his back, his head partially scalped: they next bound him to a tree; each Lyncher was supplied with a cow-skin whip, and they took turns at the flogging, until the flesh hung in ribbons from his body. A quantity of heated tar was then poured over his head, and made to cover every part of his person: they finally showered a sack of feathers on him; and in this horrid guise, with no other apparel than a miserable pair of trousers, with a drummer at his heels, he was paraded through the principal streets at mid-day. No disguise was assumed by the Lynchers; the very lawyers employed upon his trial took part in his punishment.

'Owing to long confinement his gait had become cramped, and his movements were very faltering. By the time the procession reached the most public part of the town, Foster fell down from exhaustion, and was allowed to lie there for a time, without exciting the sympathies of any one—an object of universal detestation. The blood oozing from his stripes had become mixed with the feathers and tar, and rendered his aspect still more horrible and loathsome. Finding him unable to proceed further, a common dray was brought, and with his back to the horse's tail, the drummer standing over him playing the rogue's march, he was reconducted to prison, the only place at which he would be received. A guard was placed outside of the jail, to give notice to the body of Lynchers when Foster might attempt to escape, for they had determined on branding him on the forehead, and cutting his ears off. At two o'clock in the

morning of the second subsequent day, two ho
with a led-horse stopped at the prison, and Fost
with difficulty placed astride. The Lynchers
to secure him; he put spurs to his beast, and
them. As he rode by, they fired at him; a ball
his hat, which was thrown to the ground, and he e
but if ever found within the limits of the state,
shot down as if a price were set on his head.

'Sights of this kind,' continued Thimblerig, 'ar
means infrequent. I once saw a gambler, a
friend of mine, by the way, detected cheating a
at a time when the bets were running pretty high.
flogged him almost to death, added the tar and f
and placed him aboard a dug-out, a sort of ca
twelve at night; and with no other instrum
navigation than a bottle of whisky and a pad
him adrift in the Mississippi. He has never been
of since, and the presumption is, that he either
his wounds, or was run down in the night by a s
And this is what we call Lynching in Natchez.'

Thimblerig had also been at Vicksburg in hi
and entertained as little liking for that place as
for Natchez. He had luckily made his escape
time before the recent clearing out of the sleight-
gentry; and he reckoned some time would elapse
he would pay them another visit. He said the
become more civilised first. All the time h
talking to me, he was seated on a chest, and
mechanically with his pea and thimbles, as if h
afraid that he would lose the sleight, unless h
his hand in constant practice. Nothing of any
quence occurred in our passage down the riv
I arrived at Natchitoches in perfect health, and i
spirits.

EXPLODED FOLLIES.

ASTROLOGY—WILLIAM LILLY.

ɔrm Astrology, though originally employed to all investigations whatever into the phenomena heavens, was, in process of time, restricted to that of celestial science which professed to discover motions and relative positions of the heavenly in meteoric appearances, and other atmospheric ı, certain signs indicative of events on earth, and g a powerful influence over human affairs. Hence himerical speculation on the heavens came to be d justly under the term astrology, while the sober ons of reason and truth were ranged under the cience of astronomy. But it must not be supposed is distinction of the real from the fanciful was usion early or easily arrived at; on the contrary, ɣ kept a close hold of its more rational brother ıe times of the Chaldean Magi down to those of Brahé and Kepler, both of these eminent astro- being believers to a certain extent in the influence s and conjunctions on terrestrial affairs. In the hen such men as these, and we may add Lord to the number, conceived that the destinies of and individuals were indicated by and dependent celestial phenomena, can we wonder that the y of mankind clung to a similar belief with avidity, that a desire to know the future has at all times strong principle in the human breast?

ɔuld be a waste of time to attempt to enter into ıutiæ of astrological science, especially as it is a ɔf extreme doubt whether any definite and uni- rules ever existed on the subject. Astrology never inductive science, and, indeed, was beginning to before the inductive reasoning, or the method of

drawing general conclusions only from an array of established facts, was introduced into any science. even any distinct theoretical rules ever existed to astrological speculations, for we find that every on famed for his skill in such studies, had his own par ways of reading the meaning of the stars.

Before astrology became, as it latterly did b a tool merely in the hands of impostors, the scien divided into two pretty distinct kinds—namely, *n* and *judicial*. Changes of the weather were the of natural astrology, and its followers would hav simply weatherwise men, had not they, as well rest of the world, conceived the destinies of mank depend on hurricanes and thunder. Judicial ast went a great deal further; for without any visible cl on the face of heaven or earth, it professed an abi all times to read and predict the fate of individua empires. The astrologers of later times made, as w said, no such distinction of their science as the They pretended to foretell everything and in every and the whole being an imposture, one thing no was just as easy to them as another. They pro indeed, to the last, to keep up a kind of co jargon among themselves, and to go by rule in operations; but without such mystery their tricks have been unproductive. For example, if some dupe wished his fortune told, they inquired into th of his birth; and as the movements of the heave fixed, they pretended to examine what sign the su then in, and the conjunctions or relative positi the planets. From this they drew, as they said, conclusions, *at favourable hours*, and then they to poor fool what he *wished* to know. This was casti horoscope. Unquestionably, many men addicted t studies were sincere believers in their own power in later times, as knowledge advanced, true men de astrology, and left it in the hands of thorough imp We believe our readers will be amused with an a *of one of the* most noted of the later astrologers, esp

istory illustrates curiously the times in which

ım Lilly was, as his autobiographical memoirs
n, a professor of astrology; and ridiculous as his
ons would now seem, the universal belief in his
which then pervaded all ranks in the English
nade Lilly no mean actor in the stormy period
ivil wars, when Puritan and Cavalier struggled
ascendancy. The prophetical almanacs which
d, were spelled over in the tavern, and quoted
enate; they nerved the arm of the soldier, and
the periods of the orator. No plot of any im-
, in those plot-engendering days, was entered
either party, without previous consultation with
ard. The fashionable beauty, overflowing with
ınd romance, and the prim starched dame, fresh
saintly tabernacle—the long-locked Cavalier and
-eared Puritan—glided alternately into the study
ise man, and poured into his attentive ear strange
love or war, trade or treason. From the finding
y trinket to the restoration of the royal authority,
was considered too mean or too difficult for him
d dominion over the stars, with all their signs and
ıdvents and portents.

high and low, rich and poor, were all equally
with these absurd notions, it is clear that a fair
)licit detail of Lilly's history would be full of
nterest, and would lay open before us the inmost
s of our ancestors of that period. The mysterious
hich vanity, and pride in his art, have led him to
s memoirs with, have prevented this object from
fectually attained, but still he gives many pictures
ange and amusing character. The poorest and
ıcated of our readers now-a-days will smile at the
ıs nonsense, to which the highest and wisest of
efathers only two centuries ago bent the knee in
orship.

amily of Lilly were hereditary yeomen in Lei-
ire, and *the young astrologer*, contrary, as he tells

us, to the custom of the place, 'was put to lear schools as the country afforded.' He distingui self by his aptitude for learning while at school sent afterwards to London, to the service of a g who wanted a youth who could write and atter and his wife. After Lilly had been some tim situation, where he was a great favourite, th man's wife died, and soon after the widower, tl advanced in years, united himself to another ma still continued in his place, and on the deat master, paid his addresses to the young widow. successful, and they were speedily married, th prudential reasons, the match was for some t secret. Lilly never had occasion to repent of his wife turning out a very loving and pru besides being in very easy circumstances. before her death, which occurred in 1633, after of six years, he chanced to become acquainte eccentric personage named Evans, who gave hin bent toward the studies which tinctured so str future life.

Lilly studied for some time under Evans, quarrelled regarding the casting of a figure, teacher and pupil parted. Our hero had alrea a great quantity of astrological books, and w initiated as to carry on his pursuit without a His first wife died, and he joined hands again w who had some money, but turned out a perfect t 'being,' as he professionally remarks, 'of the Mars.' Her shrewish spirit brought Lilly much ness; nor was all his skill capable of *laying* it she lived. He grew lean upon the matter, and the country for four or five years; after whicl 'perceiving there was money to be got in Lo returned thither, and began assiduously to labo vocation. He soon became known, more esp he did not content himself with practising th prophesying and magic in private, but also pu work termed *Merlin the Younger*, which he

subsequently to issue as a periodical almanac. This arrested the attention of men very speedily, and his fame became universal.

Of the consequence which Lilly and his nonsense arrived at in those credulous times, we may mention that one of his trumpery bundles of periodical prophecies attracted the anxious attention of parliament, whose members, not altogether approving of some of the author's dark sayings, ordered him to be imprisoned. As the serjeant-at-arms, however, was conveying him away, a personage stepped forward, who saved the astrologer from the distress of a long imprisonment, which, after he was once in jail, might have been his doom. 'Oliver Cromwell, lieutenant-general of the army, having never seen me, caused me to be produced again, where he steadfastly beheld me for a good space, and then I went with the messenger.' Nevertheless, he was not taken at that time to jail; and though he gave himself up to custody next day from motives of deference to the Parliament, he was liberated again immediately by Cromwell's interposition. Whether or not Old Noll believed in the astrologer's power, it is impossible to say, but certainly he and his party owed some gratitude to Lilly. At the siege of Colchester, when the parliamentarian soldiers grew doubtful of the issue of the attack, and slackened somewhat in their exertions, Lilly and another person of the same character were sent for to encourage the besiegers, which they did by predicting the speedy surrender of the place, as it really fell out. Another example of the same kind occurred when Cromwell was in Scotland. On the eve of one of the battles fought by Oliver, a soldier mounted himself on an eminence, and as the troops filed past him, he cried out: 'Lo, hear what Lilly saith: you are in this month promised victory; fight it out, brave boys—and then read that month's prediction!'

Our astrologer declares that, in the early part of the civil war, his opinions leant decidedly to the side of the Royalists, until they gave him some ground of offence. His sentiments in *reality*, however, appear to have been

strongly guided by the circumstance of which party was at the time uppermost. He prophesied first for the king; when his cause declined, our hero prophesied stoutly for the Parliament; and when its influence waned, he put forth some broad hints of its approaching fall. King Charles himself put great confidence in the powers of Lilly; for at the time of his stay, or rather confinement, at Hampton Court, when he meditated an escape from the soldiery that surrounded him, he despatched a secret messenger to the astrologer, desiring him to pronounce what would be the safest place of refuge and concealment. Lilly erected a figure and gave an answer, but the prediction was not put to the proof, the king, before it could be acted on, being removed to the Isle of Wight. Charles's opinion was, that 'Lilly understood astrology better than any man in Europe.' Nor was the English monarch the only crowned head that held these sentiments. The king of Sweden, whom the astrologer had mentioned honourably in one of his periodical books of prophecy, sent to him a present of a handsome gold chain and medal out of gratitude for the notice.

Kings and soldiers, however, must give place in this race of absurdity to the Commons' House of Parliament —the 'collective wisdom' of England! The House, after the burning of London at the great fire, called the astrologer once more before them, and examined him as to his *foreknowledge* of that calamity, which was then attributed to conspirators. Lilly answered them in the following words: 'May it please your honours, after the beheading of the late king, considering that in the three subsequent years the parliament acted nothing which concerned the settlement of the nation in peace; and seeing the generality of the people dissatisfied, the citizens of London discontented, and the soldiery prone to mutiny, I was desirous, according to the best knowledge God had given me, to make inquiry by the art I studied, what might from that time happen unto the parliament and the nation in general. At last, having satisfied myself as well as I *could, and perfected* my judgment therein, I thought it

most convenient to signify my intentions and conceptions thereof, in types, hieroglyphics, &c., without any commentary, that so my judgment might be concealed from the vulgar, and made manifest only to the wise—I herein imitating the examples of many wise philosophers who had done the like. . . . Having found that the city of London should be sadly afflicted with a great plague, and not long after with an exorbitant fire, I framed these hieroglyphics as represented in my book, which have in effect proved very true.' One of the wiseacres of the committee then asked him: 'Did you foresee the year?' 'I did not,' replied Lilly, 'nor was desirous; of that I made no scrutiny.' The astrologer then told them that he had found, after much pains, that the fire was not of man but of God.

To give the reader some idea of the folly which could believe him to have predicted the fire and plague, we may mention that, in the book where the prophecy is said to occur, he gives sixteen pages of wood-cuts, being enigmatical emblems of what was to befall the city for many hundred years to come. On the eighth page is a set of graves and winding-sheets, and the thirteenth some houses on fire, and this is the prediction! The fire and plague were almost in one year, and the figures in the book are in very different places, though he meant the emblems to indicate consecutive events. Besides, a rebellion would have filled the graves, a burnt warehouse would have answered the figure fire, just as well as the plague or the burning of half the city. The hieroglyphics, we may add, depicted every event under the sun, so that the astrologer in no case could have been put out. And a parliament, composed of men undoubtedly the ablest in the land, swallowed this less than two centuries ago!

Whilst sovereigns, parliaments, and armies, were thus distinguishing with their notice, and depending for advice in their greatest extremities upon the powers and art of our astrologer, it may well be supposed, since ignorance is the mother of credulity, that the inferior and

uneducated classes of the community followed, with blin superstition, the example set before them by their better Love, sickness, trade, marriage, and on a thousand othe subjects, was the astrologer daily consulted, not only b the citizens of London, but by residents in every corne of the land. And so skilfully and equivocally, so Delph cally, if we may use the expression, did he frame hi responses, that he was very seldom brought into annoy ance from the failure of his predictions. This wa fortunate for him; for though the courts of law would no meddle with a true prophet, they did not scruple t punish a bungler in the art. On one occasion, a 'half witted young woman' brought him before the courts t answer for having taken two-and-sixpence from her fo a prediction regarding stolen goods. Lilly spoke fo himself; and having satisfied the court that astrology wa a lawful art, he got easily off by proving the woman t be half-mad.

In his latter years, Lilly practised physic as well a astrology, and amassed so much money as to purchase a estate at Hersham, where he ultimately resided. H made a considerable revenue by teaching his art to tho who wished to catch his mantle, which had turned out warm and comfortable one. Strange as it may appe many gentlemen even, of good fortune and condition, b become his pupils in astrology. When the hour of dissolution arrived, it found him, in a ripe old age, at country-house at Hersham. He was interred in chancel of Walton church, and his remains were cov by a marble slab, put up at the cost of his friend dupe, the learned Elias Ashmole.

In looking back upon the absurdities which m William Lilly's career, the question naturally ari the mind, 'Did he himself believe in his art and pr Did that which deceived all others deceive himself able writer on this subject remarks, 'it is very p and probable, that, at the outset of his career, h real believer in the truth of his art, and that he aft *felt no inclination* to part with so pleasant and p

a: like his patron Cromwell, whose early fanati-
sided into hypocrisy, he carefully retained his
cloak for his knavery. Of his success in decep-
:e exist abundant proofs. The number of his
s not confined to the vulgar and illiterate, but
individuals of real worth and learning, who
his acquaintance and respected his predictions.
r not whether it "should more move our anger
irth" to see an assemblage of British senators—
mporaries of Milton and Clarendon, of Hampden
land—in an age which roused into action so
d such mighty energies, gravely engaged in
ing the causes of a great national calamity, from
ience of a knavish fortune-teller, and puzzling
doms to interpret the symbolical flames which
the misshapen wood-cuts, of his oracular publi-
From this disgrace to the wisdom of the
ıth century, we have to make one memorable
ı. In his *Hudibras*, Samuel Butler has rendered
famous the astrologer Lilly, under the name and
of the 'cunning man, hight Sidrophel.'

ORDEAL BY TOUCH.

)od seems, in the very earliest times, to have had
iar task assigned to it of demanding vengeance
r and murder. 'The voice of thy brother's blood
to me from the ground,' is the language in which
murderer is addressed, and many passages in the
s characterise those who inflicted punishment,
licially or otherwise, on the takers away of life,
vengers of blood.' Many other expressions of
tenor might be adduced, but these are sufficient
urpose. They point out to us the belief enter-
y the Jews, in common with other nations of
, that the blood was the most important part of
ıe, the seat of the vital principle, or the vital
itself. *Nor can this* opinion be termed at all

an unnatural one. In almost every case of violent with the suffusion and loss of blood, the life depart in every case of natural decease, the circulation blood through the frame, as indicated by the pulse, slowly to a pause.

We are not authorised to infer from the Jewish ings, that the expression of 'blood crying aloı vengeance,' was anything more than figurative, ar same may be said of all the earlier nations of anti That in early times tests or ordeals were practis the revelation of mysterious cases of murder, is fai being improbable, but it was in those ages most priately denominated dark, when mankind, and Europe, bent the knee slavishly to superstition, ordeals assumed a judicial form, and became a r portion of recognised law. The ordeal for disco murder by compelling suspected persons to come fo and touch the murdered corpse, is that which we pı to describe in the present paper.

The ordeal by touching the corpse was an imp ceremonial, and if not invented, was at least str encouraged by the clergy, who were in those darl times, as few now will be inclined to deny, very u pulous about the means employed to strengthen and e their power. Direct appeals to the Deity, as this essentially was, were useful in instilling and maint a belief in the immediate interposition of the Deity; belief was turned too often to account by the cle promoting the interests of the Church. That the pr of ordeals was originally fostered and supported by means, we have little doubt, though ultimately the stitious delusion was so extensively believed and t in, as to require no fresh incentives to its contin This was the case particularly in Scotland, wher law and the nation retained their belief in the by touch long after the clergy had ceased to int in it. The original ceremonial on such occasions *sufficiently* how deeply they interfered in the n *at first.*

When an appeal to the ordeal by touch was made in cases of mysterious death, the corpse of the murdered person was stretched upon a bier, and conducted by a procession of priests, chanting an anthem to the high-altar, before which it was placed, the whole body being covered with a fine linen cloth, excepting the face. After the performance of devotional exercises, the suspected party was led solemnly forward, and desired to touch with one hand the mouth of the deceased, while the other was placed upon the fatal wound. In this posture, lifting his eyes to heaven, he invoked the Deity to attest his innocence, and imprecated the most awful punishments on his head, if his asseverations were untrue. If the blood flowed from the curdled wounds, or from the mouth or nostrils, the suspected person was held as unquestionably guilty of the murder, and underwent the same punishment as if he had been convicted in a criminal court by the evidence of indisputable witnesses. This transaction took place in the presence of judges of the law, of the clergy, and of the accusers; and a great body of spectators, including the nobility or magnates of the place where it occurred, in general attended to witness the solemn ceremonial. Such was on many occasions the awe and terror inspired by this imposing assemblage, that parties connected either directly or indirectly with the murder have shrunk from so severe an ordeal, and have confessed in the most abject manner their guilt, or have demanded in lieu of the test, to prove their innocence by combat. An example of this kind is drawn by the pen of him who had no rival in such subjects, in the novel of the *Fair Maid of Perth*.

We have already alluded to the belief in which this custom had its origin. 'The ancient opinion was,' says Mr Pitcairn in his *Criminal Trials*, 'that the soul of a murdered person lingered about the body until appeased by the discovery of the foul deed, and by the subsequent shedding of the murderer's blood. It is obvious, therefore, that on the original institution of this test or ordeal, during the earlier period and in the dark ages, the

purpose of requiring the accused to prove his innocence before the corpse, originated in the idea and belief, that, by the murderer's approach, and especially by his polluted touch, the soul was excited to an instant manifestation of its indignation, by appearing in the form in which it was supposed to subsist—namely, in that of blood.' This seems to be the most rational account of the origin of the ordeal by touch, or law of bier, as it was denominated. It is possible, however, that the accidental bleeding of a murdered body on the approach of the author of the deed may have struck his guilty mind with so much horror as to elicit a confession, and so have suggested the idea of employing the same means to rend the veil from other mysterious murders.

Whatever this ordeal may have been founded upon, certain it is, that for many centuries, in all cases of murder where the proof was defective, the relations of the deceased had the power of compelling suspected persons to touch the body. And even long after the custom of resorting habitually to the ordeal had been discontinued, the additional evidence derived from it was fatally decisive against the accused. In the year 1628, during the reign of Charles I., a trial took place at the bar of the King's Bench, in which a child was the plaintiff, and his father, his grandmother, his aunt, and her husband, were the persons accused of the murder of Joan Norkott, mother to the child, and wife to one of the prisoners. The woman, it was undeniable, had died by violence; and the coroner's inquest, guided by the evidence of her relatives, had determined that the deceased had died by her own hands. Suspicions went abroad, however, which caused the arraignment of these relatives at Hertford assizes. The parties were acquitted, but were again brought to trial in London, in consequence of the opinions expressed by one of the Hertford judges. At this final trial, which was held before the celebrated Sir Matthew Hale, it appeared in the evidence of the minister of the parish where the death took place, that the body, thirty *days after its* interment, was taken out of the ground,

accused made to touch it. As the account of the
ings at the trial rests upon excellent authority—
that of Sir John Maynards, afterwards Commis-
f the Great Seal, the result of the ordeal may be
it stands in his report. The parson deponed, that
pellees did touch the dead body, whereupon the
the dead, which before was of a livid and carrion
egan to have a gentle dew or sweat arise on it,
ncreased by degrees till the sweat ran down in
the face. The brow turned to a lively and fresh
nd the deceased opened one of her eyes and shut
and this opening the eye was done three several
She likewise thrust out the ring or marriage-
ree times, and pulled it in again; and the finger
blood from off it on the grass.' This witness, on
ked 'by Sir Nicholas Hyde, Lord Chief-Justice,
med to doubt the evidence, "Who saw this besides
replied: "I cannot swear what others saw."'
little time, however, the witness told the court
had a brother then present at the trial, who had
d the ceremony of the ordeal. This brother then
led forward, and corroborated in every respect
ment of the preceding witness. Other evidence,
nconnected with the ordeal, was then brought
against the prisoners, one point of which is rather

One of the witnesses said, that on the bed
ne deceased was found with her throat cut, 'there
int of a thumb and four fingers of a left hand'—
thereby that it could not be the hand of the
d lady.

'can you know the print,' said Lord Chief-Justice
of a left hand from the print of a right hand in
ase?'

ord,' said the witness, 'it is hard to describe; but
ase that honourable judge to put his left hand
ur right hand, you cannot possibly place your
nd in the same posture.' This, according to
d, was tried and found to be the case.

esult of this trial was the condemnation of three

of the pannels, and the acquittal of the aunt's hu
Okeman. The convicted parties, in the court and a
execution, persisted in asserting their innocence
crime. At the risk of being accused of a work of
erogation, we shall make a few remarks on the ev
in this trial derived from the ordeal, and this we do
because the report of it comes from undeniable aut
In the first place, Sir Matthew Hale, the acutest man
time, seems not to have believed it. Secondly, it w
believed by a jury at Hertford, near the scene of th
ceedings, where such remarkable events as a dea
opening its eyes, moving its fingers, and dropping
were likely, if worthy of being credited, to ma
impression most unfavourable to the accused. T
the clergyman who gave evidence, on being aske
besides himself witnessed the miraculous motions
corpse, declared: 'that he could not say what
people saw;' from which we may infer, that a th
wonderful as this had passed without the least no
remark among the witnesses of it—a thing most unn
and improbable. Fourthly, the only evidence in
boration of the clergyman's statement was his bi
Fifthly, the blood is said to have fallen on the
where it could not be afterwards seen; a circum
contrary altogether to the palpable intention of
interposition, which was to expose the murderers, b
all doubt, to the world.

Several reasons of minor importance might be
to these, to prove that the whole of this remarkabl
of the ordeal must have been the result either of de
or of a conspiracy. We have been thus particular
notice of it, both because it is one of the most aut
and notable of the kind on record, and because, l
shewn the many grounds for discrediting so strong
we may be allowed to present to the reader oth
lesser note, but not less curious, without any lengt
attempt at explanation.

A most extraordinary case of murder, in wh
ordeal by touch accidentally exhibited its supposed

in Scotland in the year 1687. Sir James Stan-
Newmills was found dead in a pool of water,
n examination, it appeared that he had not been
but had been strangled previously to his body
own into the pool. The corpse was examined
rgions,' and the fact of the strangulation placed,
vidence, beyond a doubt. The manner in which
r of the murder was detected may be stated in
of the dittay or indictment. Philip Stanfield,
e deceased, was present at the examination of
and after 'the cleir and evident signs of the
ad appeared, the body was sewed up and most
cleaned, and his nearest relations and friends
ed to lift up his body to the coffin; and, accord-
nes Row, merchant—who was in Edinburgh at
of the murder—having lifted the left side of Sir
is head and shoulder, and the said Philip the
; his father's body, though carefully cleaned, as
o as the least blood was not on it, did blood
on him, and defiled all his hands, which struck
such a terror, that he immediately let his
ead and body fall with violence, and fled from
and, in consternation and confusion, cried out,
d himself down over a seat in the church (where
e was inspected), wiping his father's innocent
his own murdering hands upon his clothes!'
sel on both sides at the trial which ensued were
nen—Sir John Dalrymple, younger of Stair, and
e Mackenzie, being public prosecutors, and Sir
lume, one of the pannel's counsel. Sir J. Dal-
rgued, that for the bleeding of the corpse, and
nfield's subsequent confusion and terror, 'there
natural reason be given but an ordinar and
l providence of God in this kind of discovery of
that the fact was never more evident and sure.'
k Hume condemned the ordeal as a superstition, and without any ground either in law or
tributing, at the same time, the bleeding to the
the surgeons and the moving of the body,

with many other arguments, worthy of his reputation for liberality and sound sense: above all, he offered to prove, that the pannel had touched his father's body before the incision, and it did not bleed. These rational statements made no impression on men blinded by superstition. Sir George Mackenzie addressed the jury in a style more worthy of the bigoted and 'bluidy Mackinye,' than of the clear-headed lawyer; and Philip Stanfield was condemned as a parricide, and executed with the severest accompanying forms that the law could devise.

Contrary to our intention, we cannot permit this case to pass without a remark. We lay aside all question as to the prisoner's guilt or innocence, as established by ordinary evidence, and will confine our remarks to the circumstance of the bleeding. Nothing, we imagine, could be more natural and less miraculous under the circumstances. Those who know the results of strangulation, are aware that the chest, both lungs and heart, are gorged with blood, and that the incisions of the surgeons, in examining these organs, which is the chief point in such cases, must, if they do not actually extend into the neck, at least encroach closely upon it. After the opening of Sir James Stanfield's body, the merchant Row, lifting the left side before the son Philip raised the right, as by the dittay we may almost conclude was the case, the blood, rendered fluid by the moving and dissection of the body, would be driven by more gravity to the right side, and would readily flow out through some of the sutures, which are never very closely or carefully executed. Had Philip raised the right side first, Row might have lost his life. This exceedingly trifling circumstance—for Philip, though he might not be a good son, was in truth proved a parricide by nothing but the ordeal—saved the life of one, and cut short the of another. The confusion of the son on this occasion goes for nothing; no man can see even the dead body of a parent mangled, without being in a state of excitement *and agitation.*

The antipathy—as the learned believers in the marvel

s of the ordeal by touch explained the matter
athy of the soul, or blood, of a murdered person,
towards his murderer, was not confined to
author of the deed, but extended to all his
n through many generations. The corpse of
f Culzean, murdered by the Muirs of Auchin-
ig laid out in form, all men in the neighbour-
called upon to appear and touch it, for their own
. The Muirs did not compear, but a child of
y, Mary Muir, seeing a crowd of people,
the spot, and the corpse, when she came
the 'admiration of all the people, did spring
er in abundance of blood.'

ter number of the other remarkable cases of
that have occurred in our land, are connected
rime of witchcraft; an association sufficient,
r more enlightened times, to shew the unhappy
tive delusion under which mankind laboured
ubjects. In the year 1644, Marion Peebles,
Swene, residing at Hildiswick, in Orkney,
ceived deadly hatred against one Edward
nsformed herself, by the devil's assistance, into
d, when Halcro and other four men were at
ned their boat, devouring their bodies at the

On resuming her natural form, it appears to
necessary for her to vomit them up, for the
cast ashore, and found by their friends. On
her husband being brought to see them, the
said, bled at the touch of the unhappy pair,
instantly convicted of the deed, and strangled
and burned to ashes at the hill of Berrie.

uding our notices of the ordeal by touch, or
e shall make no observations explanatory of
ition, having sufficiently shewn, in recording
most noted cases, the ease with which every
might be accounted for by natural causes,
and prejudice not blinded the eyes of men.
ssing and humiliating to think how long the
ntinued *to sway the* minds even of educated

men. Who could believe that, in the year 1712, minister of the Gospel, the Rev. H. Cross, Caithness (s Letter, in the Wodrow Manuscripts), could write thu 'Some murders in this country have been discovered, causing suspected persons to touch the dead corp which, upon their touching, have immediately bled.'

RILEY'S SUFFERINGS IN THE GREAT DESERT

JAMES RILEY, master and supercargo of the Ameri brig *Commerce*, sailed from New Orleans on the 24th June, in the year 1815, for the western coast of Afr The vessel was small, about 220 tons burden, and nearly new, and in fine order. Her crew consisted George Williams and Aaron Savage, mates; Willi Porter, John Hogan, James Barrett, Archibald Robb Thomas Burns, and James Clark, seamen; Horace Sav cabin-boy; and a black cook, Richard Delisle. On 9th of August, the *Commerce* touched at Gibraltar, took in some wines and spirits, in addition to the previ cargo of tobacco and flour. An old man named Ant Michel was likewise taken on board, and the ship tinued its course for the Cape de Verd Islands. A much thick weather, Riley discovered on the 28th he had passed the Canaries without observing th The fog increased; and on the same night, the ship suddenly found to be in the midst of breakers. Be the attempts of the crew to extricate themselves attended with any success, the brig struck with violence as to start every man from the deck. bilged immediately, and the efforts of the crew were directed entirely to getting their provisions and w from the hold, in the hope of reaching land in the b Land was seen by Riley in the morning at a very s *distance*; and by the assistance of a hawser-rope, car

re by Riley and Porter at a great risk of their very one of the crew was got safely ashore, with barrels of water, wine, bread, and salted meat, o boats.

exertions necessary for their immediate safety ed the crew of the *Commerce* from yet seeing in extent their great misfortune. A few hours had l their comfortable vessel to a wreck, and had hem, as a residence in place of it, a barren and table beach. They set actively to work, however, means of their oars and two sheeting-sails, a tent. Their next object was to repair the trusting that, when the weather moderated, they put to sea, and reach some friendly settlement. g-boat had received an injury in landing, and it th difficulty that they could patch it up so as to But while they were employed in this labour, ing like a human being was seen by one of the a little distance. The figure was liker that of an utang than a man; yet a man, to the cost of the rs, he turned out to be. A ragged and scanty l cloth was this African Arab's only covering; his is a little lighter in colour than a negro's, and his sembled a *pitch-mop*, sticking out every way six t inches from his head; his eyes were red and nd his mouth was exceedingly large; while sharp usks, and a long black beard, completed what ey thought the most terrific figure he had ever This native, who was evidently old, was speedily by two old women and several children. They ll armed with long knives, and, coming forward shipwrecked party, who did not oppose them, they aced an indiscriminate plunder; trunks and boxes, ch the crew had got a few ashore besides their on-barrels, were rifled of the clothing and other they contained. The crew, as we have said, did ist this, seeing that the provisions were secured. hey were resolved to protect.

leparting *with their spoils*, the Arabs made signs

that they would return in the morning; and th having cooked a good meal with the help of a fir one of the native children had kindled, lay down repose. Mr Riley describes his own state of mind night as inexpressibly painful. In addition to the which were too probably in store for himself, the t of his wife and five young children, solely de upon him for support, weighed heavily on his Toil-worn as he was with the events of the shipwrecked captain tasted not the blessings of that sad night.

In the morning, the old Arab, accompanied young men, and his wives, made his appearance a to promise. The evident object of the old wretch get possession of the tent. He pointed to the and menaced them off with his spear. Perh Americans would have resisted, but the sight of of camels with their drivers, to whom the ol shouted for assistance, made the party glad to pu the long-boat for the wreck, which was still abov From the deck, the crew beheld the camels load the provisions of the tent, and, to crown the mis they saw the old Arab deliberately stave in the l the casks, and empty their contents on the beach this operation, he gathered together every little re article, and set fire to them in one pile.

No alternative was now left but to try the s their boat, leaky as it was, since, on the wreck, th were exposed to be washed off during the night go ashore seemed inevitable death at the hands barbarians. When they attempted to put off the bo the ship, a surf struck her, nearly filled her wit and drifted her back to the wreck side. The Ar appeared to pity them, and made peaceful signs, Riley, whom the old man knew to be captain, ask proof of friendship, further, they held up a sk water, which Riley went and brought to the wr *means of* the rope stretching between it and th *He again* went on shore, and the natives paid hi

mark of kindness for a time, until, suddenly, two young men pinned his arms to his side with the grasp of lions, and the women flourished their long knives in his face. Money was their object, and Mr Riley was forced to hail his companions to bring all they had ashore. A thousand dollars were sent on shore in a bucket. This did not please them; more was hailed for, and poor old Antonio Michel came ashore. While the natives were busy rifling him, Mr Riley sprung from his keepers, and plunged into the sea. He reached the wreck in safety, but the natives wreaked their disappointment on Antonio, whom they killed on the spot.

The wreck was now fast going to pieces, and it became absolutely necessary to try the long-boat again. Success attended their exertions, and with a live pig, a few pieces of salt pork, a few figs, four gallons of water, and about four hundred dollars in money, they reached the open sea. The boat leaked so much, as to require constant baling; and the toil of this was so great, together with their inadequate support, that the eleven shipwrecked mariners became soon completely exhausted, and almost callous to their fate. Still they continued at sea for several days, when necessity forced them once more to seek the land This they reached on the sixth day, being carried by a tremendous wave upon a dry and sandy beach. Their boat was now completely useless, and they left the shore by clambering till dark up the line of rocks which forms, as they learned afterwards, Cape Barbas. On finding a convenient spot, they lay down and slumbered soundly till daylight.

Next day, they resumed their march in a miserable condition. Without provisions, with wasted bodies, the heat excessive, their tongues cleaving to the roofs of their mouths, their feet lacerated and bleeding—such is the state Mr Riley describes them to have been in, and his own condition was no less miserable. They had not yet surmounted the high ground on the coast, and were unable to effect it during that day, four miles being the whole of their *journey*. Next day, Riley discovered a

path which brought him to the summit, and, revived
the hope of finding on the other side some vegetable
might allay his burning thirst, he pushed eagerly forw
Alas! no tree, no shrub, not a blade of grass, met his
one uniform expanse of barrenness lay before him.
fell to the earth in despair, and lay for a time insens
When his companions came to the spot, they too stret
themselves on the ground, exclaiming: 'Tis enough!
we must breathe our last: nothing can live here.' R
recollecting that all looked up to him for encouragem
and remembering his wife and children, was the firs
throw off despair, and he fortunately persuaded them
to proceed. Still, as evening approached, and nei
food nor water seemed any nigher, despair began to e
again into the souls of the wretched party, when on
them suddenly called out: 'A light!—the light of a fi
This diffused new life among them, though, by t
leader's advice, they did not approach towards the
till morning—a circumstance that speaks volumes for
prudence and self-command, since he was in that
dition, he confesses, that he would have sold his life f
gill of water. Had they approached by night, they w
most probably have been regarded as robbers, and pr
death. Their reception in daylight renders this prob
A party of Arabs, watering camels, was the scene w
met the eyes of the crew on approaching in the morn
the site of the fire. The Arabs instantly surrounded
crew, and stripped every man to the skin, in spite of t
imploring looks and signs. A furious contest then
menced for the possession of the prisoners, and the nat
cut and hacked each other dreadfully with their scimi
An agreement was at length made, and the Arabs,
amounted to about one hundred persons, men, women,
children, with nearly five hundred camels, divided
two parties, one of which moved off into the desert
six of the sailors, while the other remained, with R
Savage, Clark, Horace, and Dick the black cook.
Riley's first nourishment was a drink of brackish w
with a little sour camel's milk squeezed into it. He tho

it of course delicious, and drank so much of it, that a bowel complaint was the consequence.

The party of Arabs with whom Riley and his companions were, after filling a number of water-skins from the brackish wells, set off likewise in a south-east direction. Five camels were selected for the sailors, which the poor men were ordered to mount. The Arabs had saddles, but the five unfortunates found themselves placed on a backbone, barely covered with skin, and sharp as an oar-blade, while their legs were stretched out at full length, as if on the roof of a house. When the whole party set off at a sharp trot, under a broiling sky, the sufferings of the captives became dreadful. Bleeding, and lacerated to the very heels, they could only retain their position by grasping the long hair of the humps behind which they sat. In this state of distress they continued till night, when, seeing no indications of a halt, they prayed to be allowed to follow on foot. The women by whom they were surrounded laughed at their misery, and Riley, at the imminent risk of his neck, slipped from the camel's back. Alas! the ground was covered with sharp flints; and his feet, robbed of their coverings, were cut to the bone at every step, while his merciless keepers drove him onwards.

At midnight, the Arabs halted, and a pint of pure camel's milk was given to each of the captives, which did them much good, though, from their being obliged to pass the night on the bare flints, and the wretched state of their bodies, none of them tasted sleep. Next morning, after only the fourth of a pint of milk was given to each, the march was resumed. They soon came to a small valley, where tents were pitched, and about 150 people assembled. Here the captives were kept till midnight without food, and every indignity cast upon them that can be imagined. The women issued from the tents to spit upon them and revile them. A little milk and water was at last brought to them, and they lay down to sleep. Riley mentions a curious circumstance relating to a dream of this night. A *tall young* man, on horseback,

and in a European dress, visited his slumbers, and bade him not despair, for he should yet see his family and his home. On afterwards seeing Mr Willshire, the consul his actual deliverer, Riley recognised, he says, the visitant of his dreams! Whatever we may think of this, the dream lent the unfortunate man patience under his sufferings.

The shipwrecked mariners were here allotted to separate masters, but continued fortunately to journey together in the same direction. During this day, Riley saw Williams, from whom he had been formerly separated; and such was the mate's wretched condition, that he told the captain to convey his last farewell to his wife, as he had no hope of seeing the light of another day. After seven succeeding days of sore travel, the party to which Riley and his companions were attached turned towards the sea-shore, and when they made their evening halt, were met by two strangers, each of whom carried a double-barrelled gun. One of the women told Riley, that the strangers were Sidi Hamet and his brother, traders in cloth from the sultan's dominions. Sidi Hamet, fortunately, was a man in whom avarice had not subdued the feelings of humanity. His first act on coming up to the party evinced this. Clark, one of the sailors, was lying on the ground, a perfect wreck of a man, and apparently within a few minutes of perishing from exhaustion. Sidi Hamet gave him water, the first *fresh* water they had yet seen, and the poor creature revived wonderfully. Sidi Hamet then, after questioning Riley closely as to his hopes of redemption at Suara or Mogadore, purchased him, though not without much bargaining, from the Arab who claimed him as a slave. After many entreaties, the trader bought also Horace, Clark, and Savage. To Hogan, who had joined Riley's party two or three days before, and to the black cook, Sidi Hamet, in spite of promises and prayers, would have nothing to say.

The new master of the captives caused an old camel to be killed that evening, and gave them the blood, to them *delicious* food, boiled to the consistence of liver. On the

rning, Burns came up with his master, and
l man, was bought by Sidi for an old blanket.
s were now supplied with at least a substitute
, the want of which, in such a clime, had
ir skins with blisters and cracks. Mr Riley
shirt; Clark contrived to cover himself partly
sail; the two Savages had obtained goat-skins;
n old jacket.
ndition, mounted on camels, they set out with
and his party, in a north-easterly direction,
ew of reaching the sea-coast, by ascending the
de of the level desert. After nine days'
at the rate of nearly seventy miles a day,
ed the sea on the 6th of October. During
y, their sufferings were great, though their
ved them as much as lay in his power. Ever
owever, he vented terrible threats against Mr
e the Europeans at Mogadore should refuse to
n. Their course now lay along the sea-shore,
continued to traverse with great rapidity, and,
, reached a stream of clear water among
nds. Excess of joy at the sight of the rivulet
owered them, that they could scarcely move
it; and when they did so, they plunged their
t like thirsty camels.
violent quarrel between the brothers Sidi
. Seid, and several other mischances which
to overthrow the now excited hopes of the
li at last set out alone for Mogadore, with a
Riley, imploring pity from the European
ny other Christians resident there. After an
eight days, passed in such suspense as man
, a messenger came to the captives, bearing a
Mr Willshire, the British consul, with instruc-
ng the unfortunate men to Mogadore, where
was detained as hostage for their appearance.
ney of peril and suffering, of which a villainous
w of Sidi Hamet was the cause, Riley and his
came *in sight of* Mogadore, with the English

colours and the American flag floating in the harbour. Their reception by Mr Willshire was of the warmest kind. He took them, one by one, by the hand, and while the tears trickled down his manly cheek at the sight of their wretched state, he welcomed them to life and liberty. How easily the hardships they had endured might be read in their aspect, may be conceived from the fact, that Riley weighed only ninety pounds, and one of his comrades forty! Well may Riley say, that it is difficult to believe the spark of life could remain in bodies so reduced.

Mr Willshire, the same gentleman who relieved and ransomed Alexander Scott, took the desert-worn sailors into his own house, and administered to them every comfort which their situation required. Soon after, they set out for their native land, which they reached in safety, to tell the tale which we have now briefly repeated. By Mr Willshire's exertions, others of the crew of the *Commerce* were afterwards ransomed from their captivity, though several of them were never more heard of, and must have perished miserably amid the sands of Sahara.

CHARLOTTE GRUBB.

To many persons unacquainted with the prejudices of military society, the situation of Charlotte Grubb, the only unmarried lady connected with a certain marching regiment, might have been supposed to possess some advantages. Had she been the daughter of the colonel, or even of a field-officer of lower rank, doubtless she would have received the deference and respect due to the position held by her father; but claiming the parentage of the assistant-surgeon only, she had no dependence except upon the kindness of the people with whom she associated. She lived in a heartless age; and the officers *of her father's* regiment, holding themselves very high,

in consequence of there being one or two men of fortune in the corps, from whom they took their tone, looked down with supreme contempt upon the assistant-surgeon and his daughter. Charlotte felt herself, and was considered by others, to be an encumbrance; and as no one could doubt that she would gladly exchange her single unblessedness for the married state, an establishment was supposed to be the object of all her speculations. There is nothing more injurious to the prospects of a young lady, than the impression that she is looking out for a husband. Whether right or wrong, if the idea be once entertained, it generally proves fatal to the matrimonial interests of the party. Mr Grubb had been for many years a widower, and it was with considerable difficulty that he contrived to give his daughter some sort of education, and to maintain her under his own roof; pride, perhaps, or the difficulty of getting her out in the world, preventing him from an attempt to provide for her in any other way. Poor, and not possessed of splendid abilities, the 'doctor,' if unable to impress his associates with a proper feeling of reverence for virtuous poverty, knew what was due to the respectability of his child; and throughout all the numerous changes and chances of a military life, fenced her round with decorums which a less scrupulous parent might have deemed unnecessary. He did not permit morning-visits from the young men of the corps, and was careful to see that his daughter never appeared in public without proper protection. These precautions were sneered at by the idle, the thoughtless, and the ill-natured, of which a large majority of the regiment was composed; but, nevertheless, they shielded the poor girl from the more injurious comments which would otherwise have been made upon her.

Charlotte more than seconded her father's views. From the earliest age she had been feelingly alive to the disadvantages and even dangers of her position. Her pride took alarm at impertinence, and she saw with acute pain the light in which she was regarded by the circle around her. It is difficult for persons in very

mean circumstances to secure the good opinion o
world. Many, by contriving to conceal their po
succeed in escaping some of its pains and pena
but when the consciousness is apparent, it never
to elicit contempt. The humility of the Grubbs,
submission to hardships and privations, which they
no attempt to disguise, exposed them to the sco
pity of persons who were either in better circumsta
or better able to brave the world, and more skill
the art of keeping up an appearance. Charlotte poss
female companions in the regiment, but no friends.
colonel had married a lady of fashion and of title;
Lady Harriet Spilsbury associated only with the
of those officers in her husband's corps, to whom i
absolutely necessary to be civil. Whenever she
down to the regiment, she visited all the principal p
in the neighbourhood, and was therefore wholly
pendent of military society, while the residents o
place never thought of paying any attention to pe
who were not seen at the colonel's parties. The G
were too insignificant to attract notice, and were
to be content with the public amusements of the
or tea-drinkings at the houses of the married off
who might feel inclined to waste a little civility
them. As Charlotte's reserve was proof against
temptations to flirt, which were not wanting from
vain and the idle, her acceptance of the comm
courtesies from those who might be considered marr
men, was universally attributed to matrimonial sche
Officers joining the corps were put upon their
against her manœuvres; and aware that every ey
upon her, and every tongue ready to utter some mali
remark, she scarcely dared to reply with courtesy t
few who had yet to learn, that to shew incivility to
Grubb, was one of the standing-orders of the regi
Cautious, timid, and easily impressed with distrust,
lotte, nevertheless, had not escaped the miseries prod
by the cruel trifling of male coquets, ever bent
the destruction or disturbance of feminine peace of

e had considered herself to be upon the eve
ge, and each time had undergone the bitter
nt of ridiculed pretensions.
st attack sustained by that guarded citadel,
, was conducted by a very scientific assailant.
success in similar achievements had made
ppleby an adept, and he could calculate with
est precision, the exact moment in which the
would surrender themselves; public demonstra-
hat surrender formed his final object, and then
ions slackened; and at last avowed contempt
l to the tender blandishments which marked
advances. Charlotte had gone through all
ations of this ingenious system. She did not
ie existence of such consummate duplicity, and
letely unprepared for the doom that awaited
r expectations, revealed to the whole regiment,
a vast fund of amusement at the time, and
n excellent jest for ever: and in consequence
nmanly feat, she found herself an object of
strust, and contempt, to the faded bride, whom
ppleby, reduced at last to sell himself for a
paltry thousands, introduced to the corps.
xt affair, sincere perhaps at the time on the
e lover, had proceeded as far as an engagement;
rtunately, the young man, who was waiting for
, went upon detachment. He had made vows
constancy, but such vows were difficult to keep;
standing in the slightest awe of the vengeance
rubb,' he broke off the correspondence, without
it necessary to assign a reason, and took a
dy to wife, who chanced to please his roving
Charlotte's second disappointment afforded a
eme for regimental wit, and it now required
nsiderable degree of moral courage in any man
e sneers and laughter which would have assailed
sed lover of the assistant-surgeon's daughter.
bb's susceptibility, thus proved beyond a doubt,
ie subject of endless comment; all the unmarried

men in the corps who were possessed of an inc
quate to the maintenance of a wife, were comp
turn to endure the suspicion of being the objec
matrimonial speculations; and the public voice
at length upon Major Hawtry, as the fortunat
for whom the lady pined in secret. Major H
man of some fashion and fortune, well receive
coteries of London, and considered perfectly ir
in provincial circles, entertained the most profo
tempt for Charlotte Grubb; and the young sca
of the regiment, discovering that it was in thei
to tease and mortify the great don of the c
accusing him of stealing the tender affections c
whom he despised, were never weary of the s
the mischief likely to result to the young lad
a secondary consideration, while amusing the
with the suppressed indignation of a coxcom
they envied and hated. The poor girl, to who
mockeries were not unknown, bore them with
of fortitude. She made no confidante; and w
might be her sufferings, none knew how deep v
wounds which they inflicted, or the gloomy s
of an outraged spirit for composure.

Although the ladies of the regiment profited ve
by the civilities of the colonel's wife, they cont
render her occasional residences at head-quarter
to them, by copying the fashions which she broug
London, and making up their own dresses a
models which she wore. The materials, it is tr
rather inferior; but the effect was the same—a di
circumstance for the poor lady, and the subject
tinual mortification. Leaning from her carriage
to the band, Lady Harriet had the horror of se
female promenaders of the corps clad in a sort of
all borrowed from the hat and gown in which
appeared at church—the ensign's wife substitutin
calico for the satin lining, while fac-similes, as
they could be contrived, of her lace pelisse, were e
in bobbinet, worked muslin, and lastly in figur

In vain that Lady Harriet, exasperated beyond
ace, strove by continual changes of costume to
emulation hopeless. It is difficult to baffle female
y. The needles of her tormentors were in constant
upon all sorts of rubbish, which, under their
us fingers, assumed the appearance of the happiest
of the most felicitous of milliners. A mistake,
ed by the great resemblance between two hats,
two very different personages, led to an extra-
change in the fortunes of one of the individuals
ed.

eneral-officer commanding the district came over
from the garrison in which he was stationed,
ct Colonel Spilsbury's regiment, which was drawn
the purpose, upon the adjoining race-ground.
ery near-sighted, and rather purblind into the
, he took Miss Grubb, walking in a white paper-
roidered with worsted, for Lady Harriet Spilsbury,
lighted from her carriage. The general recognised
garland of hops, and could not distinguish the
ce. Trifling causes, it is well known, often lead
lerful effects. An extremely interesting face
d beneath the paper-hat, and a vivid blush, and
beisance, acknowledged the unexpected courtesy
reat man, who, surprised into sudden admiration,
l the name of the young lady to whom he had
oken. Desiring the aid-de-camp who gave the
, to secure the best place at the spectacle to
ubb's party, he rode off to his post, and this
occurrence passed unnoticed in the bustle which

The general dined with the officers at their
ad, somewhat to the surprise of the party, gra-
invited Mr Grubb to take wine with him—an
ondescension which drew forth the poor assistant-
's most grateful thanks, and which was considered
e who observed it, to be a cheap attempt at
ity. A party at Lady Harriet's finished the
, to which of course only the *élite* of the corps
mitted. General Bossinett, who, for reasons of

his own, joined the circle early, unacquainted with domestic arrangements of the corps, inquired of hostess why he had not the pleasure of meeting Grubb. A hint from a commandant usually pr sufficient. Lady Harriet filled up a card of invit for Mr and Miss Grubb, directed the postman to that he had forgotten to deliver it before, and se at so late an hour, that acceptance would have impossible from any, save the humble individuals did not think themselves entitled to an option. Grubb would not on any account have risked the colo displeasure, by appearing to slight the tardy civil of his proud and capricious wife; and though his daug was preparing to retire for the night, he urged he arouse herself to animation, and to make her toilet all possible dispatch. She obeyed, secretly confec the incident of the morning with the embossed card, stuck over the chimney-piece for the benefit of all fu visitors.

In an incredibly short period from the date of invitation, the Grubbs found themselves, for the time, in Lady Harriet Spilsbury's elegant drawing-r Charlotte's entrance occasioned considerable surp but nobody thought fit to take much notice of her, General Bossinett, not desiring to appear too partic contented himself with keeping an eye upon her, an opportunity offered to enter into conversation. was pleased with her manners, and, though too ex a tactician to allow his admiration to appear, it sufficiently strong to make him lament the nece of pursuing his tour of inspection on the following Charlotte Grubb felt pleased and gratified by atten from so high a quarter; but she entertained no ambi hopes. Bred in the school of adversity, her expecta had been sobered down to the realities of her situa and though she could not help being flattered by distinction, she was afraid that it would subject h much of the cruel jocularity from which she had al *suffered so* deeply.

Bossinett quitted the place, but his influence
use. To the surprise of the whole corps, Lady
ilsbury called upon Miss Grubb on the morning
irst introduction, and an intimacy took place
no human being, save the parties concerned,
unt. Charlotte herself was for some time
specting the cause of so much kind attention on
a person who, a short time before, seemed to
conscious of her existence, and was sometimes
attribute the extraordinary and unlooked-for
rtesy to motives of benevolence, wholly foreign
position of her new patroness. Not feeling
in of the ground on which she stood, her
isits at the colonel's mansion did not lead
ng an elation of spirit. She knew that when
iet should take her departure, all her morti-
ould be redoubled; and though no one now
mark for the raillery of the facetious, on
any little civility to her, such moderation
last for ever. The visitors at the colonel's
ere obliged to treat Miss Grubb with some
respect, and many deemed it expedient to be
ajor Hawtry did not belong to this number.
d absolutely to be offended by her presence,
ced that she was in love with him, felt afraid
as giving too much encouragement to her
on, by sitting in the same room with her.
iet, who, from the first, had been in General
confidence, invited Miss Grubb to accompany
all watering-place, about thirty miles distant,
an easy ride of the head-quarters of the district.
ad frequent opportunities of seeing her admirer,
she took the whole garrison by surprise, by
ncement of her marriage. The wedding was
in a very private manner, General Bossinett
rse to all show, and, moreover, feeling that
some degree rendered himself obnoxious to
le of his juniors, by committing a love-match
anced a period of life. The sudden elevation

of a person whom we have despised and ill-tre
cannot fail to excite an uneasy sensation; and, e
in the absence of feelings of self-reproach, few l
sufficient generosity to rejoice when an inferior is ra
above them. The general's marriage threw a damp
the society which his bride had quitted. Major Ha
styled it an awful misalliance; and the others, the
endeavouring to laugh over their secret vexation, she
that the attempt was a failure. The assistant-surg
who had been frequently practised upon by the wi
solemnity of his quizzers, had penetration enough
perceive that the congratulations poured into his
were forced; he learned, indeed, that it was a very
thing to be father-in-law to so magnificent a perso
a general commanding a district, but he took the
speeches made upon the occasion for what they
worth.

If Charlotte Grubb had been of the mould from w
fictitious heroines are formed, she would have signal
her elevation by a show of astonishing magnanim
forgetting all the slights and injuries put upon he
the ungenerous members of the corps, and, by spa
them, teaching them to spare others who might b
situations resembling that from which she was
emancipated. But Charlotte was of human, not p
nature; and it becomes our duty, as accurate histori
to mention, that having a little spice of spirit in
disposition, as well as some share of humour, she
not indisposed to take a gentle revenge for the in
she had suffered. When, some months after her marri
Colonel Spilsbury's regiment was marched, by a fiat of
War-office, to the garrison commanded by her husb
the greater part of the officers found themselves rig
excluded from the entertainments at which she pres
This was a dreadful blow. Their pride was hum
to the dust. They now saw the hideousness of t
former conduct in its proper light. May we not
that their punishment was just? The Applebys,
had proved the greatest delinquents, were marked

as peculiar victims; and it was curious to observe how meanly they comported themselves under the infliction. Meanness, however, is always to be found in connection with tyranny, and the Applebys were not singular in this respect.

The ease with which Mrs Bossinett fell into the duties and observances of her new situation, astonished all her former acquaintance. Few could have guessed how rapidly she had risen from the subordinate ranks, and how recently she had become invested with all the power to disturb, discomfit, harass, and annoy all underlings and inferiors, given by the Articles of War, the Mutiny Act, and the Rules and Regulations of the service, to the wife of a major-general in command. She could with difficulty be recognised in her new character by those who had known her long and intimately. Her manners, which had been humble and reserved, were now self-possessed and almost haughty. She was distinguished for a plain richness of attire; and by well-timed allusions to her former poverty, she defeated the malice of those who might have taken pleasure in recalling it to her recollection. In short, she seemed to know, by intuition, what to discard and what to retain, appertaining to her former condition, in order to secure the respect of the circle to which she had been so lately introduced. To no person was the bride's position so completely altered as towards Major Hawtry. Her assumed partiality had rendered her, in her unmarried days, an object of such extreme contempt to this gentleman, that he had never been at the trouble to observe whether she was handsome or not. The first glance which Major Hawtry obtained of the general's bride, completely changed the current of his feelings. They met at a ball, at which she took the lead with all the grace and dignity which might have been expected from those who possessed many more early advantages than fell to her share. A plain and very simple robe of dark velvet fell in easy folds over a figure, whose contour had never been so favourably displayed before. A margin of rich white

silk appeared above the edge of the bosom, and fo
a second sleeve, affording such relief to the so
drapery as a painter would bestow. A splendid dia
ornament clasped the robe at the bosom, and a
row of the same brilliant gems was passed acros
forehead, over the dark and redundant tresses, arr
with classic taste. This personage certainly bo
resemblance to the bead-braceleted, artificial-flo
nymph, tricked out in tarnished frippery, whom
military exquisite suspected of an intent to lay
to his heart. The major's character being compo
of selfishness and vanity, the transition from abhor
to an air of devoted attachment was perfectly
For a whole evening this latter feeling was read
countenance and manner, by scores who remem
well the extravagant antipathy he had lately expr
for Miss Grubb. Whispers were already afloat, t
effect that the major seemed inclined to recipr
the compliment which he had only suspected Miss G
of being disposed to pay to himself; and in these whi
the inequality of the general and his lady, in po
age, bore a prominent place. What was the mi
surprise of the company, when, on Hawtry at l
making up to the lady, and asking her in his
winning tones to dance, she gave him a scarcely
refusal, and turned away with a contemptuous s
The poor major vanished instantly; nor was he
on parade for the two ensuing days.

When time and change of place had brought Mrs
nett into new society, she conducted herself with a gr
ease and kindness towards the ladies around her,
rendered her a general favourite. Her husband
also heard frequently to bless the day when he mi
the bonnet of Charlotte Grubb for that of Lady H
Spilsbury.

'AVEL'S ADVENTURE IN THE WELL.

morning, early in September 1836, as Dufavel, one
e labourers employed in sinking a well at a place
Lyon, in France, was about to descend in order to
his work, one of his companions called out to him
o go down, as the ground was giving way, and
ening to fall in. Dufavel did not, however, profit
ie warning, but exclaiming: 'Bah! I shall have
r of time to go down for my basket first,' he entered
ell, which was sixty-two feet in depth. When about
ay down, he heard some large stones falling, but
vertheless continued his descent, and reached the
n in safety. After placing two pieces of plank in
asket,* he was preparing to reascend, when he
nly heard a crashing sound above his head, and,
ig up, he saw five of the side-supports of the well
ing at once. Greatly alarmed, he shouted for
ance as loudly as he was able, but the next moment
e mass of the sandy soil fell in upon him, preclud-
ie possibility of his escape. By a singular good-
ie, the broken supports fell together in such a
er that they formed a species of arch over his head,
prevented the superincumbent sand from falling
upon him; otherwise, he must have been smothered
ce.

will be easy to picture the horror and despair of
Dufavel, when he found himself thus buried alive
bowels of the earth, and to all appearance for ever
ated from the rest of the world, and doomed to
a by suffocation or famine! He had a wife and
; and when his thoughts turned to these beloved
ts, whom he was seemingly never more to behold,

the original French narrative, from which this is translated,
ord *benot* is used, which, we presume, is a technical term for a
of basket *in which workmen* hold their tools.

and who were henceforth to be left without a protector, how must his heart have been wrung, and how bitterly must he have regretted his imprudent obstinacy in descending into the well, after being warned of the danger to which he was exposing himself! But although Dufavel regretted the past and feared the future, he did not, even in the dreadful situation in which he was placed, give way to despair. Calm and self-possessed, he adopted every precaution in his power to prolong his life, in the hope that his companions might yet succeed in saving him—improbable as such a deliverance appeared to be. His basket was fastened to the cord by which he had descended; and when his comrades above began to pull the rope, in the hope of drawing him up to the surface, he observed that in their vain efforts they were causing his basket to strike against the broken planks above him, in such a manner as to endanger his safety. He therefore cut the rope with his knife, which he had no sooner done, than it was drawn up by those at the mouth of the well. The hole made by the passage of this rope was afterwards of great use to Dufavel. By it he received supplies of fresh air, and, eventually, of food and drink; while through it he was enabled to converse with those who descended into the well for that purpose, which it was still possible to do, as the mass of shot sand above him had only filled up about fifteen feet of the well.

In the utter darkness of his melancholy prison-house, Dufavel was enabled, in a curious enough manner, to keep a reckoning of the progress of time. A large fly found its way into his cell, and continued to keep him company all the time that he remained there. When he heard this insect buzzing about, he understood that it was day; and when it went to sleep, he concluded that night had arrived. This winged time-keeper boarded as well as lodged with him, as he was made aware by the circumstance, that, in lifting his food, he frequently disturbed the fly, which had been seated upon it, helping itself without ceremony, and which, when thus interrupted in *its repast, flew* away buzzing, as if intending to reproach

r his unkindness in refusing it a share. He after- confessed, that the company of this fly had been a consolation to him during his sufferings, and that he ften envied the facility with which it could pass and through the narrow opening between his dark on and the upper world.

ile Dufavel was tenanting his lonely prison, his -workmen were doing everything they could to his rescue. At first, they feared that he had ed; but when they drew up the rope, and saw that been cut through in the manner already mentioned, new that he must yet be alive, and redoubled their ons in his behalf. But more skilful persons than poor labourers were soon engaged in the same good for the municipal authorities of Lyon, on being ied of the situation of Dufavel, procured the ance of a band of military miners, who, under the ion of experienced officers, began to form a subter- passage for the purpose of reaching him. In the ime, his singular fate had become a subject of d interest. Prayers for his safety were offered up churches of Lyon; and the inhabitants of that city ie places adjacent thronged in such numbers every Champvert, the name of the place where the nt happened, that it was found necessary to erect a ade, and station a guard of soldiers round the scene accident, to prevent the crowd from obstructing erations of the miners.

nwhile, the situation of Dufavel was daily becoming deplorable. The cavity in which he was enclosed t first been seven feet deep, but by the third day confinement, it had become so much smaller, in quence of the accumulation of the falling sand at ottom of the well, and the gradual sinking of the above, that he could no longer stand, nor even sit it, but was crushed upon the ground in a peculiarly venient and painful manner. He was pressed down s back against the bottom of the well, while the part of his body was bent forward by the planks

on which it rested. His right leg was doubled t
below his body, while his left was extended at full len
and the foot squeezed in between two planks. His h
was bent over on one side, and pressed down against
left shoulder. His arms, however, were free, and
availed himself of this fortunate circumstance to
away with his knife such parts of the broken wood-w
as particularly incommoded him, and to widen the l
by which he communicated with the exterior.

Such was the dangerous and difficult nature of
ground, that nearly a week elapsed from the time
Dufavel's imprisonment, before the miners had for
an excavation to a depth equal to that of the bottom
the well, although they worked night and day.
Friday, the 9th of September, having now descen
several feet lower than the level of Dufavel's cell, t
began to form a slightly ascending passage or gal
towards it. At this time, the officer who directed
operations expected they would be able to reach Duf
in about twenty-four hours; but the increasing obsta
presented by the treacherous nature of the soil, s
shewed the fallacy of this hope. So unsafe was
ground, that the miners durst neither use pickaxes
shovels, lest they should be overwhelmed by the loose
sand. In a passage two feet and a half in height,
two feet in width, the foremost miner worked upon
knees, inserting cautiously, with light blows of a hamm
a flat piece of wood into the ground, and afterwa
gathering up with his hands, and passing to those bel
him, the sand which he thus detached. The prog
made by such means was necessarily very slow, and
not in general amount to more than about two in
per hour, exclusive of the delays occasionally produ
by partial fallings-in of the ground. Consider
obstruction was also experienced from the difficult
keeping lamps burning in so contracted a passage, an
pair of forge-bellows had to be used from time to t
for the purpose of supplying fresh air.

All this time Dufavel was bearing up bravely.

cousin of his, who was, like himself, a well-digger, having gone down to speak with him, Dufavel inquired what progress the miners were making, and begged that he would not deceive him respecting his chances of escape. 'You observe,' said he, 'that I am keeping up my spirits.' When told that it was hoped he would be set free on the following day, 'That will make more than eight days,' replied he, 'that I shall have been kept here; but I can wait well enough till then.' He afterwards spoke of his wife, and charged his cousin to tell her from him to be of good cheer, and not to allow herself to lose heart. Care was taken to supply him daily with broth, wine, and other articles of nourishment, by means of a small bottle, which was lowered to him through the hole formerly mentioned as having been made by the pulling out of the rope. Forge-bellows were employed at intervals to supply him with air, through a tube inserted into the same passage. A small lamp had also been sent down to him, together with a long narrow bag to receive and bring to the surface the sand which was constantly accumulating about his feet and legs, and which must soon have caused his destruction, if he had not been thus enabled to remove it. That he might be furnished with the means of attracting the attention of those above whenever he wished to speak with them, a bell was suspended at the top of the well, which he could ring by pulling a small cord, the end of which was passed down to him for that purpose.

Day succeeded day, and still the expectations of the miners were deceived, and Dufavel remained in his subterranean abode. On Tuesday the 14th of September, they were only twelve inches from him, and yet it took them nearly two days longer before they were able to reach him, although their exertions were incessant, and directed with the utmost professional skill. Every minute the ground was giving way, and it sometimes took them many hours to repair the damage that a single moment had produced. Besides, they felt it necessary to proceed with the utmost caution when they approached Dufavel,

for there was great reason to fear, that, whenever a
munication should be made between the bottom
well and the gallery in which they were workin
mass of sand above his head would fall down, and pe
suffocate him, even, as it were, before their eyes.

At length, about two o'clock in the morning of
the 16th of September, the miners succeeded in effec
small opening into the well, just behind the should
Dufavel, who shouted for joy at seeing them. They
began to saw through the planks on which he was le
in order to open a passage through which they
drag him. In this work Dufavel himself assisted
with his knife : and after their united efforts had re
the obstacles from his way, he turned himself round
springing forward, threw his arms round the neck
person nearest him, and was safely pulled into the
zontal gallery in which the miners were. He wa
veyed along to the commencement of the asce
passage, where he was enveloped in blankets to p
him from the cold, of which he was particularly sen
after remaining so long buried in the earth. H
then seated in an arm-chair, and drawn up to the s
of the ground amidst the acclamations of a large
of spectators. Several eminent physicians we
attendance, and after examining his condition, and
nouncing it to be highly satisfactory, they caused h
be placed in a litter, in which he was carried in proce
preceded by persons bearing torches, and followed b
multitude, to the house of a gentleman who resid
the vicinity. There he was put to bed, one of the m
men, M. Bienvenu, watching beside him while he
His slumbers were troubled, and the doctor, perceivin
soon awaked him. 'Ah! you have done well in w
me,' cried Dufavel; 'but surely my head has been cr
and my body wounded'—and he felt himself wit
hand, to ascertain whether this was not really the
In his feverish sleep, he had dreamed that he was att
by two furious bulls, which crushed him between
till his bones were cracking. His mind, however,

me tranquillised again, and a profuse perspiration
ig place, he felt greatly relieved, and gave M. Bienvenu
tailed account of what had occurred to him during
eriod of his seclusion.

'e shall not attempt to describe Dufavel's happy
ing with that wife whom he had once thought he
never to see again; nor shall we do more than
le to the tears of joy which he shed over his infant
l, which did not at first recognise him, muffled up as
till was, to protect him from the cold, and his chin
red with a beard of more than a fortnight's growth.

i the afternoon he was so well that Dr Bienvenu
ented to his being conveyed to his own home, and he
accordingly transported thither in a litter, attended,
efore, by a great concourse of people.

ufavel was now out of danger, but the excitement
:h his extraordinary fate had produced, was not yet
ired to die away. On the week following his deliver-
, the transactions at Champvert were dramatised for
esentation on the Parisian stage, and attempts were
i made to induce Dufavel himself to undertake his
part in the drama. This, however, he declined doing;
not to be behind his neighbours in turning his suffer-
to account, he set about composing a narrative of his
eriences in his subterranean prison, which he shortly
: published, embellished with his portrait.

RACHAEL, LADY RUSSELL.

s illustrious woman was the second daughter of
mas Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, by his first
, Rachael de Ruvigny, a lady of an ancient and
nguished Protestant family in France. The subject
ur memoir was born in the year 1636, and in her
ncy had the misfortune to lose her mother; a loss,

however, which was in a great measure comp
by the care of an upright and excellent fathe
amid all the labours attendant on a high official si
at court, found time to instil the principles of
and rectitude into the minds of his children. I
Rachael, they were implanted in a soil congeni
every noble sentiment, both of the heart and intel

The incidents in Lady Rachael's early life a
In those days, alliances among the noble and
were dictated by the monarch or the parents; a
the parties chiefly concerned, it was, as our
expressed herself at a subsequent period, 'acc
rather than choosing on either side.' Lord V
son of the Earl of Carbery, was the person to
the hand of Lady Rachael, at the age of sevente
given; and from all that is known of this u
appears to have been attended with a moderate
of happiness while it lasted. One child, whi
shortly after birth, was the only fruit of this m
which was dissolved by the decease of Lord V
little more than three years after its solemnisation

It is probable that the meeting of the widowe
Vaughan with her second husband took place
she resided with her elder sister at Titchfield,
inherited from their father Lord Southampto
recently deceased. Mr William Russell, as he wa
during his elder brother's life, was second son of
Earl of Bedford; and having, like all younger bro
Britain, no great fortune, either in reality or in expe
the worldly advantages in a connection with Lady V
lay all on his side, since her father's death ha
her a considerable heiress. She was, however,
her own mistress; and as soon as the mutual sen
of Mr Russell and herself were discovered, the
united to each other. This marriage, which lasted
fourteen years of such happiness as rarely falls
lot of human beings, took place in the end of t
1672. Fortunately, a blow like the one which de
that happiness, is not less rare in its occurrence.

n with whose fate Lady Rachael had now her own, was one whose career, in its progress onstitutes an era in the history of his country. he became, some time after his marriage, to e wealthiest and noblest families of Britain, Lord Russell was foremost, to use the words ndant, 'in defending the rights of the people. upied in the affairs of public life, he was at time revered in his own family as the best ds and of fathers; he joined the truest sense a with the unqualified assertion of freedom; an honest perseverance in a good cause, at ested on the scaffold his attachment to the rinciples of the constitution of his country.'

the being on whom the hand and heart of hael were bestowed; and keeping this view aracter in mind, the reader will understand ciate the deep affection, and reverence almost, in all the letters of the wife to her husband. acts from these we shall continue our narrative.

frequently from his home upon public or tary duties, even in the earliest years of his ife, Lord Russell gave frequent opportunity orrespondence of his lady; and these letters unately preserved, the world has received such le of woman's love as no other record can shew. rs after their union, Lady Russell thus writes: e more fortunate in my expression, I could do ore right when I would own to my dearest what real and perfect happiness I enjoy from ness he allows me every day to receive new .... But, my best life, you that know so to love and oblige, make my felicity entire ng my heart possessed with all the gratitude, nd passionate affection to your person, any is capable of, or can be obliged to; and this vhat have I to ask but a continuance (if God these enjoyments? if not, a submission, without to his most wise dispensations and unerring

providence; having a thankful heart for the yea
have been so perfectly contented in.' The passages
follow, in the same letter, are rendered deeply affec
when we think of the events that really befell this
'HE knows best when we have had enough h
what I most earnestly beg from his mercy is that,
both live so; as, whichever goes first, the other
not sorrow as for one of whom they have no hope. T
let us cheerfully expect to be together to a good old
if not, let us not doubt but he will support us u
what trial he will inflict. These are necessary me
tions sometimes, that we may not be surprised ab
our strength by a sudden accident, being unprepa
This is indeed the training of heart and mind that m
adversity light.

Lady Russell's letters are the only account we h
of the course of her wedded life. After the birth of
children, two daughters, and subsequently a son,
correspondence receives, if possible, a shade of de
interest. Having the prospect of an early meeting
her lord, she says, in a letter of 1675: 'I write thi
my dear husband, because I love to be busied ei
in speaking of him or to him; but the pretence I t
is, lest that I wrote yesterday should miscarry. . .
It is an inexpressible joy to consider, I shall see
person I most and only long to be with before ano
week is past; I should condemn my sense of this expe
happiness as weak and pitiful, if I could tell it you.
my best life, I can say little, but think all you can,
you cannot think too much; my heart makes it all g
In another she says: 'Your girls are very well.
Rachael (the eldest) has prattled a long story. She
papa has sent for her to *Wobee* (Woburn, seat of
Bedford), and then she gallops, and says she has
there, and a great deal more.'

A devoted wife in every respect, Lady Russell wat
her husband's public career with the attentive eye
affection. One letter will exhibit this strongly. A mo
to inquire into the state of the nation was projecte

the Commons, and the court resisted the attempt with anger and alarm. Lady Russell learned that her husband was to be the mover, and in great anxiety wrote a warning note: 'My sister being here, tells me she overheard you tell her lord last night that you would take notice of the business—you know what I mean—in the House: this alarms me, and I do earnestly beg of you to tell me truly, if you have or mean to do it. If you do, I am most assured you will repent it. I beg once more to know the truth. It is more pain to be in doubt (*to me*), and to your sister too; and if I have any interest, I use it to beg your silence in this case, at least to-day.' The prudent wife was right. The motion weighed heavily against her husband at a later day; but he saw his duty, and performed it.

Within a few years after the date of these letters, and fourteen years after his marriage, Lord Russell was examined, and committed to the Tower, on a charge of treasonable conspiracy. It is not our business to investigate into this matter, further than as it illustrates the character of Lady Rachael. Her husband's own saying, long before this event, that 'arbitrary government could not be set up in England without wading through his blood,' may explain the feelings with which his lady viewed the proceedings of his enemies. From the hour of his imprisonment, Lord Russell regarded himself as a doomed man. Whatever were the forebodings of his wife, she did not allow herself to sink into the inactivity of despair. Every moment between the imprisonment and trial, was spent by Lady Rachael in anxious yet clear-sighted preparations for his defence. The following note is the best evidence of her employment at this moment; it was written immediately before the trial:—'Your friends, believing I can do you some service at your trial, I am extreme willing to try; my resolution will hold out—pray let yours. But it may be the court will not let me; however, do you let me try. I think, however, to meet you at Richardson's, and then resolve; your brother Ned will be with me, and sister Margot.'

And at the trial, to the everlasting honour of the virtuous lady did appear. When her husba of his impending fate, yet willing to use every h means to avert it, asked his judges if he might b the services of some one to take notes for t his memory, the reply was: 'Any of your serv assist you in writing anything you please.' ' is here, my lord, to do it,' said the accused. A anguish ran through the whole assembly when t minded wife rose, and took her place by her l side. The hard-hearted officials themselves were and those who had met, at the bidding of a b to do an innocent man to death, felt a pang of The moment is one of the proudest in the r woman!

What were the feelings of the wife on hea fatal sentence of death pronounced against the c of her soul, we have no means of knowing. it is, that for *his* sake—that *his* composure migh unbent—she departed with him from the scene without outward violence of grief. Yet hope wholly forsake her, her exertions to obtain a r of the sentence were indefatigable. Wherever a of hope shone, that way she tried. She knel feet of the king, and pled for mercy: it was to her. When she became convinced that her husband must die, Lady Rachael then sought h presence in his prison, that she might be w see and hear him, while he was yet on earth. Burnet, who attended Lord Russell in his last ho this affecting narration:—'The day before h he received the sacrament with much devotio preached two short sermons to him, which l with great affection, and we were shut up until evening. Then Lady Russell brought him l *children*, that he might take leave of them, *he maintained* his firmness, though he was a fon *Some few of* his friends likewise came to bid him *He spoke* to his children in a way suited to

reat cheerfulness, and took leave of his friends
a manner as surprised them all. Lady Russell
lone in the evening. At eleven o'clock she
ıe kissed her four or five times, and she kept
r so within herself, that she gave him no
ı at parting. As soon as she was gone, he
: "Now the bitterness of death is past," for
nd esteemed her beyond expression, as she
'ed it in all respects.' The concluding scene
ımorable man's career was ennobled by the
.y of conscious innocence.

tanding the strength of Lady Russell's mind,
rly sunk under the severity of her affliction.
s for some time after her husband's death,
struggling to bend her thoughts to resignation
of Heaven. 'You that knew us both,' says she
nd Dr Fitzwilliam, 'and how we lived, must
I have just cause to bewail my loss. I know
on with others to lose a friend; but to have
such a one, it may be questioned how few
n the like happiness, so, consequently, lament
s. Who can but shrink from such a blow?....
ne understand the reason of these dark and
providences, that I sink not under the dis-
ıt of my own thoughts! I know I have
ıy punishment, and will be silent under it:
y my heart mourns, too sadly, I fear, and
comforted, because I have not the dear
and sharer of all my joys and sorrows. I
to talk with, to walk with, to eat and sleep
these things are irksome to me.' Her mental
ı time found a balm in the nurture and education
ldren, to whom she now devoted her whole
d amply did they repay her attention. Three
ver, in each year, Lady Russell always held
solemnity—the day of her marriage, of her
and of his death.

hters, on reaching womanhood, were sought
by the noblest and proudest families in the

kingdom. The eldest married the heir of the C family, and in time became Duchess of Devonsl like manner, by marrying the eldest son, th daughter became ultimately Duchess of Rutl these families, and many other connections, Lad during the forty years which were allotted to her after her husband's execution, was looked up counsellor and guide; not only in those matte woman can best regulate, but on every occasion o difficulty or distress. Many, many letters, writte her protracted widowhood, have been preserv which breathe the same spirit of kindliness and that pervades her earlier correspondence.

Her son, the hope of the family, succeeded, on at manhood, to the Dukedom of Bedford; an marriage with the daughter and heiress of John Esq. of Streatham, became the father of several He was a young nobleman of great promise, but nately fell a victim to small-pox at the age of th How deeply this event afflicted Lady Russell, partly from her letters; and the blow was foll in the following year (1712) by the death of the of Rutland. Lady Rachael watched over her son bed, and pointed his last thoughts to Heaven time after Lady Rutland's death, a circumstance which shews how deeply all who knew Lord widow respected her. The Duke of Rutland upon a second marriage, but felt great uneas communicating his intentions to his late wife's A friend undertook to explain his purpose, and acc did so. Lady Russell, with that indulgence feelings of others which formed so prominent her character, so conducted herself on meeting t that his wishes seemed to be but the same own. At this time she had arrived at that age strength of the mind is often gone, and feeble pe substituted in its stead.

At the age of eighty-six, Lady Russell was sei *an illness*, which proved fatal on the 29th of Se

the anniversary of her husband's birthday, which ad long kept sacred. She was interred by Lord ll's side, at Chenies, in Buckinghamshire.

THE LOST FLOWERS:

A SCOTTISH STORY.

is a beautiful morning in May, when Jeanie Gray, small bundle in her hand, took her leave of the ouse of Drylaw, on the expiration of her half-year's f service. She had but a short distance to walk, llage of Elsington, about three miles off, being her ation. As she passed down the little lane leading he farm to the main road, two or three fair-haired en came bounding over a stile to her side, and affectionately around their late attendant.

, Jeanie, what for maun ye gang away? Mamma let us see you out on the road a bit, but we wan o you by rinnin' round the stack-yard.'

ie stood still as the eldest of her late charges thus, and said: 'Marian, you should have had mair than to come when your mother forbad you. Rin back, like guid bairns,' continued she, caressing indly; 'rin away hame. I'll maybe come and see ain.'

, be sure and do that then, Jeanie,' said the eldest. me back again, Jeanie,' cried the younger ones, as rned sorrowfully away.

n such marks of affection, displayed by those who en under her care, our readers may conceive that Gray was possessed of engaging and amiable es. This was indeed the case; a more modest and earted creature perhaps never drew the breath of Separated at an early age from her parents, like so

many of her class—that class so perfectly represent
the character of Jenny, in the 'Cottar's Saturday N
—she had conducted herself, in the several families
she had entered, in such a way as to acquire unif
their love and esteem. Some mistresses, it is tru
scarcely able to appreciate a good and dutiful ser
and of this class was Mrs Smith of Drylaw, a cold, ha
mistrustful woman, who, having suffered by bad ser
had come to look upon the best of them as but
workers for the penny-fee. To such a person, the tin
and reserve which distinguished Jeanie Gray's charac
a fault, seemed only a screen, cunningly and delibe
assumed; and the proud distance which Mrs Smith
served, prevented her from ever discovering her
Excepting for the sake of the children, therefore, it
to be wondered at that Jeanie felt no regret at le
Drylaw.

Her destination on departing from her late abod
as we have already mentioned, the village of Elsin
and it is now necessary that we should divulge a
important matter—she was going there to be ma
Jeanie Gray could not be called a beautiful girl, y
cheerful though pale countenance, her soft dark ey
glossy hair, and her somewhat handsome form,
attracted not a few admirers. Her matrimonial
however, had been early decided; and the circumst
under which it was about to be brought to a happy
were most honourable to both parties interested.
age of eighteen, Jeanie's heart had been sought an
by William Ainslie, a young tradesman in the neigh
ing town. Deep was the affection that sprang up be
the pair, but they combined prudence with love
resolved, after binding themselves by the simple
vows of their class, to defer their union until they s
have earned enough to insure them a happy and
fortable home. For six long years had they beer
to each other, though they had met only at rare int
during the whole of that period. By industry and
conduct, William had managed to lay by the sum

reat deal for one in his station; and this, Jeanie's lesser earnings, had encouraged them to the long-cherished wishes of their hearts. -*ben*, or a cottage with two apartments, had and furnished by William, and the wedding place on the day following the May-term, in the bride's sister-in-law.

eanie Gray on her way from the farmhouse After her momentary regret at parting with whom the affectionate creature dearly loved, sposed to do every living thing around her, her ed naturally to the object that lay nearest her bright sun above sent his cheering radiance light fleecy clouds of the young summer, the es cast their shades over her path, the merry apingly from the fields, and the sparrow n the hedge at her side—everything around d of happiness and joy, and her mind soon nto unison with the pleasing influences. Yet n a flutter of indescribable emotion thrilled maiden's heart, and made her cheeks, though in hue. At an angle of the road, while she along, absorbed in her own thoughts, a manly ned: 'Jeanie!' and a well-known form started at on the way-side. It was William Ainslie. e which followed, as the betrothed pair pur-ay, and laid open their hearts to each other, nd shall not attempt to describe.

nie had parted for a time with William, and quietly in her sister-in-law's house, a parcel in to her from a lady in whose service she y been. On being opened, it was found to e beautiful artificial flowers, which the lady a present to adorn the wedding-cap; an egarding which, brides among the Scottish e rather particular. The kindness displayed *more than its value*, affected Jeanie's heart, *tears to her eyes.* She fitted the flowers to *vas pleased to* hear her sister-in-law's praises

of their beautiful effect. Fatal present!—but let us anticipate.

The wedding came and passed, not accompanied w boisterous mirth and uproar, but in quiet cheerfuln for William, like his bride, was peaceful in his tastes a habits. Let the reader, then, suppose the festive occas over in decent order, and the newly-married pair seat in their new house—their *own* house—at dinner, on t following day. William had been at his work th morning as he was wont, and his young wife had p pared their humble and neat dinner. Oh! how delici was that food to both! Their happiness was almost t deep for language. Looks of intense affection a tenderness were its only expression.

'I maun be a truant, Jeanie, to-night,' said the husba 'My comrades in the shop maun hae a foy frae me, sir we couldna ask them a' to the wedding, ye ken.'

'Surely,' said his wife, raising her timid confiding ey to his face, 'whatever you think right, William; I k you are nae waster, and they wad hae shewn the sa kindness to you.'

'I hope you'll find me nae waster,' returned her husba smiling; 'nor am I fear'd for you turning out ane eith Jeanie, lass, though ye was sae very braw about the he last night.' By the direction of his eyes to the artific flowers which had adorned her wedding-cap, and whi were lying on the top of her new stand of drawers at t moment, Jeanie saw to what her husband alluded.

'Oh, the flowers!' said she, blushing; 'they did cost me muckle, William.'

The conversation of the pair was at this mome interrupted by the entrance of Mrs Smith of Drylaw, w mentioned, with an appearance of kindness, that, havi been accidentally in Elsington that day, she had thoug it her duty to pay a friendly visit to Jeanie and her ge man. Whether curiosity had fully as much share bringing about the visit as friendly feeling, it matters n *Jeanie* and William received her as became her ra *and the relation* in which the former had lately sto

ding her. Bread and cheese were brought out, and
as pressed to taste a drop of the best liquor they
ssed.
s! how sudden are the revolutions in human affairs.
arty were in the midst of an amicable conversation
Mrs Smith's eye happened to be caught by the
uet on the top of the drawers, and a remarkable
ge was at once observable in her manner.
eanie,' said she, with deep emphasis and rising anger,
d not expect to find my flowers lying there. Say not
rd—I see it all—I see it all—you have been a *thief*—
is the evidence of it—I shall not stay another
ut in your house!'
saying, the infuriated and reckless woman rushed
the dwelling of the wonder-stricken pair. Jeanie,
ready mentioned, was timid and modest to a fault.
d her late mistress thus addressed her, she motioned
ak, but could not, though the blood rushed to her
and her bosom heaved convulsively. When left
with her husband, she turned her eyes wildly
ds him, and a flood of tears gushed over her cheeks.
thought William of all this? His emotion was
ly less on hearing the accusation than his wife's;
recollecting her saying that the flowers cost her
ng, alas! he feared that the charge was but too true.
nore than feminine delicacy and timidity of his wife's
e was not fully known to him, and her voiceless
ion appeared too like an inability to confute the
ation. He rose, and while Jeanie, still incapable of
nce, could only hold up her hands deprecatingly, he
n her a glance of mingled sorrow and rebuke, and
ie room. His wife—his bride—stricken in the first
of her matronly joy and pride, sunk from her chair
departure—insensible!
vas rather late, from a cause that has been alluded
fore William Ainslie returned to his home that night.
vife had retired to rest, but her sister-in-law, who
een sent for by Jeanie, was in waiting for him, and
led the utter falsehood of Mrs Smith's accusation,

she having been an eye-witness of the receipt of the flowers, as a present from another lady.

'Take care o' Jeanie, William,' said the sister-in-law; 'she is ill—a charge o' that kind is enough to kill her.' This prediction unhappily had truth in it. On the ensuing morning, the young wife was raving incoherently, in a state between slumber and waking. A deep flush remained permanently upon her countenance, most unlike the usual fairness of her complexion. Her muttered exclamations shocked her husband to the soul.

'Oh, William, you believed it! But it's no true—it's no true—it is false!' was the language she continually murmured forth.

Medical skill was speedily seen to be necessary, and the surgeon who was called in informed William, that, in consequence of strong excitement, incipient symptoms of brain-fever had made their appearance. The utmost quiet was prescribed, and blood withdrawn from the temples in considerable quantity. For a time, these and other remedies seemed to give relief, and the poor husband never left the side of the sufferer. Indeed, it seemed as if she could not bear him to be absent; her mind always reverting, when he was out of her sight, to the idea that he believed the charge which had been made against her, and had left her for ever. The oft-repeated assurances to the contrary, from his own lips, seemed at length to produce conviction, for she at last was silent on the subject. But the charge—the blow—had struck too deep. Jeanie Ainslie—if we may call her by a name she was destined so short a time to bear—fell after two or three days' illness into a state of stupor, which continued with short and rare intervals, and on the eighth day after her nuptials, her pure spirit departed.

William Ainslie had shewn on many occasions in life great firmness and self-command; and now, though deep suffering was written on his brow, he made, with at least external composure, the requisite preparations for laying in the grave the remains of her whom he had loved *so long and so truly*. As to retribution upon the head of the

ıd been instrumental, through inconsiderate
, it is to be hoped, in producing his misery,
ıusband thought not of calling for it. Yet
o a certain extent; for our errors seldom
his life, without a pang of punishment and

ȝ after charging the innocent Jeanie with
of her flowers, Mrs Smith of Drylaw found,
of her new servant, that one of her younger
tient for the flowering of a rose-bush in the
nigh the farmhouse, had lighted upon the
uet in her mother's dressing-room, and had
, and stuck it upon the bush. There the
ccordingly found; and Mrs Smith, who was
; an evil-intentioned woman, did feel regret
rged the loss upon the guiltless. Ignorant
d passed at Elsington in the interval, she
call at William Ainslie's on her first visit
and explain her mistake.
as made two days after Jeanie's death; and
entering the room, she found William sitting
ɔd hearth, with his sister-in-law and another
r, bearing him company.
e by—those flowers!' said the unwelcome
ıe and in a manner which she meant to be
; and insinuating, 'how sorry I am for what
ut those flowers! Where do you think I
'ter all!—in a rose-bush in the garden, where
ɔut them. And now I am come to say I am
ıd hope that it will be all over.'
nslie had risen slowly during this extraor-
; and now, raising his finger towards his
ɔached and took Mrs Smith by the hand,
the same time to the two women who were
m. They seemed intuitively to comprehend
ad rising, moved towards the bed, around
'tains were closely drawn, William leading
he unresisting and bewildered visitor. The
the curtains aside, and William, fixing his

eyes on Mrs Smith, pointed silently to the body o wife, shrouded in the cerements of death, and lying the pale uncovered face upturned to that heaver which her pure life had been a fitting preparation. wretched and false accuser gazed with changing c on the corpse of the dead innocent, and, turning her l for a moment on the silent faces around, that rega her more in sorrow than in anger, she uttered a gro anguish as the truth broke on her; then, bursting the hand which held her, she hastily departed fron house.

There is little now to add to this melancholy s which, unhappily, is but too true. The little we ha add, is but in accordance with the tenor of what has told. After the burial of his Jeanie, William Ai departed from Elsington; and what were his fi fortunes no one can tell, for he never was seen or h of again in his native place. As for the unhappy wo who was the occasion of the lamentable catastrophe w we have related, she lived to deplore the rashne which she was guilty. Let us hope that the circumst had an influence on her future conduct, and will n without its moral efficacy in the minds of our reader

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STORY OF THE 'BONNIE EARL OF MOR

THE Earl of Moray, whose personal qualifications acq for him the appellation of the 'Bonnie Earl,' was a s Lord Doune, but succeeded to the title of Mora marrying Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the celeb regent, illegitimate brother to Queen Mary. As so law to a person so distinguished, and inheritor o estates, the young Earl of Moray naturally possess high degree of consideration in the state, and particu *with the Presbyterian* party, of which the regent

e leader. The earl's character, indeed,
n him universal esteem : to the attractive
ıntenance and form, he added a most
on, and perfect skill in all the chivalric
of the age. It is scarcely to be wondered
ıt he should have been one of the most
ın of the day, especially as the nation in
that time irrevocably attached itself to
ty of which he was a leading member.
ɔrian party, the king, James VI., also
ı he was under the necessity, from the
wer of the nobles who still remained
ding the balance of his favour evenly
ɔssors of the old and the new persuasions.
: peers, the Earl of Huntly was the chief,
e rather a good character, but was at
and vindictive. It was owing to a feud
and Moray, that the circumstances which
relate occurred, and which ended in the
ely death of the 'Bonnie Earl of Moray.'
ıds of this feud consisted in the claims of
ly to the possession of the earldom of
ı they had been deprived when it was
ɔen Mary upon the regent. This deep-
ssension had been long gathering strength
ınimosities which arose out of it, and in
aggravated by an act of Lord Moray,
ɔssible to justify. In his capacity as
ɔf Huntly endeavoured to bring to justice
of violating the laws of the land. This
ı into protection by Moray, for some
not recorded. Huntly, it may well be
ghly displeased at this, and with a party
d to Moray's castle of Darnaway, for the
ıg possession of the felon's person. This
rtunately, terminated in widening the
the noblemen. John Gordon, a brother
uny, and then in attendance on Huntly,
shot from the Earl of Moray's castle.

Whether Moray was personally blamed for this act not appear. Certain it is, however, that the ho between the two families assumed from that h more decided character than it had ever worn befor

This event took place a short time previous to the 1591, and was not immediately followed by any fu exhibition of animosity. In the meantime, Campb Calder, a friend of Moray, became an object of ho to certain of the principal men of the Campbell fami account of his being preferred as tutor of the youn of Argyle. Uniting in purpose with these men, H formed a concerted scheme, in which, strange to sa chancellor of the kingdom, Lord Thirlstain, concurre taking off Moray and Campbell of Calder by one o of vengeance. The late Mr Donald Gregory, in his on the Highlands, for the first time exposed the culars of this double plot, than which nothing cou more strikingly illustrative of the character of a when the highest men in the kingdom, so far from s an example for the observance of the laws which made, thought themselves at liberty on all occasio violate them at their pleasure. By persuading the that Moray had been concerned in the conspiracy of th bulent Earl of Bothwell, Huntly obtained a commiss apprehend Moray, and bring him to Edinburgh for t

On the afternoon of the 8th of February 1591–2, H attended by a strong body of horse, set out fro house of the provost of Edinburgh, where the king lodged for security. The object of the journey, H gave out, was to attend upon a horse-race at I instead of which, he turned to the westward, and dir his course across the Queensferry to Dunnibrissle H where he understood the Earl of Moray to have tak his residence for a time with his mother. About night, Huntly reached his destination. He surrou the house with his men, and summoned Moray to render. Even had this been complied with immedi the same consequences, it is clear, would have en *Huntly's* determination being fixed. The enem

is house knocking at his gates at the dead of
passing the walls with armed and vindictive
ch a summons as this was not one from
ung earl could expect moderation or justice
e resolved to defend the house to the death.
from within, mortally wounded one of the
the passions of the assailants and their leader
to the highest pitch. To force an entrance,
to the doors, and the house seemed to be on
eing enveloped in flames. In this emergency,
ounsel with his friend Dunbar, sheriff of the
hanced to be with him on that night. 'Let
said Dunbar, 'to be burned in the flaming
go out foremost, and the Gordons, taking me
lship, will kill me, while you escape in the
After giving utterance to this noble offer, the
nbar did not hesitate an instant, but threw
ig the assailants, and fell immediately, as he
ed, beneath their swords. At first it seemed
of heroic devotion would have accomplished
The young earl had passed out immediately
d, and had the fortune to escape through the
Gordons. He directed his flight to the rocks
ouring beach, and most probably would have
darkness, had not his path been pointed out
the silken tassels of his helmet, which had
s he passed out through the flames of the
adstrong and revengeful cadet of the Huntly
on of Buckie—was the first, it is said, who
flying earl, and wounded him mortally.
lay in the throes of death at the feet of his
derer, Huntly himself came up to the spot,
exclaiming: 'By Heaven, my lord, you shall
as I,' forced his chief to strike the dying
dy,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'with a wavering
the expiring earl in the face. Mindful of
beauty, even in that moment of parting life,
ered out the dying words: "You have spoiled
than your own."'

The perpetrators of this barbarous act hurried fro
scene, leaving the corpse of the earl lying on the l
and the house of Dunnibrissle in flames. Thoug
little afraid of any consequences that might ensue, H
did not choose to return to Edinburgh to be the na
of what had passed. The messenger he chose fo
purpose, strange to say, was no other than the pers
whom the deepest share of guilt lay—Gordon of B
This bold man hesitated not to fulfil his chief's comm
He rode post to the king's presence, and informe
majesty of all that had occurred. Finding, however
his night's work was not likely to acquire its doer
credit, he left the city as hastily as he had entered it
some it is supposed that Gordon could not have see
king, who had gone out at an early hour to hunt.
known, at least, that, with apparent unconsciousne
the deed that had been perpetrated, James pursue
sport for several hours in the early part of that day.
his return to the city, his majesty found the streets
with lamentations for the murder of Moray, and s
suspicions entertained that he himself had autho
Huntly to perpetrate the deed. Dunnibrissle H
being visible from the grounds of Inverleith and W
it was alleged that the king must have seen the sm
ruins in his hunting—nay, that he had chosen that qu
for his sport, on purpose to gratify his eye with
spectacle.

The popularity of the late earl, on account o
personal qualities, and as a leading Presbyterian, ren
the people blindly severe for the moment to James, v
there is no real cause for supposing accessory to the
of the Gordons. The fact of the conspiracy, whic
have already mentioned at length, is almost a po
exculpation of the king. One verse in the fine old b
which we shall give immediately, says, that Moray
the queen's luve.' A traditionary anecdote is the
support which the ballad receives for a circums
utterly discredited by history. James, says the
found the Earl of Moray sleeping one day in an arbou

on about his neck, which his majesty had given to
ueen. On seeking her majesty's presence, the king
the ribbon on *her* neck, and was convinced that he
ıistaken one ribbon for another. But, continues the
the ribbon worn by Moray was in truth the queen's,
ad been only restored to her in time to blind his
ty by the agency of some one who had observed the
jealous observation of Moray asleep.

return, however, from tradition to history. The
nt caused in Edinburgh by the news of Moray's
was aggravated tenfold, when, on the same day,
Doune, mother of the ill-fated nobleman, arrived at
in a boat, carrying with her the bodies of her son
is devoted friend Dunbar. The mournful lady took
ep in order to stimulate the vengeance of the laws
t the murderers of her son. When the news
ed the king, that Lady Doune was about to expose
ıangled bodies to the gaze of the multitude, he
le them to be brought into the city, conceiving
that the spectacle was not only an unseemly one,
hat the populace were excited enough already.
ted in her first wish, Lady Doune caused a picture
drawn of her son's remains, and enclosing it in a
of lawn cloth, she brought it to the king, uncovered
ore him, and with vehement lamentations cried for
on the slayers of 'her beautiful! her brave!' She
ook out three bullets found in Moray's body, one of
she gave to the king, another to one of his nobles,
ıe third she reserved to herself, 'to be bestowed on
ho should hinder justice!'

far as he could, James fulfilled the demands of
, though the times would not permit him to punish
ıders. Two servants of Huntly were executed for
ed; but the earl himself had fled to the north, where
s much more powerful than James, king of Scotland
h he was. After some time, however, to recover
yal favour, which, to his credit, James obstinately
eld till some atonement was made, Huntly surren-
himself, and *was confined* for a time in Blackness

Castle. He was not brought to any trial, and was liberated on bail. Gordon of Buckie, the true murderer lived for nearly fifty years after Moray's death, and in latter days expressed great contrition for the act of which he had been guilty. From punishment by the hand of man, the unsettled state of society and of the law succeeded in screening him.

The beautiful person and great accomplishments of the unfortunate nobleman whose melancholy fate has been narrated, have been embalmed in the music of his country's verse. The last stanza of the following ballad has been termed by Burns deeply affecting, and so every one must feel it to be :—

'Ye Highlands, and ye Lawlands,
Oh! where have ye been?
They hae slain the Earl o' Murray,
And laid him on the green.

"Now wae be to you, Huntly!
And wherefore did ye sae?
I bade you bring him wi' you,
But forbade you him to slay."

He was a braw gallant,
And he rade at the ring;
And the bonnie Earl o' Murray,
Oh! he micht ha' been a king.

He was a braw gallant,
And he rade at the gluve:
And the bonnie Earl o' Murray,
Oh! he was the queen's luve!

Oh! lang will his lady
Look owre the Castle Doune,
Ere she see the Earl o' Murray
Come sounding through the toun.'

Nearly at the same time with Moray's death, Campbell of Calder fell by the hand of an assassin. The young Earl of Argyle fortunately escaped the snares of the conspirators.

Such is the story of one of the numberless feudal quarrels and deeds of violence which disfigure the history of Scotland, and to which it is instructive, though painful, *to look back* from these comparatively peaceful and happy *times.*

THE BAGPIPER IN TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD.

n the *London Magazine*, an extinct but excellent work, ccurs the following anecdote respecting a statue which r many years has occupied a site in a garden on the rrace in Tottenham Court Road :—

The statue in question is executed in a fine freestone, epresenting a bagpiper, in a sitting posture, playing on is pipes, with his dog and keg of liquor by his side, the tter of which stands upon a neat stone pedestal.

The following singular history is attached to its original tecution. During the great plague of London, carts ere sent round the city each night, the drivers of which ng a bell, as intimation for every house to bring out s dead. The bodies were then thrown promiscuously to the cart, and conveyed to a little distance in the virons, where deep ditches were dug, in which they ere deposited.

The piper, as represented in the statue, had his con- ant stand at the bottom of Holborn, near St Andrew's urch. He became well known about the neighbour- od, and picked up a living from the passengers going at way, who generally threw him a few pence as the ward of his musical talents. A certain gentleman, who ver failed in his generosity to the piper, was surprised, passing one day as usual, to miss him from his accus- ned place ; upon inquiry, he found that the poor man d been taken ill in consequence of a very singular cident. On the joyful occasion of the arrival of one of countrymen from the Highlands, the piper had, in fact, de too free with the contents of his keg : these so over- wered his faculties, that he stretched himself out upon steps of the church, and fell fast asleep. These were times to sleep on church steps with impunity. He s found in this situation when the dead-cart went its nds ; and the carter, supposing of course, as the most

likely thing in every way, that the man was dead, made no scruple to put his fork under the piper's belt, and with some assistance hoisted him into his vehicle, which was nearly full, with the charitable intention that our Scotch musician should share the usual brief ceremonies of interment. The piper's faithful dog protested against the seizure of his master, and attempted to prevent the unceremonious removal; but failing of success, he fairly jumped into the cart after him, to the no small annoyance of the men, whom he would not suffer to come near the body; he further took upon himself the office of chief mourner, by setting up the most lamentable howling as they passed along.

The streets and roads by which they had to go being very rough, the jolting of the cart, added to the howling of the dog, had soon the effect of wakening our drunken musician from his trance. It was dark; and the piper, when he first recovered himself, could form no idea either of his numerous companions or his conductors. Instinctively, however, he felt about for his pipes, and playing up a merry Scotch tune, terrified in no small measure the carters, who were utterly at a loss to guess what they had got in their conveyance. A little time, however, put all to rights: lights were got; and it turned out that the noisy corpse was the well-known living piper, who was joyfully released from his awful and perilous situation. The poor man fell very ill after this unpleasant excursion, and was relieved, during his malady, by his former benefactor, who, to perpetuate the remembrance of so wonderful an escape, resolved, as soon as his patient had recovered, to employ a sculptor to execute him in stone; not omitting his faithful dog and keg of liquor.

The famous Caius Gabriel Cibber, father to Colley Cibber the comedian, was then in high repute, from the circumstance of his having executed the beautiful figures which originally were placed over the entrance-gate of Old Bethlehem Hospital; and the statue in question of the Highland bagpiper, remains an additional specimen of the merits of this great artist as a statuary.

The figure of the bagpiper was long afterwards purchased by John, the great Duke of Argyle, and came from his collection, at his demise, into the possession of the present proprietor.

THE STRAYED CHILD.

On a Wednesday in the month of October 1823, John Higgens, farm-servant, Anibagleish, in the parish of Glenluce, Wigtonshire, went with his cart to the potato-field, to work. A little daughter, three years old, accompanied him, and was allowed to amuse herself on the ground till the evening, at which time she was observed to be very near at hand. The amusement of the child consisted in plucking wild-flowers, which were rife enough at that season, and, allured perhaps by a few tufts of unfaded heather, she strolled unnoticed into a contiguous moor, of at least a thousand acres in extent. When the labourers were about to quit the field, the child was called and looked for in vain; and though the shades of night were closing in, a diligent search was immediately instituted, in which all the neighbours joined. At a late hour, the afflicted relatives were constrained by their friends to return home, where they passed a most anxious and sleepless night. Early next morning the search was renewed, and continued for two successive days, but still with little hope of success. It was not till Saturday morning, at ten o'clock, that she was discovered by her grandfather, lying on a small heap of stones. The air during the first night was cold and frosty; on the second, it rained without intermission; and on the third, it blew keenly from the east; and during the whole of that long period, the little sufferer had remained alone in the open wild, without food or shelter of any kind. Her grandfather was aware of these circumstances, and when he lifted his little favourite in his arms, he expected to find

her a stiffened corpse. The reader may judge, then, of his feelings, when she opened her mild blue eyes, smiled in his face, and, in accents scarcely articulate, inquired: 'Where 's my father and Uncle Sandy?' So tender an appeal, made under such circumstances, was too much for the old man's fortitude: his own words in describing the scene were: 'I tried to thank my Maker aloud, but words I had nane; my hair, I am sure, stood on end, and my heart was sae grit,* that I sat mysel' down wi' Nanny in my arms, and cried, and better cried, till the wee thing asked what ailed me, and I was brought to mysel' by thinking that I had turned the greatest bairn o' the twa.' By proper nursing, says the *Dumfries Courier*, in noticing the event some months afterwards, 'Nanny soon recovered, and still lives, a comfort to her parents, and a singular proof of the power and goodness of that Providence which tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.'

TRIFLES TO SMILE AT.

MINUTE descriptions of the external appearance of noted men are much desired by the world; but we question if in any country except one, it could have occurred that the weight of great men was a point of importance. In the *Salem Gazette* of August 19, 1783, the weights of the principal American revolutionary commanders were given, 'as weighed in the scales at West Point.' The following is the list as there published:—General Washington, 209 lbs.; General Lincoln, 224; General Knox, 280; General Huntington, 132; General Greaton, 166; Colonel Swift, 219; Colonel Michael Jackson, 252; Colonel Henry Jackson, 238; Lieutenant-colonel Huntington, 232; Lieutenant-colonel Cobb, 182; Lieutenant-colonel Humphreys 221. The average, 214 lbs., may be considered high.

* Thick—expanded with passionate feeling.

erpore na Jeal, in India, there is a cannon 213
, 66 inches round the muzzle, and 18 inches
calibre. It has five, and had originally six
rings, by which it was lifted up. This gun is
he natives Jaun Kushall, or the destroyer of
s casting and position are attributed to the
ivinities, though its almost obliterated Persian
declare its formation by human means. But
st extraordinary about it is, that two peepul-
grown both cannon and carriage into them-
agments of the iron, a spring, one of the
l part of the wood-work, protrude from between
nd bodies of these trees, but the trees alone
pport the gun, one of the rings of which, and
whole length, are completely hid between and
bark and trunks. A more curious sight, or a
re firmly fixed, though by the mere gradual
two trees, cannot well be imagined. The
ert, that it was only once fired, and sent the
-four miles!—*Asiatic Journal.*

ler once shewed Lavater, the physiognomist,
ts: the one of a highwayman, who had been
n the wheel; the other was the portrait of
philosopher. He was desired to distinguish
em. Lavater took up that of the highwayman:
tively considering it for some time, 'Here,'
ve have the true philosopher; here is pene-
he eye, and reflection in the forehead; here is
there is effect; here is combination, there is
; synthetic lips! and analytic nose.' Then
the portrait of the philosopher, he exclaimed:
thinking villain is so well expressed, and so
arked in his countenance, that it needs no com-
his anecdote Kant used to tell with great glee.

ovince of Ait, in Lower Suse, Africa, is
as an independent state, and it pays no
hey have a great dislike to *kadies*, *talbs*, and
alleging that they only increase disputes

between man and man, which is not at all necessary; disputes are therefore decided by the sheik, who is no logical wrangler, but determines according to the simpl manner. The following decree of their sheik is record:—Four men who, for elucidation, we will call B, C, and D, conjointly bought a mule; each claime leg. D's leg was the off-hind one. In a few days, t leg began to swell; it was agreed to cure it by burn it with a hot iron, which is a common remedy in t country. This done, the mule was turned out, and w into a field of barley. Some spark was attached to hoof, and set fire to the corn, which was consumed. T proprietors of the barley applied to the sheik for justi and A, B, C, and D, the owners of the mule, were su moned to appear. The sheik, finding the leg wh caused the barley to be burned belonged to D, orde him to pay the value of the barley. D expostulat and maintained that he had no right to pay: for if it h not been for A, B, and C's portions of the mule, barley would have remained. 'How so?' replied sheik. 'Because,' quoth D, 'the leg which belongs me cannot touch the ground; but it was brought to corn-field by the legs of A, B, and C, which were efficient cause of the ignition of the barley.' The sh reversed his decree, and ordered A, B, and C to pay damage, and D got off without expense.

Huber thus describes, in Homeric style, that burles of human warfare, a battle of ants:—Figure to your two of these cities equal in size and population, s situated about 100 paces from each other; observe th countless numbers, equal to the population of t mighty empires. The whole space which separa them, for the breadth of twenty-four inches, appe alive with prodigious crowds of their inhabitants. Th sands of champions, mounted on more elevated spo engage in single-combat, and seize each other with th powerful jaws; a still greater number are engaged *both sides* in taking prisoners, who make vain efforts *escape,* conscious of the cruel fate which awaits th

red at the hostile formicary. The spot where most rages, is about two or three square feet ions; a penetrating odour exhales on all sides; of ants are here lying dead, covered with thers, composing groups and chains, are hooked by their legs or jaws, and drag each other y in contrary directions. These groups are adually. At first, a pair of combatants seize r, and rearing upon their hind-legs, mutually r acid; then closing, they fall and wrestle in Again recovering their feet, each endeavours ff his antagonist: if their strength be equal, in immovable, till the arrival of a third gives lvantage. Both, however, are often succoured ie time, and the battle still continues undecided; te part on each side, till chains are formed of , or sometimes ten, all hooked together, and pertinaciously for the mastery: the equilibrium nbroken, till a number of champions from the arriving at once, compel them to let go their the single-combatants recommence. At the of night, each party gradually retreats to its but before the following dawn, the combat is with redoubled fury, and occupies a greater ground. These daily fights continue till violent rating the combatants, they forget their quarrel, is restored.

was once in a certain part of India, such a is library, that 1000 camels were requisite for ort, and 100 Brahmins had to be paid for the e king felt no inclination to wade through all of learning himself, and ordered his well-fed to furnish him with an extract for his private y set to work, and in about twenty years' time uced a nice little Encyclopædia, which might n easily carried by thirty camels. But the found it still too large, and had not even pa- ough to read the preface. The indefatigable began therefore afresh, and reduced the thirty

cargoes into so small a substance, that a single m marched away with it in comfort. But the kingly di like for reading had increased with age, and his servant wrote at last on a palm-leaf: 'The quintessence of a science consists in the little word, PERHAPS!—Thre expressions contain the history of mankind: they wer born; they suffered; and they died.—Love only what i good, and practise what you love.—Believe only what i true, but do not mention all that which you believe.'

In former days, when good house-keeping was i fashion amongst the English nobility, they used either t begin or conclude their entertainments, and divert the guests with such pretty devices as the following—namely with a castle made of pasteboard, with gates, drawbridge battlements, and portcullises, all done over with past This was set upon the table in a large charger, with sa laid round about it, as if it were the ground, in whic were stuck egg-shells full of rose and other sweet water the meat of the egg having been taken out with a larg pin; upon the battlements of the castle were plante guns made of kexes, covered over with paste, made in the form of cannons, and made to look like brass, b covering them with Dutch leaf gold—these cannon being charged with powder, and trains laid, so that yo might fire as many of them as you pleased at one touch The castle was set at one end of the table; then in th middle of the table they would set a stag, made in past but hollow, and filled with red wine, and a broad arro stuck in the side of him—this being also set in a larg charger, with a ground made of salt, and egg-shells f perfumed waters stuck in it as before; then at the oth end of the table they would have the form of a shi made in pasteboard, and covered over with paste, wit masts, sails, flags, and streamers, and guns made of kexe and covered with paste, and charged with gunpowde with a train as in the castle—this also in a large charge set upright in, as it were, a sea of salt, in which wer also stuck egg-shells full of perfumed waters; the *betwixt the* stag and castle, and stag and ship, wer

pies, made of coarse paste, filled with bran, over with saffron and yolks of eggs. When baked, the bran was taken out, a hole was ottom, and live birds put into one, and live e other, and the holes closed up with paste; s were cut neatly up, so that they might be off by the funnels, and adorned with gilded ese being thus prepared, and placed in order , first of all, one of the ladies is persuaded to row out of the body of the stag, which being l wine issues out like the blood out of a wound, ome small admiration in the spectators; which after a little pause, all the guns on one side of e, by a train, discharged against the ship, and he guns of one side of the ship against the aving turned the chargers, the other sides fired tle; this causing a great smell of powder, the ntlemen take up the egg-shells of perfumed throw them at one another. This pleasant ing pretty well laughed over, and the two ill remaining untouched, some one will have to see what is in them, and lifting off the lid out jump the frogs—this makes the ladies mper; and lifting up the lid of the other, out irds, which will naturally fly to the light, and e candles; and with the leaping of the frogs lying of the birds above, it caused a surprising g hurly-burly amongst the guests in the dark; the candles being lighted, the banquet was the music sounded, and the particulars of 's surprise and adventures furnished matter r discourse.

on China mentions that the modes of living Chinese are exceedingly curious; differing ccording to the rank and wealth of the people; extremes of luxury and misery are nowhere usly contrasted. Those who can afford to pur- and expensive delicacies, grudge no cost for roved by the price paid for edible birds-nests

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CHAMBERS'S

CKET MISCELLANY.

YOUNG NAPOLEON.

' of this youth's brief and uneventful existence
a deep, though in some degree painful, interest.
of policy over which he had no control, and
ety of which it is no part of our present purpose
, confined him through life to a strange and
position, and exerted a blighting influence
.c. From this the chief interest of the young
s history arises, and not from any incidents
it was distinguished.

Napoleon was born in Paris on the 20th March
s birth was attended with danger both to the
nd the offspring, insomuch that the medical
a man of the first celebrity in his profession,
ge, and was afraid to do what was necessary.
uncture, the Emperor Napoleon appeared in
ment, and commanded him to proceed as if
t were the wife of an ordinary burgess. Every-
sequently went on well, and the Emperor in
me had the satisfaction of presenting his infant
e assembled officers of the imperial court, by

whom the child was hailed 'King of Rome'—the which had been destined for him. At the same mo the citizens of Paris were informed of the birth heir to the empire, by the reverberations of 100 ca which was the signal pre-appointed.

When this event took place, the power of Nap was at its height, and the empire, of which the n born infant was the undisputed heir-apparent, wa mightiest, certainly, to which any human being had had the prospect of succeeding. Reverses, however after another, began to shake this great power, even the unconscious heir to it was passing his infant in the lap of pomp and adulation. In 1814, the Em Maria Louisa, who had been left in Paris, while Emperor was engaged against the allied armies, conc it necessary to leave the capital with her son, then t years old, on account of the approach of the en This was the first time that the changes of the p had affected the boy, and he, according to Sir W Scott, 'is said to have shewn an unwillingness to de which, in a child, seemed to have something omino it;' as if he foreboded, young as he was, that there w be no return. Such was indeed the case; he never his father again. On Napoleon's abdication, and rem to Elba, Maria Louisa was not permitted to go with but was taken, along with her child, to the court of father, the emperor of Austria. Neither by negoti nor by stratagem could Napoleon ever afterwards pre the restoration of his wife and child.

Though carried to Austria when little more than years old, the previous life of the young Napoleon been passed amid scenes of too striking a nature n leave on his mind some deep impressions. His in gence, moreover, was precocious, and his manner grave and reflective, that it was a remark of the p about him, that he 'never was a child.' Not bein *a communicative* disposition, he did not talk himse *ordinary* children would have done, out of the recolle *of former* days. They lay treasured in the heart

mly saw the light in a moment of excitement. example, when in the midst of the imperial of the Austrian archdukes shewed him a that had been struck in honour of himself, im if he knew whose image was impressed s I,' said the boy proudly, 'when I was king The remembrance of his own former conse- the greatness of his father, says his early resti, were constantly present to his mind. ancy a love of truth distinguished him, and onounce the very word *truth* with an air and lemnity, which frequently made those about n observing this, he shewed his self-command esisting from the use of the word.

articular, he evinced the remarkable strength mpressions. No entreaties, advices, or com- at first prevail upon him to begin the study an tongue, which was the first instruction be communicated to him. He would not nce a word of the language, and maintained n a long time for one so young. When at last to begin, he mastered the tongue ion ease and rapidity. M. Foresti, the tutor d with him for many years, informs us that y powers of young Napoleon were strongly ven at this period. He yielded a point nviction, but only on conviction. He was to his inferiors, and friendly to his tutors, ut any lively expression of his feelings, lways a great deal more than he said.' reprimands with firmness, and soon ac- their justice, though perhaps annoyed at

he character in boyhood of young Napoleon, by M. Foresti, who, along with M. Collins, riter of talent, had the charge of his early *Schönbrunn.* As the boy's mind opened, *me in the way,* which kept his tutors, says *n a species* of torture.' This was the

incessant interrogation of them by the youth respecting his father. The emperor of Austria, on learning the state of matters, gave the teachers permission to speak freely—a wise step, as the event shewed. For a short time, the boy drank from the newly-opened fountain, as if his thirst was insatiable. 'He overwhelmed us with questions, and exhibited an affluence of ideas perfectly surprising. After a few days, he seemed satiated with what he had heard, and became more calm, more reserved on the subject. It may seem incredible, but it is nevertheless true, that at no time, under any circumstances, was he ever heard to utter one word of regret in connection with his father's fall.' When he was ten years of age, the news of his father's death reached Schönbrunn. The boy wept bitterly when the intelligence was communicated to him, and his sadness endured for several days.

After his elementary education was completed, and studies of a higher nature entered upon, the bent of young Napoleon's mind began to develop itself. Of all the classical works in the dead languages laid before him, he took heartily only to the warlike commentaries of Cæsar. Indeed, so early as the age of seven, this bias to military pursuits had been shewn; and the emperor, though intending him originally for the Church, had indulged him with the uniform of a private. He afterwards went through every other rank, and learned the duties of each in its minutest details. Before the commissions appointed to watch over his educational progress, he shewed extraordinary aptitude, and many of the performances and essays which he prepared for these examinations, are said to have presented tokens of remarkable genius. They are written in Italian and other modern tongues—which he spoke and wrote with ease—and now lie in the imperial archives at Vienna.

At the age of fifteen, young Napoleon's school-boy days *may be said to* have closed. After that period he was *permitted* access to every book without exception, relative *to the history of* his father and the French Revolution

read them with inconceivable avidity, and became a re perfect master of everything that has been written these subjects than the best-informed persons around ı. His collections, in French, on history and other ful subjects, are said to be immense. The liberality of emperor furnished the pecuniary means of indulging se tastes. By an imperial decree, he was created Duke leichstadt, and endowed with Bohemian estates yielding 0,000 sterling yearly; and latterly, he had a separate sehold, with the rank of an Austrian prince. But though slightest wish was gratified; though he was supplied xcess with books, horses, and equipages; though he surrounded with attendants and instructors—he was , in a social sense, in solitude. This was the product policy, not unkindness; for his grandfather, the eror, shewed always a strong affection for him. fact, the youth may be said to have given his own nt to the mode of life we have described. After he reached what was considered a fit age, the minister ternich, at the emperor's request, gave the son of oleon, in a series of interviews, the Austrian version he history of his father, which had the anticipated ct on the youth's noble and ingenuous mind. His idence was entirely won, and this had the practical lt of rendering all those attempts abortive, which e frequently made by adventurers desirous of engaging youth in political schemes. He is reported to have to the emperor and Metternich: 'The essential object ny life ought to be, to make myself not unworthy of glory of my father. I shall hope to reach this point ny ambition, if I can appropriate to myself any of high qualities, taking care to avoid the rocks on h he split. I should be lost to a proper sense of memory, if I became the plaything of faction, and instrument of intrigue. Never ought the son of oleon to condescend to play the miserable part of dventurer!' *The* example of Prince Eugene, who *high military fame* without the stain of ambition, *hat set before the* young Napoleon.

A deserving young officer, M. Prokesch, several military works, has given some interest of the subject of our memoir, to whom he was at the emperor's table. This introduction wa by an intimacy, permitted by the emperor, whi to have afforded a vast degree of pleasure to t To have a friend, not of his suite, seemed lil one foot into the world. In all their con M. Prokesch tells us, the theme of the yout career of his father, of whom he spoke with passionate admiration. Speaking of his parent ments, the prince warmed into eloquence and e and took on all occasions grand and comprehen of the subjects of his discourse. To M. Pr prince appeared devoured by the desire of mili In the *Letters on the Duke of Reichstadt*, though they are anonymous, M. Prokesch is to be the writer, we are told that this milit was not without an object—that the hope a young Napoleon was the throne of France, or expected to be placed, not by a party in F by the general demand of the country, back consent of the monarchs of Europe. To this working in the recesses of his heart, must be all his restless labours, his continued studies, hi exercises, his rage for riding, and his passion f information. He dreaded that the call would find him unprepared; he, as it were, slept u The revolution of the Three Days in France the prince to fresh ardour in his military opening a prospect of war in Europe. It this period that he gave a manuscript of singul to M. Prokesch to read. In this composition officer, interspersed with shrewd general vie sidered his position in relation to France an he pointed out the rocks which surrounded him, *of avoiding those* dangers, his own character, *and the* remedy for them; in short, he *clearest comprehension* of his own circum

r. deeply he had weighed all the contingencies which ight be his lot to encounter.

he prince made his first appearance in general ety at the house of Lord Cowley, the British ambas- r, on the 25th January 1831. But the review, not ball, was the stage for him. Next morning, he said friend: 'How painful and wearisome such a party o me! What striking contrasts were assembled in apartment! I saw about me (himself a monument olitical change) two princes of the house of Bourbon; on Kentzinger, the representative of Charles X.; hal Maison, the ambassador of Louis-Philippe; the ce Gustavus Vasa, natural heir of the throne of den; and Count Lowenheilm, minister of Bernadotte. the first time, I spoke with Marshal Marmont; my er quoted him as a man of talent, and I found his ersation accord with his character. I am to receive to-day. I am glad to find myself in communication Frenchmen.' The interview with Marmont, the survivor of his father's early aides-de-camp, was a ce of deep pleasure to the son of the marshal's ent master. With consent of the emperor, Marmont the prince frequently, and read over with him, or er, read him a series of lectures on Napoleon's paigns.

June 1831, the prince was named lieutenant-colonel, took command of a battalion in garrison at Vienna. appearance about this period is thus described by author of *Austria as It Is*:—'The young Napoleon n interesting youth, beautifully formed, with the tenance and the fine-cut lips of his father, and the eyes of his mother. One cannot see this blooming h, with his inexpressible tint of melancholy and ghtfulness, without deep emotion. He has not that ked, plain, and familiar ease of the Austrian princes, seem to be everywhere at home; but his demeanour ore dignified, and noble in the extreme. He has an *ian steed, which he bestrides with a nobleness which the promise of as good* horsemanship as that for

which his father was so celebrated. His soldiers alm adore him, and he commands with a precision an military eye which prognosticate a future general.' T bloom did not continue long on the cheek of this i resting being. His indefatigable exertions in discha of his duties, as well as his continued studies, made malady visible under which he was destined to sink. had shot up to a great height, and was seized with co hoarseness, and other symptoms of pulmonary dise He was frequently found in a state of extreme lassitu after returning from his military duties, though he alw hid himself, to prevent its being known, fearing that comparative frequency of intercourse with his fell men, which his military appointment had brought ab would terminate, by his being sent again into retirem One day his physician, Dr Malfatti, entered, and fo him lying on a sofa, completely exhausted; the pri exclaimed: 'I abominate this wretched body, that s under my will in this manner.'

'You have set, monseigneur,' replied the physician will of iron in a body of glass, and the indulgence of y will must be fatal.'

'The life of the prince was at that time, in fact,' s the physician, 'undergoing a process of combustion. slept scarcely four hours, though, by nature, he requ a great quantity of sleep; he scarcely ate at all. soul was entirely concentrated in the routine of *ménage*, and the different military exercises; he was truth, never at rest: he continued to increase in hei grew wretchedly thin, and his complexion gradu became livid. To all my questions, he answered: am perfectly well."' The emperor was at length app to by the physician, and the prince was sent, m against his wish, to Schönbrunn, where he rallied prisingly. No sooner was he better, however, than began to visit the nearest military stations, and to h as the next best thing to war. Consumptive sympt returned with increased force, and after severe suffer *he died on the* 22d of July 1832, in the bed at Schönbr

father had occupied as the conqueror of Vienna.
g his body, his lungs were found almost entirely
ay.
nce enjoyed on his death-bed the kind atten-
mother. When laid on his bier, his resemblance
her became much more striking than in life,
all times it was obvious at a glance. On
g the history of this youth, it is impossible not
degree of melancholy and regret. From what
recorded of him, it is clear that he possessed
nts—energies but too mighty for the weak
ch contained them. On his birth hung appa-
destinies of an empire, and the event was
l by the thunder of a hundred cannon, and
ith the acclamations of millions. Though in
not ungently dealt with, the development both
ıd and body, at the period when nature most
freedom of growth, was cribbed and confined;
ved and died, under the crushing pressure of
licy, little better than a captive in a foreign
nder different circumstances, and a rational
education capable of shewing the criminality
ɔ, this young man, had he been spared, would
e forth one of the most eminent of men.

[E TWO BLIND FIDDLERS.

Hodge was a quiet inoffensive man, moving in
ımble walk of life, which he filled with great
ıimself, and with great satisfaction to everybody
ɜ calling was not, perhaps, a very dignified, but
least a very honest one. Willie was by profes-
inerant fiddler. He had the misfortune at an
to lose his eyesight by the small-pox; and as
ıity, aggravated as it was by poverty, precluded

him from competing with the world in any of its more ordinary occupations, he turned his attention to music as a means of earning a livelihood; and he could not, perhaps, even although he had had his eyesight, have made a better choice, or one more suited to his genius, for he possessed a natural talent for the musical art, had a correct ear, and an excellent taste.

Thus qualified by nature for the profession which necessity had compelled him to adopt, Willie made rapid progress in the art of handling the bow, and soon became an expert and skilful fiddler. Having attained such a degree of proficiency as he thought might warrant him in making a public appearance, Willie, one evening, fiddle in hand, sought a quiet retired street, where he believed he should not be known, and there made his début. It was a successful one. He bagged a brace of sixpences, six brace of penny-pieces, and somewhere about a score of half-pence. Willie went home rejoicing; and enthusiast as he was in his profession, he thought the music of the clink in his pocket that night far surpassed the finest tones of his fiddle. From this hour, Willie became a regular public performer, and soon after, a well-known and much admired public character. Besides his street-practice, Willie enjoyed a fair share of private employment. He was very frequently engaged for weddings, balls, and other festive meetings in the environs of Edinburgh; and it was on one of these occasions, that Willie became acquainted with Jamie Dowie, a brother in trade and in misfortune—Jamie being also blind, and a fiddler.

The acquaintance of these two worthies first began by Willie borrowing Jamie's rosin, which was given with a frankness and cordiality that at once won Willie's heart. Their intimacy thus begun, soon ripened into a sincere and ardent friendship. They became inseparable *companions*, and finally went into a partnership, playing *together in the* streets, and dividing the benevolence of the *public between* them. Their fiddles were not more in unison *than were the* sentiments and dispositions of the fiddlers.

spects, the harmony between them was perfect, most pleasant to behold. If Willie got an invi- his professional capacity to a merry-making, he , if the thing was at all practicable, to lug in ong with him; and Jamie, when he happened to person who was preferred, did the same kind Willie. In short, no friendship between two ien could be more disinterested or more intense. as no rivalry, no feeling of jealousy between Willie rejoiced at Jamie's jobs, and Jamie felt no iness in Willie's. They assisted each other, too, greatest readiness and cordiality, on occasions muneration for one only was allowed, without ward beyond the stray tumblers of porter, or blers of toddy, that were from time to time ip to them, by way of increasing the energies lbows. It is true that on such occasions as those to, the employed party invariably offered the half of his earnings; but equally true is it, that was never accepted.

any years this most exemplary friendship between odge and Jamie Dowie continued with unabated nor, during all that time, had there ever been est difference even of the most temporary nature them. No quarrel, not an angry word. Some ought it was too good to last; but those who o, knew nothing of the intensity of their feelings nothing of the more than brotherly love that etween the two blind fiddlers, and the test of uld have satisfied them of the groundlessness fears. The occurrence must have been an nary one indeed, that could have divided two l hearts. Certes, however, such an occurrence sent itself.

gh the street and the dancing-room were the rts to which Willie and Jamie brought their et *they did not* always confine themselves to *ds of operation.* They were both possessed *enturous and* enterprising spirit, and given to

occasional speculations in steam and track boat e when they sometimes picked up something con but, as Willie often said: 'It was just a lo couldna be depended on. I hae seen us,' he v when speaking confidentially to a friend, 'play Hopetoun to Lock 16 without turnin' a penı anither time I've seen us bag half-a-croon l got to Ratho.' This state of the case, Jan present, always corroborated. Both Jamie ar therefore, gave a decided preference, on the the regular, steady business of the street, v average of their earnings was at once pretty re fair in amount.

One little trait amongst many in the friendsl two fiddlers, was their occasionally retiring labours of the evening, and taking a social gil No more, however—not a drop; and even thi occasions of unwonted success.

We have said that there were those who dc uninterrupted duration of the love of Willie and J we at the same time remarked, as the reader wil that these persons had no good grounds to g any such insinuation. We also admitted, how it was certainly quite possible, that somethi occur to disturb the harmony between ther and long continued as it had been. In trut circumstance, sorry are we to say it, did oc demon of mischief, envious of their felicity, r mar it, but, using no supernatural agency, he effecting his diabolical purpose by mere hum We will explain.

One night as Willie and Jamie were p together in a certain quiet street in the city, dressed like a gentleman, and in other respe appearance, really such, came up to them, *listening* for a short time with evident satis *their* music, which was indeed very agreeabl *he* requested them to play a particular s *complied*. The stranger bespoke another a

and when they had played somewhere about half-a-dozen tunes, he plunged his hand into his pocket, making a jingling noise with the silver it contained. Then withdrawing his hand: 'You play uncommonly well, my good fellows,' he said in a loud and kindly tone of voice; 'there's half-a-crown for you.' In the same instant both Willie's and Jamie's hands were at their hats in grateful and respectful acknowledgment of the generous donation. Nothing further passed at the moment. The donor departed, and the musicians resumed their occupation.

It is not known whether it was by accident or design —whether it was the natural emanation of a happy frame of mind, or proceeded from a sense of appropriateness; but the first tune Willie and his colleague played after the announciation of 'there's half-a-crown for you,' was 'Money in both Pockets;' and it was remarked that all the tunes they played subsequently that night were of a lively character.

The stranger who had thus made the two street-minstrels so happy, had, in the meantime, as already noticed, departed; but it was some little time before the fiddlers ascertained this, and not knowing but he was still present, they refrained from making any remarks to each other on the windfall which had just come their way. On becoming aware of his absence, however, which they shortly did by that sort of intuitive tact for which the blind are remarkable, Jamie sidled towards his colleague, and whispered in his ear: 'You'll staun a gill the nicht, Willie, eh?' Willie smiled, and daresaid he might. 'A liberal gentleman yon,' remarked Jamie.

'Just uncommon,' said Willie.

'A guid judge o' music,' rejoined the former.

'Pays weel for't, at onyrate,' replied the latter.

'What wad ye think, then, o' our drinkin' his health?' *inquired Jamie.*

'Nae objection in the world,' replied his colleague; *and the two blind musicians* slipped their fiddles into

their green bags, and taking each other lovingly by arm, they immediately proceeded to a certain ta which they were in the habit of frequenting.

'Weel, what shall it be?' quoth Jamie.

'Ou, I fancy just the auld thing o'er again, Jai replied Willie; 'a gill o' the best—real Ferintosh.'

'Exactly, so be it,' said his friend; and in a few sec the liquor was before them.

Delighted with each other, and in high spirits with good-luck of the evening, Jamie proposed what he c a repetition of the dose—that is, another gill. Willi once assented, and another gill was accordingly ord and in due time discussed; the love and kindness of parties for each other having in the meantime gradu advanced towards a climax.

Having finished the second gill, and some l desultory conversation after it, Willie proposed that should 'be moving.'

'It's full time,' responded Jamie.

'We've had a lang sederunt, but it's been a happy I'll pu' the bell, and ye'll settle the reckonin'.'

Willie sniggered and laughed, having reasons of own for believing that his friend was trying his hand joke, and said: 'I'm thinkin' ye're better able to s the reckonin' the nicht than I am, Jamie.'

Jamie now smiled in turn, for he also had reason thinking that his colleague was jesting with him. dinna see how that can be, Willie,' he said, 'and yo half-a-croon in your pouch.'

'Me half-a-croon in my pouch!' exclaimed Willie considerable earnestness, perceiving something seriou the tone of his friend's last remark; 'the deil a l croon's in my pouch: but I'm thinking,' he added a smile, 'I could fin't in yours, Jamie.'

'My word, but ye wad be clever if ye could,' Jamie somewhat drily; a suspicion, for the first tim *his friend's* perfect integrity crossing his mind.

'*Ah, ye're* a cunnin' shaver,' said Willie laug '*But come,* man, Jamie, settle, for it's getting late.'

Settle you, Willie,' replied Jamie, with decided impa-
ce in his manner; 'are na ye the purse-bearer? Hae
ye the half-croon?'
Me the half-croon!' exclaimed Willie in amazement.
hat do ye mean, Jamie? I suppose ye ken weel
uch that I have na the half-croon, and as weel do ye
, I'm thinkin', that you hae't yoursel'. It was to you
gied it.'
Are ye in earnest, Willie?' said Jamie, gravely and
phatically. 'If no, it's a' weel eneuch between freens;
if ye are, and mean to deny that you got the half-
on, ye're no the man I took ye for, but nae better than
should be—maybe no sae guid.'
To be sure I do mean to deny that I got the half-
on,' replied Willie sternly, indignant at the hypothe-
l insinuation unfavourable to his honesty which his
league had just made. '*You* got the half-croon, and
a dirty trick o' you to deny't. I wadna hae expected
' ye, Jamie.'
What! wad ye mak' a rogue o' me?' shouted Jamie
vely, and at the same time seizing Willie roughly by
collar.
Ye've made a rogue o' yoursel', man,' roared out
llie, returning the hostile grasp of his late friend.
You got the half-croon!'—'*You* got the half-croon!'
It was *you* got the half-croon.'
It was *you* got the half-croon,' was fiercely bandied
m the one to the other for several seconds, while
y stood in the belligerent attitude just described.
The choler of both being at length excited to fighting-
ch by the provoking iteration of the obnoxious accusa-
n, and their reason being for the time blinded by the
ects of the Ferintosh, a deadly struggle ensued. At
first roll of the combatants, the table, with all its
niture of glasses, jugs, and bottles, was sent over with
remendous crash. At the next, down went Willie
h all his weight, and some additional impetus besides,
m the nervous arm of Jamie, on his own fiddle, crush-
it into a thousand *pieces*. It had been lying on the seat

beside its owner, and down on it, as we have said, W
had been vigorously planted by his antagonist.
ascertaining that it was his fiddle that had peri
Willie loosened his hold of the enemy, and gr
about for an instant, got hold of Jamie's violin, w
having drawn from its receptacle, he grasped by
neck, and in a twinkling battered it to pieces abou
ears of its owner.

The bread-winners demolished, the combatants
closed in deadly strife, and hugged and tugged each
with the most relentless ferocity. At this moment
gentlemen, who had witnessed the progress of the qu
and subsequent combat between the two musicians,
an adjacent part of the room, stepped up to them,
after separating them, inquired what was the cau
quarrel.

'That—that—man—there,' said Willie, breathless
agitation and exertion, and pointing to his colleague,
cheated me o' half-a-croon, or at least o' fifteen penc

'It's a lie, gentlemen—it's a barefaced lie,' sh
Jamie in great wrath, and as breathless as his antag
'it's him that has cheated *me*. *He* got the half-croo

'What half-crown?' said one of the gentlemen.

The history of the half-crown was forthwith give
Jamie. 'But are you perfectly sure that *either* of yo
it?' inquired the gentleman.

The question at once took Willie and Jamie all a
It was a poser. A new light on the subject instantly
suddenly fell upon them, and the possibility of the
facts of the case for the first time crossed their mind
they did not immediately admit it.

'Why, I suppose there can be nae doot that ane
got the half-croon,' said Jamie, rather sheepishly,
with an expression that plainly enough showed tha
did now very much doubt it. 'I heard the gentl
distinctly say: "There's half-a-croon for ye," so tha
o'us maun hae got it, I should think.'

'*I should* doubt it, however,' replied the gent
You are two honest-looking men, and would no

each other out of a paltry half-crown. *I* you have been tricked—made the subject of

unfortunate minstrels could no longer with- nviction that they had been regularly duped, ense of shame took possession of their hearts, even for an instant, suspected each other's he truth, moreover, flashed upon them, that their drunken folly destroyed their fiddles— ns of their support. The agony of the poor retches can hardly be described. Lamenting :ears the folly of their conduct, they sat them ried over the shattered fragments of their declaring they should now have no other t in begging from door to door for their

having attained this dismal juncture, the :ho first addressed them, spoke as follows:—)od fellows, since you have had your pipe out, at a couple of fools you have made yourselves, ll you that it was *I* who played you the trick sed all this mischief.'

! and how could you do sic a cruel thing to oth the lachrymose fiddlers at once.

:hall tell you,' replied the gentleman. 'You I wished to perform an experiment upon you. told me that your friendship for each other)le; but this I doubted; and so I executed pretending to give one of you half-a-crown, it you would in all likelihood adjourn to a ', where, on this occasion, you would be certain

If you had been persons who never took nould not have thought of trying such a ake my advice, my good fellows; in future oney, and have nothing more to do with gills r the auld Scots proverb, "When drink's in,

're true a tale,' answered Willie; 'but what *noo? We'll just* be twa objects without our

fiddles. Oh, dear sir, we canna stand it—canna it; you've been owre sair on us, sir; you shouldn looten us gang this length.'

'Well, Willie, to shew you that it's all a piece though done to try if your friendship would sta test of whisky, here is a crown-piece for each of y way of *solatium*, and call upon me to-morrow m when I will give each of you as good a fiddle as you have demolished.' So saying, and putting the into their hands respectively, along with a note address, the gentlemen departed, followed by the of the now happy and reconciled friends.

This lesson was not thrown away upon Willie and Jamie Dowie. An understanding was estal between the two fiddlers, that they should never in take any one's word for giving them half-a-crown, other sum, so far as to suspect each other's integri less to engage in mortal combat on such hypot grounds. And, moreover, what was best of all, they they should henceforth abstain from tasting a d spirits, justly observing, that 'there was nae sayin might be the consequences; for drink was sure to l mischief ae way or anither.'

THE LITTLE FOWLER.

Francesco Michelo was the only son of a car who resided at Tempio, a town in the island of Sa he had two sisters younger than himself, and ha attained his tenth year, when a fire, which broke the house of his father, reduced it to ashes, and con the unfortunate carpenter in the ruins. Totally by this frightful event, the whole family were left tute on the world, and were forced to implore the of strangers, in order to supply the urgent nece

each succeeding day. Every morning, little Francesco was despatched to seek relief from the numerous friends of his father; but, alas! it is but a weak resource, and an uncertain support which is founded on the commiseration of others.

At length, tired of his vain attempts to support his indigent parent by the extorted kindness of others, and grieved at seeing her and his sisters pining in destitution before his eyes, necessity and tenderness conspired to urge him to exertion and ingenuity. He made with laths, and with some little difficulty, a cage of considerable dimensions, and furnished it with every requisite for the reception of birds; and when spring returned, he proceeded to the woods in the vicinity of Tempio, and set himself industriously to secure their nests of young. As he was skilful at the task, and of great activity, he was not long before he became tolerably successful: he climbed from tree to tree, and seldom returned without his cage being well stored with chaffinches, linnets, black-birds, wrens, ring-doves, and pigeons. Every week, Francesco and his sisters carried their little favourites to the market of Sassari, and generally disposed of those which were most attractive and beautiful.

The object of their desires was to be able to support their helpless parent; but still all the assistance they were able to procure for her, was far from being adequate to supply her numerous wants. In this dilemma, Francesco conceived a new and original method of increasing his gains; necessity is the mother of invention, and he meditated no less a project than to train a young Angora cat to live harmlessly in the midst of his favourite songsters. Such is the force of habit, such the power of education, that, by slow degrees, he taught the mortal enemy of his winged pets to live, to drink, to eat, and to sleep in the midst of his little aviary, without once attempting to devour or injure them. The cat, which he called Bianca, *suffered the little birds to play all* manner of tricks with *her: she used to leap about* and sport amongst them, *while they would sometimes* peck at and tease her; but

on all such occasions, she would merely stret paw, and threaten them, but never did she talons, or offer to hurt her companions.

He went even further; for, not content wit them merely to live in peace and happiness t instructed the cat and the little birds to play game, in which each had to learn its own part some little trouble in training, each perfo readiness the particular duty assigned to it. instructed to curl herself into a circle, with between her paws, and appear buried in sleep was then opened, and the little tricksy birds upon her, and endeavoured to awaken her b strokes of their beaks; then dividing into t they attacked her head and her whiskers, w gentle animal once appearing to take the lea their gambols. At other times, she would sea the middle of the cage, and begin to smooth h pur with great gentleness and satisfaction; would sometimes even settle on her back, or crown upon her head, chirping and singing the security of a shady wood.

To see a sleek and beautiful cat seated cal midst of a cage of birds, was a sight so new and u that when Francesco produced them at the fair he was surrounded instantly by a crowd of adm tators. Their astonishment scarcely knew a when they heard him call each feathered favo name, and saw it fly towards him with delight a till all were perched contentedly on his head and his fingers.

Delighted with his ingenuity, the spectators him liberally; and Francesco returned in t with his little heart swelling with joy, to lay mother a sum of money which would suffice her for many months. The next undertaking *Sardinian,* was one of more enterprise and *still.* He found one day a nest containing fif *partridges,* which he brought to his aviary, a

ucate. Five, however, died within a few days, but the maining ten fully answered his highest expectations. fter some weeks of previous training, he contrived to ach them to little cannons made of brass, which he ught them to draw leisurely along a table. He then ew them up in two files, each girt with a sabre, and the her appurtenances of a soldier of artillery; every bird as taught to stand motionless beside his gun, and at the ord of command, the partridge to the right lit a match a chafing-dish on the table, and courageously fired off s piece of ordnance. At the second command, the mpany to the left performed the same exercise: nor as either, after a little practice, in the least degree rrified at the noise which they had created. At a ird signal, a few of the little warriors fell over on their les, stretched out their stiffened limbs, and counter- ited death; while others flew off limping and screaming ith the pain of their wounds. The commandant again at a roll of the drum, and all flying to the ranks, sumed their order, and repeated their ingenious olutions. Among the feathered pupils of Francesco, wever, all were not endowed with equal sagacity and lent; some were intractable and stupid, whilst others trayed an instinct almost amounting to reason. Of the ter class, was one partridge, which he named Rosoletta. e followed him with the attachment of a dog; she pped after him from house to house when he walked e streets of Tempio, flew from tree to tree when he ndered in the woods, and rarely by night or day did e lose sight of her affectionate master.

With a docility by no means common in birds, Roso- ta not only obeyed her instructor herself, but seemed penetrate his wishes with regard to her companions; d even sometimes ventured to assist him in the educa- n of his more giddy pupils. If a chaffinch, more stupid mutinous than the rest, put his comrades in disorder, a *thoughtless linnet* wandered from the ranks, Roso- a *would instantly follow*, and striking the offender *her wing, attempt to* keep him in order. Francesco

had once been at great pains to train a beautiful finch, but one morning the ungrateful little bird esc from his cage, flew to an open window, and reachin adjoining garden, was seen no more. The little mer was in despair at his loss; the more so, because he promised him to the daughter of a lady from whoi had received much kindness. Five days elapsed, an little wanderer returned not; he had given him ov lost, when, on the sixth morning, Rosoletta was chasing before her along the linden-trees, a bird v was screaming at the top of its voice, and attemptin every means to escape from her. Rosoletta led the by little and little before him, and at length seated in apparent disgrace in a corner of the aviary, whils flew from side to side in triumph at her success.

Francesco was now happy and contented, since h own industry and exertions he was enabled to su his mother and sisters. Unfortunately, however, i midst of all his happiness, he was suddenly torn them by a very grievous accident. He was one ev engaged in gathering a species of mushroom very con in the southern countries of Europe; but not h sufficient discrimination to separate those which nutritious from those that are poisonous, he ate of to excess, and died in a few days, along with his you sister, in spite of every remedy which skill could a During the three days of Francesco's illness, his flew incessantly round and round his bed! 'Some,' the Abbé Reperonei (an Italian, who recounts his s 'lying sadly upon his pillow, others flitting backward forwards above his head, a few uttering brief but j tive cries, and all, in fact, taking scarcely any nourish during his sickness.' None of his feathered favo manifested on his decease such real and discon grief as Rosoletta. When poor Francesco was plac his coffin, she flow round and round it, and at last pe *upon the lid.* In vain they several times removed *she still returned*, and even persisted in accompa *the funeral* procession to the place of graves. Du

interment, she sat upon an adjoining cypress, to watch where they laid the remains of her friend; and when the crowd had departed, she forsook the spot no more, except to return to the cottage of his mother for her accustomed food. While she lived, she came daily to perch and to sleep upon the turret of an adjoining chapel, which looked upon his grave; and here she lived, and here she died, about four months after the death of her beloved master. The tomb of Francesco is yet to be seen in Sassari; and the burial-place where he lies is still called 'the Cemetery of the Little Fowler.' *

STATE OF CRIME IN THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

THERE are people who are continually exclaiming, that the world is becoming daily worse, that there is now far more crime than ever there was. Those who are thus affected, will find some useful statistical facts on the 'progress of crime' in the following statement, which we quote from the *London Magazine and Journal of Educational Institutions* for February 1837:—

In the earlier periods of our history, during the times of the Saxons, the predominant crimes of the age were of an atrocious character. Assassinations, the plundering of whole towns and districts, and bare-faced perjuries, were offences of ordinary occurrence by persons of condition. The punishment of delinquents was either shockingly cruel, or strangely inconsistent with modern notions of penal justice. The horrible torture of burning out the eyes was not only inflicted for delinquency, but sometimes merely to incapacitate a rival. Although theft to the amount of twelve pence was a capital offence, yet the taking away life might be commuted for a pecuniary penalty. This varied with the rank of the sufferer. For

* We have *found the above story* in a New York newspaper.

the murder of the king, the penalty was 30,000
—about L.800; for a prince, one-half; for an
an earl, or a bishop, 8000 thrymsas; for a thi
and for a ceorl, or churl, supposed by some
have been a slave, 260. This account, given
in his *History of the Middle and Working-cla*
appear somewhat at variance with the generally
opinion of the Saxon character; but the stateme
ported by Turner. Some of the Saxon monar
tained better order—Alfred, for instance; but t
exceptions to the general character of the Saxon l
were generally too much engaged in war to att
domestic government of the country. After the
this state of things was somewhat improved; bu
an act of parliament was passed, in which it is re
'many evils, as murders, robberies, and man-s
have been committed heretofore in the city, by
by day, and people have been beaten and evil
and divers other mischances have befallen, a
king's peace; it is therefore enjoined, that n
hardy as to be found going or wandering about t
of the city after curfew tolled at St Martin's
with sword or buckler, or other arms, for doing
or whereof evil suspicion might arise; nor a
other manner, unless he be a great man, or otl
person of good repute, or their certain messeng
their warrants to go from one to another, with l
hand.' How far this statute was effectual, w
means of determining with certainty; but
similar provisions could have had but little
checking the disorders they were intended to
since we read continually, about this period, o
turbances that took place in the city, occasioned
it appears, by the 'apprentices and serving-
Walter Scott, in his *Fortunes of Nigel*, has
excellent description of the manner in whi
frequently commenced; the following accou
of the many that really occurred, and fre
is taken from Lambert's History of London,

reader a good idea of the state of the metropolis at
period :—

A serious commotion broke out in London, in the year
7. The rioters consisted of the apprentices, servants,
termen, and priests, and the foreigners were the objects
their illegal proceeding. The complaints against these
n, as set forth in Hall's *Life of Henry VIII.*, were
at there were such numbers of them employed as
ficers, that the English could get no work. That
English merchants had little to do, by reason the
rchant-strangers bring in all silks, cloths of gold, wine,
iron, &c., that no man almost buyeth of an Englishman.
y also export so much wool, tin, and lead, that English
enturers can have no living. That foreigners compass
city round about, in Southwark, Westminster, Temple-
, Holborn, St Martin's le Grand, St John's Street,
gate, Tower Hill, and St Catherine's ; and they fore-
ll the market, so that no good thing, for them, cometh
the market, which are the causes that Englishmen
nt and starve, whilst foreigners live in abundance and
asure. That the Dutchmen bring over iron, timber,
leather, ready manufactured, and nails, locks, baskets,
boards, stools, tables, chests, girdles, saddles, and
nted cloths." These accusations throw some light on
commercial condition at this time. Preparatory to
commotion, one John Lincoln, a broker, engaged Dr
, who preached the Spital-sermon on Easter Tuesday,
inflame the people by magnifying the grievances under
ich they laboured. The doctor complied, and took
se words for his text: "The heavens to the Lord of
ven; but the earth is given to the children of men."
om whence the doctor shewed, that as this land was
en to Englishmen, and as birds defend their nests, so
ght Englishmen to cherish and maintain themselves,
d to hunt and drive out aliens, for the good of the
mmonwealth. And from another text, "Fight for your
untry," *that by the laws of* God they were justified,
therefore it was their duty to clear the city of
gers. *This sermon had* such an effect on many

weak minds, that they assaulted foreigners as they
along the streets; for which offence, on the 28th of
Stephen Studley, Stephen Betts, and some others
were principals, were committed by the lord ma
prison. Soon after which, a report was spread th
citizens intended, on May-day following, to destr
strangers that should be found in the city or its lib
The king's council hearing of this rumour, Ca
Wolsey sent for the mayor, and advised him to be
guard, and prevent the like disturbances for the f
To effect which, he summoned the aldermen, abou
o'clock in the afternoon preceding May-day, to
him at Guildhall immediately. The assembly bein
they, with the approbation of the cardinal, came
following resolution:—That every man should be
manded to shut up his doors, and keep his se
within. In consequence of which, an order was
and published, by the alderman of each respective
that no man, after nine o'clock, should stir out
house, but keep his doors shut and his servants
till nine o'clock in the morning. Before this orde
properly dispersed, it unluckily happened that Sir
Mundy, in his way home, was rudely treated b
young men, playing at bucklers in Cheap, one of
he ordered to be sent to the Compter. Many 'pre
who were by, rescued the young man from the alde
crying out: "'Prentices—'Prentices! Clubs—Clubs
which so great a body assembled with clubs and
weapons, that the alderman was put to flight.
were increased by a number of serving-men, wate
and others; and by eleven o'clock at night,
assembled in Cheap about 700, and in St Paul's Cl
yard 300. They proceeded in a body to the Co
which they broke open, and released the rioters
had been committed there by the mayor for assa
foreigners; after which they went to Newgate, and
out Studley and Betts, committed for the like offen
proclamation was issued by the mayor and she
the king's name, but without effect. The mob i

threw sticks and stones at many strangers as they
d, particularly one Nicholas Dennis, a serjeant-at-
, who, being much wounded, cried out: "Down with
." This heightening their resentment, they broke
indows and doors of the houses in St Martin's le
d, and plundered the house of one Mewtas, a French-
in Leadenhall Street, whom they intended, had
met with him, to have destroyed. Early in the
ing they dispersed, from an apprehension of being
owered by the forces preparing to march into the
under the command of the Earls of Shrewsbury and
y. In this time, by the diligence of the mayor, 300
em were taken and committed to the Tower, New-
and the Compters; and about five o'clock in the
ing the riot subsided. Among those committed to
'ower was Dr Bell, for preaching his seditious sermon.
mmission of oyer and terminer was immediately
out for the trials of the offenders. On their arraign-
, they pleaded not guilty, and their trials were post-
d. The commissioners appointed for this purpose
the lord mayor, the Earl of Surrey, and the Duke
rfolk, who came into the city escorted by 1300 men;
he prisoners, to the amount of 278, some men, some
not exceeding fourteen years of age, were brought
gh the city, tied with ropes. On the first day, John
ln and several others were indicted, and found
y; and the next day thirteen were condemned to be
n, hanged, and quartered. For this purpose, and to
e a greater terror, ten pair of gallows were set up at
following places:—Aldgate, Blanchapelton, Grass
t, Leadenhall, opposite each Compter, Newgate, St
in's, Aldersgate, and Bishopsgate. They were made
n on wheels, for the better convenience of removing
to such places as might be properly adapted for the
ution of so many rioters. Some little time after
nce was passed, Lincoln, Sherwin, and the two
ers *named Betts, were* drawn upon hurdles to the
rd in Cheapside. The first was executed; but
others were near being turned off, a reprieve

came from the king, to the universal joy of the populace.'

The police of the country, says Wade, was also extremely defective, and shews that the community was far from having attained a general state of order and security. This, however, did not result from a lenient infliction of criminal punishment; for never were severe laws issued in greater profusion, nor executed more rigorously, and never did the unrelenting vengeance of justice prove more ineffectual. Harrison assures us, that Henry VIII. executed his laws with such severity, that 72,000 'great and petty thieves were put to death during his reign.' He adds, that even in Elizabeth's reign, 'rogues were trussed up apace;' and that there was not 'one year commonly wherein 300 or 400 of them were not devoured and eaten up by the gallows in one place and another.' In spite of these sanguinary punishments, the country continued in a dreadful state of disorder. Every part of the kingdom was infested with robbers and idle vagabonds, who, refusing to labour, lived by plundering the peaceable inhabitants; and often strolling about the country in bodies of 300 or 400, they attacked with impunity the sheepfolds and dwellings of the people. The laws and police were totally inadequate to control these ruthless spirits, who, by rendering both property and persons insecure, checked the rising prosperity of the country. The cause of these outrages may be partly traced to the changes which had just then taken place in society: the abolition of villanage was undoubtedly both just and beneficial; but the transition of a large body of people, still comparatively barbarous and unstructed, from bondage to free labour, was naturally attended with transitory outrage and confusion. These statements will enable the reader to make a comparison between the state of crime at former periods and its *state* at present.

LE OF THE PATIENT GRISELDA.

things in literature are better known to the learned world, e Tale of the *Patient Griselda*. Yet it is necessary, for the the many unlearned readers whom we address, to mention, is a composition of the fourteenth century, having been ed, about the year 1358, in the *Decameron* of Boccaccio. We iced to reprint the *Griselda*, by a consideration of the limited of those who possess the work of the illustrious Italian, either riginal or in an English translation: probably not one in f those who see the tale in these pages, ever saw it any where et the anecdotes which are told of the admiration excited by utiful romance, form in themselves a kind of history. When , at the conclusion of his life, read the *Decameron*, he was ruck with the *Griselda*, which he in the first place learned by n order to repeat it to his friends, and then translated into On reading the translation to a gentleman at Padua, the latter, with the tenderness of the story, burst into such frequent and fits of tears, that Petrarch could not read to the end. A e, hearing of this, resolved to try the experiment; he read le aloud, from the beginning to the end, without the least of voice or countenance; but, on returning the book to h, confessed that it was an affecting story. 'I should have e added, 'like the Paduan, had I thought the story true; but le is a manifest fiction; there never was, nor never will be, wife as Griselda.' The tale was translated, almost within the of the author, by our own Chaucer, and represented on the stage so early as the year 1393. At least two modern works— *iselda* of Miss Edgeworth, and the delightful tale by Mrs , entitled *The Son of a Genius*—appear to bear reference to the f Boccaccio; and, lastly, the Scottish ballad of *Fair Annie*, considered as a paraphrase of it. The tale is here copied, ew trifling alterations, from the translation of the *Decameron*, ed by Dodsley in 1741.]

a long time ago, that, amongst the marquises of o, the principal or head of the family was a youth, Gualtieri, who, as he was a bachelor, spent his time in hawking and hunting, without any thought r being encumbered with a wife and children; in respect, no doubt, he was very wise. But this being eeable to his subjects, they often pressed him to , *to the end he might* neither die without an heir y *be left without* a lord; offering themselves to *such a lady for him*, and of such a family, that

they should have great hopes from her, and he reason enough to be satisfied. 'Worthy friends,' he replied, 'you urge me to do a thing which I was fully resolved against, considering what a difficult matter it is to find a person of a suitable temper, with the great abundance everywhere of such as are otherwise, and how miserable also the man's life must be who is tied to a disagreeable woman. Nevertheless, as you are so fond of having me married, I will agree to be so. Therefore, that I may have nobody to blame but myself, should it happen amiss, I will make my own choice; and I protest, let me marry who I will, that unless you shew her the respect that is due to her as my lady, you shall know, to your cost, how grievous it is to me to have taken a wife at your request, contrary to my own inclination.' The honest men replied, that they were well satisfied, provided he would but make the trial.

Now he had taken a fancy, some time before, to the behaviour of a poor country-girl, who lived in a village not far from his palace; and thinking that he might live comfortably enough with her, he determined, without seeking any further, to marry her. Accordingly he sent for her father, who was a very poor man, and acquainted him with it. Afterwards he summoned all his subjects together, and said to them: 'Gentlemen, it was and is your desire that I take a wife: I do it rather to please you, than out of any liking I have to matrimony. You know that you promised me to be satisfied, and to pay her due honour, whoever she is that I shall make choice of. The time is now come when I shall fulfil my promise to you, and I expect you to do the like to me: I have found a young woman in the neighbourhood after my own heart, whom I intend to espouse, and bring home in a very few days. Let it be your care, then, to do honour to my nuptials, and to respect her as your sovereign lady; *so that I may* be satisfied with the performance of your *promise, even as* you are with that of mine.' The people *all declared* themselves pleased, and promised to regard *her in all things* as their mistress. Afterwards they made

eparations for a most noble feast, and the like did the ince, inviting all his relations, and the great lords in all rts and provinces about him: he had also most rich and stly robes made, shaped by a person that seemed to be the same size with his intended spouse; and provided a rdle, ring, and fine coronet, with everything requisite for bride. And when the day appointed was come, about e third hour he mounted his horse, attended by all his iends and vassals; and having everything in readiness, said: 'My lords and gentlemen, it is now time to go for y new spouse.' So on they rode to the village; and hen he was come near the father's house, he saw her rrying some water from the well, in great haste, to go herwards with some of her acquaintance to see the new archioness; when he called her by name, which was riselda, and inquired where her father was. She odestly replied: 'My gracious lord, he is in the house.' le then alighted from his horse, commanding them all wait for him, and went alone into the cottage, where e found the father, who was called Giannucolo, and said him: 'Honest man, I am come to espouse thy daughter, ut would first ask her some questions before thee.' He hen inquired, whether she would make it her study to lease him, and not be uneasy at any time, whatever he hould do or say, and whether she would always be bedient; with more to that purpose. To which she nswered, 'Yes.' He then led her out by the hand, and made her strip before them all; and ordering the rich apparel to be brought which he had provided, he had her clothed completely, and a coronet set upon her head, all disordered as her hair was; after which, every one being in amaze, he said: 'Behold, this is the person whom I intend for my wife, provided she will accept of me for her husband.' Then, turning towards her, who stood quite abashed, 'Will you,' said he, 'have me for your husband?' She replied: 'Yes, if it so please your lordship.' 'Well,' he replied, 'and I take you for my wife.'

So he espoused her in that public manner, and mounting her on a palfrey, conducted her honourably to his palace,

celebrating the nuptials with as much pomp and grandeur, as though he had been married to the daughter of the king of France; and the young bride shewed, apparently, that with her garments she had changed both her mind and behaviour. She had a most agreeable person, and was so amiable, so good-natured withal, that she seemed rather a lord's daughter than that of a poor shepherd; at which every one that knew her before was greatly surprised. She was also so obedient to her husband, and so obliging in all respects, that he thought himself the happiest man in the world; and to her subjects likewise so gracious and condescending, that they all honoured and loved her as their own lives, praying for her health and prosperity, and declaring, contrary to their former opinion, that Gualtieri was the most prudent and sharp-sighted prince in the whole world, for that no one could have discerned such virtues under a mean habit and country disguise but himself.

In a very short time, her discreet behaviour and good works were the common subject of discourse, not in that country only, but everywhere else; and what had been objected to the prince, with regard to his marrying her, now took a contrary turn. They had not lived long together, before she brought forth a daughter, for which he made great rejoicings. But soon afterwards a new fancy came into his head, and that was, to make trial of her patience by long and intolerable sufferings: so he began with harsh words, and an appearance of great uneasiness; telling her that his subjects were greatly displeased with her for her mean parentage, especially as they saw she bore children, and that they did nothing but murmur at the daughter already born. Which, when she heard, without changing countenance, or her resolution in any respect, she replied: 'My lord, pray dispose of me as you think most for your honour and happiness: I *shall entirely* acquiesce, knowing myself to be meaner *than the* meanest of the people, and that I was altogether *unworthy* of that dignity to which your favour was pleased *to advance* me.' This was very agreeable to the prince,

at she was noway elevated with the honour he
rred upon her. Afterwards, having often told
eneral terms, that his subjects could not bear
daughter that was born of her, he sent one of his
whom he had instructed what to do, who, with a
wful countenance, said to her: 'Madame, I must
e my own life or obey my lord's commands: now
lered me to take your daughter, and'—— without
ything more. She, hearing these words, and
fellow's looks, remembering also what she had
ore from her lord, concluded that he had orders
r the child. So she took it out of the cradle,
and gave it her blessing; when, without chang-
enance, though her heart throbbed with maternal
she tenderly laid it in the servant's arms, and
ke it, and do what thy lord and mine has com-
but, prithee, leave it not to be devoured by the
vild beasts, unless that be his will.' Taking the
acquainted the prince with what she said, who
ly surprised at her constancy, and he sent the
son with it to a relation at Bologna, desiring her,
evealing whose child it was, to see it carefully
p and educated.

ards the lady was delivered of a son, at which
xtremely pleased. But, not satisfied with what
lready done, he began to grieve and persecute
nore; saying one day to her, seemingly much out
': 'Since thou hast brought me this son, I am
e no longer with my people; for they mutiny to
e, that a poor shepherd's grandson is to succeed,
eir lord after me, that, unless I would run the
eing driven out of my dominions, I must be
dispose of this child as I did the other, and then
ee away, in order to take a wife more suitable
She heard this with a great deal of resignation,
nly this reply: 'My lord, study only your own
happiness, without the least care for me; for
agreeable to me but what is pleasing to your-
many days after, he sent for the son in the

same manner as he had done for the daugh
seeming also as if he had procured him to be d
had him conveyed to Bologna, to be taken car
the daughter. This she bore with the same res
before, at which the prince wondered greatly,
to himself, that no other woman was capable of
like. And, were it not that he had obse
extremely fond of her children, whilst that was
to him, he should have thought it want of affecti
but he saw that it was only her entire obedience
descension. The people, imagining that the chil
both put to death, blamed him to the last degree
him the most cruel of men, and shewing great co
for the lady.

Several more years passed on, and the prince,
to make the last trial of her patience, declar
many people, that he could no longer bear
Griselda as his wife, owning that he had d
foolishly, and like a young man, in marrying
that he meant to solicit the pope for a dispe
take another, and send her away. For this he
blamed by many worthy persons; but he said n
return, only that it should be so. His wife, hea
and expecting to go home to her father's, and
tend the cattle as she had done before, whilst
some other lady possessed of him whom she dea
and honoured, was perhaps secretly grieved; b
had withstood other strokes of fortune, so she de
resolutely to do now. Soon afterwards, Gua
counterfeit letters come to him, as from Rome,
ing all his people that his holiness thereby
with his marrying another; and turning away
he had her brought before them, when he said:
by the pope's leave I may dispose of thee,
another wife. As my ancestors, then, have
sovereign princes of this country, and thine only
I intend to keep thee no longer, but to send the
thy father's cottage, with the same portion w
broughtest me, and afterwards to make ch

ore suitable in quality to myself.' It was with the most difficulty she could now refrain from tears; and e replied: 'My lord, I was always sensible that my rvile condition would noway accord with your high nk and descent. For what I have been, I own myself ıdebted to Providence and you; I considered it as a avour lent me: you are now pleased to demand it back; therefore willingly restore it. Behold the ring with hich you espoused me; I deliver it to you. You bid e take the dowry back which I brought you; you will ave no need for a teller to count it, nor I for a purse to ut it in, much less a sumpter-horse to carry it away; for I have not forgotten that you took me naked: and if you hink it decent to expose me in that manner, I am con-ented; but I would entreat you, that you would please o let me have one shift over and above my dowry.' He, hough ready to weep, yet put on a stern countenance, nd said: 'Thou shalt have one only then.' And, not-ithstanding the people all desired that she might have n old gown, to keep her from shame, who had been his ife thirteen years and upwards, yet it was all in vain; o she left his palace in that manner, and returned weep-ng to her father's, to the great grief of all who saw her. he poor man, never supposing that the prince would eep her long as his wife, and expecting this thing to appen every day, had safely laid up the garments of hich she had been despoiled the day he espoused her. le now brought them to her, and she put them on, and ent as usual about her father's little household affairs, earing this fierce trial of adverse fortune with the reatest courage imaginable.

The prince then gave it out that he was to espouse a aughter to one of the Counts of Panago; and, seeming s if he made great preparations for his nuptials, he sent or Griselda to come to him, and said to her: 'I am going o bring this lady *home whom* I have just married, and *ntend to shew her all possible* respect at her first coming: *ou knowest that I have* no women with me able to *out the rooms, and* do many other things which are

requisite on so solemn an occasion. As, therefo
art best acquainted with the state of the house,
have thee make such provision as thou shalt judg
and invite what ladies thou wilt, even as though t
mistress of the house; and when the marriage i
return thee home to thy father's again.' Thou
words pierced like daggers to the heart of Grise
was unable to part with her love for the prince
as she had done her great fortune, yet she repli
lord, I am ready to fulfil all your commands.' S
went into the palace, in her coarse attire, whence
but just before departed in her shift, and with
hands did she begin to sweep, and set all the
rights, cleaning the stools and benches in the hall
meanest servant, and directing what was to be
the kitchen, never giving over till everything
order, and as it ought to be. After this was c
invited, in the prince's name, all the ladies in the
to come to the feast. And on the day appointe
marriage, meanly clad as she was, she received
the most genteel and cheerful manner imaginabl
Gualtieri, who had his children carefully broug
Bologna (the girl being about twelve years old, a
the prettiest creatures that ever was seen, and
six), had sent to his kinswoman there, to desire s
bring them, with an honourable retinue, to
giving it out all the way she came, that she was
the young lady to be married to him, without let
one know to the contrary. Accordingly, they al
wards, attended by a goodly train of gentry; a
travelling some days, reached Saluzzo about dinn
when they found the whole country assembled, w
see their new lady. The young lady was most g
received by all the women present, and being c
the hall where the tables were all covered, Griselda
dressed as she was, went cheerfully to meet her,
'*Your* ladyship is most kindly welcome!' The la
had greatly importuned the prince, though to n
to let Griselda be in a room by herself, or el

ight have some of her own clothes, and not appear
efore strangers in that manner, were now seated, and
oing to be served round, whilst the young lady was
niversally admired, and every one said that the prince
ad made a good change; but Griselda, in particular,
ighly commended both her and her brother.

The marquis, now thinking that he had seen enough of
is wife's patience, and perceiving that in all her trials
he was still the same, being persuaded likewise that this
roceeded from no want of understanding in her, because
e knew her to be singularly prudent, he thought it time
) relieve her from that anguish which he supposed she
ight conceal under her firm and constant deportment.
), making her come before all the company, he said, with
smile: 'What thinkest thou, Griselda, of my bride?'
ly lord,' she replied, 'I like her extremely well; and
she be as prudent as she is fair, you may be the happiest
an in the world with her: but I most humbly beg you
ould not take those heart-breaking measures with this
dy as you did with your last wife, because she is very
ung, and has been tenderly educated, whereas the other
as inured to hardships from a child.' Gualtieri, per-
iving that, though Griselda thought that person was to
) his wife, she nevertheless answered him with great
umility and sweetness of temper, he made her sit down
r him, and said: 'Griselda, it is now time for you to reap
ie fruit of your long patience, and that they who have
puted me to be cruel, unjust, and a monster in nature,
ay know that what I have done has been all along with
view to teach you how to behave as a wife; to shew
em how to choose and keep a wife; and, lastly, to
ecure my own ease and quiet as long as we live together,
hich I was apprehensive might have been endangered
y my marrying. Therefore I had a mind to prove you
y harsh and injurious treatment; and not being sensible
at you have ever transgressed my will, either in word
r deed, *I now seem to have* met with that happiness I
ired: *I intend, then, to restore* in one hour what I have
n away from you in many, and to make you the

sweetest recompense for the many bitter pangs I l
caused you to suffer. Accept, therefore, this young l
whom you thought my spouse, and her brother, as
children and mine. They are the same which you
many others believed I had been the means of or
murdering: and I am your husband, who love and v
you above all things; assuring myself that no perso
the world can be happier in a wife than I am.' T
this he embraced her most affectionately, when, risin
together (she weeping for joy), they went where
daughter was sitting, quite astonished with these th
and tenderly saluted both her and her brother, unde
ing them and the whole company. At this the wome
arose, overjoyed, from the tables, and taking Gri
into the chamber, they clothed her with her own r
apparel, and as a marchioness, resembling such an
even in rags, and brought her into the hall. And l
extremely rejoiced with her son and daughter, and e
one expressing the utmost satisfaction at what had
to pass, the feasting was prolonged many days.
marquis was judged a very wise man, though abund
too severe, and the trial of his lady most intolerable;
as for Griselda, she was beyond compare. In a few
the Count de Panago returned to Bologna, and
marquis took Giannucolo from his drudgery, and n
tained him as his father-in-law, and so he lived
comfortably to a good old age. Gualtieri afterw
married his daughter to one of equal nobility, contin
the rest of his life with Griselda, and shewing her al
respect and honour that was possible. What can we
then, but that divine spirits may descend from he
into the meanest cottages; whilst royal palaces
produce such as seem rather adapted to have the ca
hogs, than the government of men. Who but Gri
could, not only without a tear, but even with seer
satisfaction, undergo the most rigid and unheard-of t
of her husband?

NATURE'S HAUNTS.

STRANGER, if thou hast learned a truth, which needs
Experience more than reason, that the world
Is full of guilt and misery, and hast known
Enough of all its sorrows, crimes and cares,
To tire thee of it—enter this wild wood,
And view the haunts of Nature. The calm shade
Shall bring a kindred calm, and the sweet breeze,
That makes the green leaves dance, shall waft a balm
To thy sick heart. Thou wilt find nothing here
Of all that pained thee in the haunts of men,
And made thee loathe thy life.
And hence these shades are still the abodes
Of undissembled gladness: the thick roof
Of green and stirring branches is alive
And musical with birds, that sing and sport
In wantonness of spirit; while, below,
The squirrel, with raised paws and form erect,
Chirps merrily. Throngs of insects in the glade
Try their thin wings, and dance in the warm beam
That waked them into life. Even the green trees
Partake the deep contentment: as they bend
To the soft winds, the sun from the blue sky
Looks in and sheds a blessing on the scene.
Scarce less the cleft-born wild-flower seems to enjoy
Existence, than the winged plunderer
That sucks its sweets. The massy rocks themselves,
The old and ponderous trunks of prostrate trees,
That lead from knoll to knoll, a causey rude,
Or bridge the sunken brook, and their dark roots,
With all their earth upon them; twisting high,
Breathe fixed tranquillity. The rivulet
Sends *forth glad sounds*, and, tripping o'er its bed
Of pebbly sands, or leaping down the rocks,
Seems with continuous laughter to rejoice

In its own being. Softly tread the marge,
Lest from her midway perch thou scare the wre
That dips her bill in water. The cool wind,
That stirs the stream in play, shall come to thee
Like one that loves thee, nor will let thee pass
Ungreeted, and shall give its light embrace.

BRY

WILLIAM TELL.

About the period at which Edward, king of Engl
up a false claim of right to the sovereignty of Sc
and thus roused the patriotism of Wallace to vindic
country's independence, a claim of a very similar
was put forward (1273) by Albert I., Duke of Au
certain districts or cantons in Switzerland, whi
hitherto belonged to the confederation of states c
ing the German Empire. Never, except perhaps
parallel case of Edward, had there been a clain
unjust and tyrannical. Albert, however, was a
violent and haughty disposition; and possessing
armies, he soon secured the cantons which we
objects of his ambition, and placed them und
oppressive sway of local governors. Those wh
appointed to govern the cantons of Schwytz, U
Unterwalden, were Herman Gessler of Brune
Berenger de Landenberg, whose extortions and p
ings were in accordance with the resolution
emperor—as he was entitled from his connectio
Germany—to break the independent spirit of th
by oppression. Landenberg fixed his residence in
walden, and Gessler built himself a castle near Alt
Uri, whence he overawed that canton and its nei
Schwytz. It was impossible for Albert to have s
two more brutal instruments of his will than th
men. Not satisfied with exercising their pow

people, they added to the wrong by bitter
'erner de Stauffacher, one of the principal
Schwytz, Gessler remarked in an insulting
s house was too good for a slavish peasant.'
on was treasured up, and yielded bitter
itterer. Nor was Landenberg behind his
hen he had wrested from some unfortunate
oxen and beasts of burden, he replied to
rances by telling them, 'That if they
ow corn and till their lands, they might
gh themselves!'

of the Swiss were exasperated at this
still their spirit was kept down by reflect-
normous power wielded by their oppressor.
tauffacher, stung by his country's wrongs
idual degradation, secretly visited Walter
anton of Uri, who, calling to their counsel
elchthald of Unterwalden, the patriotism
nfluenced by mutual exhortations, and an
ered into, to vindicate their country's rights,
e attempt. The future meetings of these
were held in the field of Rutli, a desolate
ders of the Waldstatter Lake, and near the
Iri and Unterwalden. Here, Fürst and
paired by unfrequented paths, whilst Stauf-
he rendezvous in a little boat, which he
the lake in the gloom of night. Each
design to his most intimate friends; and
inted night, the three patriots conducted
y confederates, who joined in a solemn
evote themselves to the emancipation of
Their generous resolution was fortified by
in the name of 'that God who has created,
ne clay, the peasant and the emperor, and
rational being with the same inalienable
important compact, the germ of Helvetian
nade on the night of Thursday preceding
rtinmas 1307.

1 of a brutal despot is easily aroused.

Whether Gessler had information of the conspira
was hatching, or was influenced by that incessant d
which haunts the breast of a tyrant, his proc
became more outrageous than before. As he j
singular ignorance and infatuation to the natural
of his disposition, he hit upon the notable exped
testing the loyalty of the people, by erecting a p
placing on it a cap, to which all were ordered to
reverence that was due to the emperor himsel
this degrading ceremony, the free and noble spirit
man instantly and openly announced its intentio
submit. This man was William Tell. He was a
of Bürglen, one of the ten districts which comp
canton of Uri, and the son-in-law of Walter Für
had been present at the compact of Rutli. His rep
amongst his countrymen for undaunted energy a
in arms, had rendered his accession to the l
primary object with the first devisers of the plo
bold promptitude now accelerated the movem
which the associated patriots were more slowly pr

Gessler summoned before him the intrepid
of Bürglen. His traitorous neglect of the o
ceremonial to the phantom representative of sove
was objected to him. The reply of Tell was un
and defying. The rage of the furious Gessler was
to madness at the calm courage of the simple
Any ordinary punishment was too meagre for
crime. His invention was fertile in malignanc
knowing his prisoner to be a father, he determ
make the warm and sacred feelings of a parent h
and scorn. The young and first-born son of T
ordered to be torn from its mother's arms, and
before the tyrant and his murderous band. The
seems too severe for human nerves, yet Tell
through it. The wretch in whose power he was, in
him that his only chance of life was to shoot a
from the head of his own child at a distance t
only the most vigorous arm could send an ar
the bow, and the most skilful and unmoved

ke a fixed aim. It was useless for the wretched rent to beg some other trial, however onerous or inful. The monster would have his revenge amply utted, and the mode he had resolved upon promised piquancy which no other punishment could supply.

At the appointed hour, the fair and weeping child was ced at a measured distance from the father—the apple s put upon its head, and Tell ordered to level his apon at the mark. What were his feelings at that ment it would be vain to describe. The arrow flew d pierced the apple, leaving unscathed the tender ant. As the conditions of the trial had been, that Tell uld have only one shot for his life, Gessler, seeing other arrow in his quiver, asked him to what use he d destined it. 'For your heart,' answered the iron-rved hero, 'if my first aim had swerved!' The tch, already infuriated that his victim had escaped him, ain commanded his guards to seize the courageous sant, and immure him in a dungeon.

A scene at once so affecting and so revolting must needs ve roused the indignation of the Swiss to some visible mmotion. The tyrant feared his prisoner would be ested from him by a popular and general movement he kept him within the bounds of Uri. Contrary to e fundamental laws, which prohibited a citizen from ing imprisoned out of his own canton, he therefore rried Tell on board a boat, and pushing off into the ke, he ordered the boatmen to steer for Kussnacht, in hwytz. Eager to gratify the vengeance which had en hitherto balked, Gessler himself accompanied the isoner, who was loaded with chains. As they approached e famous plain of Rutli, one of those violent gusts of nd which are common in those wild regions, burst from gorge in the lofty St Gothard, and, rousing the lake into rful turbulence, threatened the party with destruction. this crisis the self-possession of the tyrant failed him. e *horrors of a sudden and fearful* death overcame his *red of Tell, and with an abjectness of spirit congenial ruelty, he solicited his injured* prisoner to exert his

well-known skill as a mariner in extricatin danger. The irons of the captive were loose vigorous arm applied to the oar. The boa rock jutting out from the shore. Tell, dartin seat, sprang with a powerful effort upon its le and by the same motion with which he reach he forced back into the foaming waves Gess crew. Then hurrying with all speed to th point of debarkation, and having provided h his unerring weapon, he quietly waited to s the waves or his arrow should rid the w oppressor. Gessler escaped the fury of the as he was proceeding from his landing-place, a Tell's bow pierced his heart, and he fell dead. the first victim to the independence of the Wa whatever merit may be assigned to the origi of Rutli, it is undoubted that the actions c roused the slumbering spirit of his countr encouraged them to the noble enterprises v covered their name with glory.

The death of Gessler was the signal fo measures. On the first day of the year 1308, of the other governor, Landenberg, was ta ingenious stratagem. He himself fled, but was He purchased his life by resigning all the cast the Austrians, and withdrawing the troops. three cantons were simultaneously freed oppressors, without any blood being shed, s the infamous Gessler. A formal league and entered into by them, to defend each other aggression; and, thus united in concord and tion, they awaited the storm that was low them.

The Emperor Albert was not a man to r resignation the news of the revolt and emar *three cantons*, which he had vowed to grind *His indignation* rose to a furious pitch, and if *of the year* had permitted, he would have *ceeded to* execute his projects of vengeanc

e mind of this imperious mortal was intent only on oliation and aggrandisement—for his covetous eye was ted on the tempting kingdom of Bohemia—and brooding er his scheme of merciless revenge, a miserable death s preparing for him. Amongst the acts of injustice ich he had perpetrated, a refusal to restore his rightful cessions to his nephew John of Austria, was one of e most indefensible. The young prince became itated at his uncle's perfidy, and there were not wanting rsons to insinuate in his ear, that it was lawful to move the obstacle to the possession of his rights. Four blemen especially, who had all grounds of complaint ainst the emperor, fortified his resolution, and a plan r the assassination of the common enemy was resolved on. An opportunity presented itself on the 1st of ay 1308, as Albert was proceeding from Stein to Baden. e conspirators contrived to isolate him from his tinue as he was winding round the foot of the hill the acclivity of which stood the castle of Hapsburg, e original seat of his family before its great and sudden evation. His nephew struck the first blow, and as he ered his breast with a lance, he cried out: 'Receive e reward of thy injustice.' The others pressed around, d passed their swords through his body. They then ft him weltering in his gore. An old woman saw him, d came to his assistance. The emperor was yet ruggling with death, but on attempting to raise him in er arms, he expired. This murder of the oppressor id not emancipate Switzerland. Civil discord ensued Austria; a new ruler, fully as despotic as Albert, prang up; and in 1315, seven years after the revolt, eopold, the brother of the lately declared duke, was spatched with an army into the rebellious cantons, for e purpose of wreaking the vengeance of his family on e unfortunate mountaineers. With the blind confidence at the Swiss would never venture to oppose him, eopold *led his army into* a defile commanded by sur*unding heights. His* forces amounted to 10,000 men. *Swiss were posted* at the end of the defile, to the

number of 1300. Fifty citizens of the canton of Schwyt who had been banished their country, resolved to wi back their restoration by effective service. Pourin down from the hills loose rocks and stones upon th Austrian army, they caused a confusion in the rank which, on such narrow ground, was irremediable. Th main body of the Swiss charged at the critical momen and their enemies fell before them powerless and u resistingly. A precipitate flight saved Duke Leopold an his rear body; the rest either fell or were captured. Th scene of this glorious exploit was Morgarten, and th date of its achievement the 15th of November 1315. secured the independence of the Waldstat, and eventuall of all Helvetia. The other divisions of the army whi were advancing upon Unterwalden, retreated upon learn ing the fate of the battle of Morgarten. Thus the thre cantons once more drew the breath of liberty, and the testified their gratitude to a gracious Providence, by solemn thanksgiving, and ordaining an annual festival honour of the day. So unbroken have the customs these simple but heroic communities continued, that aft a lapse of more than five centuries, the anniversary Morgarten continues to be celebrated in the same for and in the same costume in which the original heroes the day went through its ceremonies.

Thus did the happy valour and indomitable energy William Tell lead on his countrymen to a successf vindication of their rights. He is, therefore, justly co sidered as the champion of Swiss independence, for th bravery which emancipated the three cantons, gradual attracted the other states to partake the benefit of th union, and thus the great Helvetic confederacy w ultimately consolidated. In the country which was th immediate scene of his exploits, his name is venerated *that* of its great benefactor. Two chapels yet survive *commemorate* the place of his residence, and the spot *which* he sprang from the boat in which Gessler w *conveying* him to Kussnacht. The peasants yet celeb *his praises* in national ballads, or relate with exul

dies concerning him, which tradition has handed
hrough the lapse of ages.
ing more is certainly known of William Tell than
in here related. That he took an active part in the
s by which the freedom of the cantons was secured,
e safely concluded from the intrepidity of his
er and his proficiency in arms. After the cessa-
hostilities, he retired to the spot on which he had
awn breath, Burglen, and there he lived happy and
in the exercise of husbandry for forty-seven years.
t two sons, William and Walter, who cultivated
ather's farm, and propagated his name. But in
is last male descendant died, and in 1720, the
branch becoming also extinct, there is now no one
claim so illustrious an ancestor.

COLTER'S ADVENTURE.

dbury's *Travels in the Interior of America*, a work
ldom seen, there occurs the following singular
ure of a man named John Colter, who had been
ing the Indian hunting-grounds in the great
n prairies :—
er came to St Louis in May 1810, in a small canoe,
ie head-waters of the Missouri, a distance of 3000
which he traversed in thirty days. I saw him on
ival, and received from him an account of his
ures, after he had separated from Lewis and
party. I shall relate one anecdote for its singu-
On the arrival of the party at the head-waters of
souri, Colter, observing an appearance of abundance
er being there, got permission to remain and hunt
ne time, which he did in company with a man of
ne of Dixon, who had traversed the immense tract
try from St Louis to the head-waters of the
alone. Soon after, he separated from Dixon, and

trapped in company with a hunter named Potts; and, aware of the hostility of the Blackfeet Indians, one of whom had been killed by Lewis, they set their traps at night, and took them up early in the morning, remaining concealed during the day. They were examining their traps early one morning, in a creek about six miles from that branch of the Missouri called Jefferson Fork, and were ascending in a canoe, when they suddenly heard a great noise, resembling the trampling of animals; but they could not ascertain the fact, as the high perpendicular banks on each side of the river impeded their view. Colter immediately pronounced it to be occasioned by Indians, and advised an instant retreat, but was accused of cowardice by Potts, who insisted that the noise was caused by buffaloes; and they proceeded on. In a few minutes afterwards, their doubts were removed by a party of Indians making their appearance on both sides of the creek, to the amount of 500 or 600, who beckoned them to come ashore. As retreat was now impossible, Colter turned the head of the canoe, and at the moment of its touching, an Indian seized the rifle belonging to Potts; but Colter, who is a remarkably strong man, immediately retook it, and handed it to Potts, who remained in the canoe, and on receiving it, pushed off into the river. He had scarcely quitted the shore, when an arrow was shot at him, and he cried out: 'Colter, I am wounded!' Colter remonstrated with him on the folly of attempting to escape, and urged him to come ashore. Instead of complying, he instantly levelled his rifle at the Indian, and shot him dead on the spot. This conduct, situated as he was, may appear to have been an act of madness, but it was doubtless the effect of sudden but sound reasoning, for, if taken alive, he must have expected to be tortured to death, according to their custom. He was instantly pierced with arrows so numerous, that, *to use Colter's* words, 'he was made a riddle of.' They *now seized* Colter, stripped him entirely naked, and *began to consult* on the manner in which he should be put *to death.* They were at first inclined to set him up as a

o shoot at, but the chief interfered, and seizing the shoulder, asked him if he could run fast. who had been some time amongst the Kee-katso r Indians, had in a considerable degree acquired ckfoot language, and was also well acquainted dian customs: he knew that he had now to run ife, with the dreadful odds of 500 or 600 against d those armed Indians; he therefore cunningly that he was a very bad runner, although he sidered by the hunters as remarkably swift. The ow commanded the party to remain stationary, l Colter out on the prairie 300 or 400 yards, eased him, bidding him save himself if he could. instant, the horrid war-whoop sounded in the ears Colter, who, urged with the hope of preserving with a speed at which he himself was surprised. ceeded towards the Jefferson Fork, having to a plain six miles in breadth, abounding with ckly-pear, on which he was every instant treading naked feet. He ran nearly half-way across the fore he ventured to look over his shoulder, when eived that the Indians were very much scattered, at he had gained ground to a considerable from the main body; but one Indian, who a spear, was much before all the rest, and not an 100 yards from him. A faint gleam of hope ered the heart of Colter: he derived confidence he belief that escape was within the bounds ibility; but that confidence was nearly fatal to r he exerted himself to such a degree, that the ushed from his nostrils, and soon almost covered part of his body. He had now arrived within a the river, when he distinctly heard the appalling f footsteps behind him, and every instant expected the spear of his pursuer. Again he turned his nd saw the savage not twenty yards from him. ined, *if possible, to* avoid the expected blow, he r *stopped, turned* round, and spread out his arms. an, *surprised by the* suddenness of the action,

and perhaps by the bloody appearance of Colt attempted to stop, but, exhausted with running, whilst endeavouring to throw his spear, which s the ground, and broke. Colter instantly snatched pointed part, with which he pinned him to the ea then continued his flight. The foremost of the I on arriving at the place, stopped till others cam join them, when they set up a hideous yell. moment of this time was improved by Colte although fainting and exhausted, succeeded in gai skirting of the Cotton-tree Wood, on the borders Fork, through which he ran, and plunged into th Fortunately for him, a little below this place island, against the upper part of which a raft o timber had lodged. He dived under the raft, an several efforts, got his head above water amon trunks of trees, covered over with smaller wood depth of several feet. Scarcely had he secured I when the Indians arrived on the river, screechi yelling, as Colter expressed it, 'like so many They were frequently on the raft during the d were seen through the chinks by Colter, who w gratulating himself on his escape, until the idea ar they might set the raft on fire. In horrible st he remained until night, when, hearing no more Indians, he dived under the raft, and swam silentl the river to a considerable distance, where he land travelled all night. Although happy in having from the Indians, his situation was still dreadful: completely naked, under a burning sun—the sole feet were entirely filled with the thorns of the prick —he was hungry, and had no means of killing although he saw abundance around him, and was seven days' journey from Lisa's Fort, on the I branch of the Roche Jaune River. These were stances under which almost any man but an A *hunter* would have despaired. He arrived at the *seven* days, having subsisted on a root much e *by the* Indians of the Missouri.

IE MYRIADS OF CREATION.

he most remarkable features of animated nature, ast multitudes in which certain species exist. ıas invested several of the lower orders of her with a fruitfulness which, when contrasted with ıe more complicated and perfect animals, seems nderful. When it is stated that a single pair of vils—a grub well known for its ravages amongst ı supposed to produce 6000 descendants in one ·e have comparatively an ordinary fact in insect m. It has been calculated that the queen of the bee lays in spring 12,000,000 eggs within the twenty days. More wonderful still, the female 80,000 eggs per day. And yet nature has been ed to give to certain creatures a much greater production. An eminent naturalist has proved ive generations, the aphis, or plant-louse, may be ıer of nearly 6,000,000,000 of descendants. The ıf this species may be isolated under a tumbler, hey will continue to breed: females descended m, if taken at their birth, and also isolated, will like manner; and this phenomenon will go on generations.

ot often that the atmosphere of our temperate lows the eggs of the aphis to be developed in ely great quantities; but such an event some- kes place. The morning of Saturday the 24th mber 1836, was, in England, one of singular and geniality, succeeding a few weeks of uncom- ıeerless weather. The wind blew from the south, sun shone with the vigour of July. The air ıe week had *denoted* considerable electric action, *Wednesday there had* been much thunder and *On Sunday the 25th,* and part of the ensuing *ir was filled, throughout* a large district in

Yorkshire, if not more extensively, by myriads of wi insects of the aphis kind. An observer who ascert the particular appearances of this cloud of new life a district measuring twelve miles by four, or nearly square miles, calculated that, allowing six insect every square foot, there must have been 1,700,00 within that district, or nearly twenty times the w human population of the globe. The insect was a hitl unobserved species of the aphis, with four wings eyes globular and prominent, a bent proboscis, six le a tawny colour, and a short tubular horn at the extre of the abdomen. It was one, in short, of those w occasionally appear in warmer countries than ours, produce a universal *blight*. There can be little doubt if the heat which produced this phenomenon had conti a little longer, such a result would have ensued as f the district was concerned. But after they had ex a day and a half, the weather once more became and the 1,700,000,000 of living creatures perished i hour.*

The cock-chaffers and grubs, which prove so destru to growing victual, are also remarkable for being rated in overpowering multitudes. The cock-chaffer came into Ireland in the year 1688. A vast cloud, fo by them, was blown upon the coast of Galway, by a s west wind, and they soon spread over the country. some places they so thickened the air, that it was dif to make way through them. Whole districts in En and Ireland are occasionally laid waste by these creat or by weevils or grubs. Yet our sufferings from causes are as nothing to the devastations produced b locusts of warmer regions. In Southern Africa, occasionally appear in such vast hordes, that the ve tion of the earth disappears before them. In 1797 Barrow saw a piece of country containing 2000 s miles, which was entirely covered by them. They n

* We are indebted for these particulars to an article in th number of the *Analyst*, a Quarterly Journal of Science, Li *Natural History*, and the Fine Arts. London: Simpkin, Marsha

a in the direction of the wind, and when any trench or vulet occurs in their course, stop not for it, but fill it up ith their own bodies, the general mass passing over their rowned or smothered companions without compunction. his plague had been, at the time of Mr Barrow's visit, in nstant operation in Africa for three years. Russia and oland were visited by locusts in 1650, on which occasion e air was darkened by them, and the ground covered to e depth of four feet: the trees were bent with their eight, and the amount of damage produced by them xceeded computation. In the sixth century, Italy was vaged in a similar manner, and not relieved till a wind lew the invading myriads into the sea, when the smell f their bodies on the coast produced a plague, which arried off 1,000,000 of men and beasts. The prophet oel expressively describes the locust as a devouring flame, efore which the land is an Eden, and behind a desolate ilderness.

When we consider the vast amount of mischief pro-uced by various insects, it seems surprising that they hould have been gifted with such extraordinary powers f multiplication. When we inquire, however, into this, s into all other evils, we find that it is only an exception rom a general good—the *chief* end of voracious insects eing to remove animal and vegetable matters, which rould otherwise be noxious. In the design of the world, nly general results have been contemplated, and only eneral powers given. It is enough for nature if the rand end be accomplished.

We shall conclude with an extract from Latrobe's *Travels in North America*, respecting an insect of the grasshopper kind, named the *Cicada Septendecim*:—

'The observation of a past century had shewn the inhabitants of Maryland and Pennsylvania, that every seventeenth year they were visited by a countless horde of insects of the cicada *tribe*, hence called *Septendecim*; *distinct in aspect and habits* from those whose annual *appearance and mode of life* were understood. Its last *appearance had been in 1817*, and its reappearance was

thus confidently predicted for the third or fourth week [illegible] May this year (1834). Nature, true to her impulses, [illegible] the laws by which she is so mysteriously governed, [illegible] not fail to fulfil the prediction. On the 24th May [illegible] following day, the whole surface of the country in [illegible] about the city of Philadelphia suddenly teemed with [illegible] singular insect. The subject interested me, and as [illegible] those days I had every opportunity of being daily, [illegible] hourly, attentive to the phenomena connected with [illegible] both here and in Maryland, I send you the result of [illegible] observations. The first day of their appearance, [illegible] numbers were comparatively few; the second, they [illegible] by myriads; and yet a day or two might pass before [illegible] reached their full number. I happened to be abroad [illegible] the bright sunny morning which might be called the [illegible] of their birth. At early morning the insect, in the [illegible] state, may be observed issuing from the earth in every direction, by the help of a set of strongly barbed claws [illegible] the fore-legs. Its colour, then, is of a uniform dull [illegible] and it strongly resembles the perfect insect in [illegible] excepting the absence of wings, ornaments, and antennæ. The first impulse of the imperfect insect on detaching itself from its grave, is to ascend a few inches, or [illegible] feet, up the trunks of trees, at the foot of which the holes appear in the greatest number, or upon the rails fences, which are soon thickly sprinkled with them. In these positions they straightway fix themselves firmly by their barbed claws. Half an hour's observation will then shew you the next change which is to be undergone. A split takes place upon the shell down from the back of the head to the commencement of the rings of the abdomen, and the labour of self-extrication follows. With many a throe and many a strain you see the tail and hind-legs appear through the rent, then the wings extricate themselves painfully from a little case in the outer shell, in which they lie exquisitely folded up, but do not yet unfold *themselves*; and, lastly, the head, with its antennæ, disengages itself, and you behold before you the new-born *insect* freed from its prison. The slough is not discarded,

as firmly fixed in the fibres of the wood, and
languidly crawling a few inches, remains as it
doze of wonder and astonishment. It is rather
inch in length, and appears humid and tender;
rs are dull, the eye glazed, the legs feeble, and
s for awhile after they are opened, appear
and inelastic. All this passes before the sun
d his full strength. As the day advances, the
the insect become more lively, the wings attain
stretch, and the body dries and is braced up for
little life of activity and enjoyment.
en ten and eleven, the newly-risen tribes begin
heir instruments. You become conscious of a
ling the air far and wide, different from the
ones which may meet your ear. A low distinct
tes you, turn where you will. It may be com-
he simmering of an enormous caldron; it swells
ibly, changes its character, and becomes fuller
er. Thousands seem to join in; and by an hour
-day, the whole country, far and wide, rings with
nted sound. The insects are now seen lodged
ng about the foliage above, a few hours having
sufficient to give them full strength and activity,
them into full voice. Well may the school-boy
-headed negro rejoice at the sound, for their
l never want a plaything for many days to come.
the birds of the forest rejoice, for this is the
plenty for them. The pigs and poultry, too,
en on the innumerable swarms which before
s will cover the ground in the decline of their
The pretty insect—for it is truly such—with
ody, red eyes, and its glossy wings, interlaced
-yellow fibres, enjoys but a little week; and that
rping which pervades creation from sunrise till
for the time of its continuance, is but of some
duration. Its character would be almost im-
o describe, though it rings in my ears every
ik of the insect. Like all those of its tribe, the
uced is not a voice, but a strong vibration of

musical chords, produced by the action of in
upon a species of lyre or elastic membrane
net-work, and situated under the wings, the s
I have often witnessed. The female insec
faint sound, but how, I do not know; it is
is endowed with the powerful means of ir
which I have described. Though the sour
even and continuous as long as the insect is
yet there is a droll variety observable at tir
it expresses, whether peculiar satisfaction
what other passion, I cannot divine. It
described by the word *Pha—ro!* the first
long and sustained, and connected with the
is pitched nearly an octave lower by a drawl
descent. During the whole period of their
closest attention does not detect their eating
with the exception of the trifling injury rec
consequent upon the process observed by
laying her eggs, they are perfectly innoxi
to which they seem to be sent to the upper
confined to the propagation of their species
after their first appearance, the female beg
eggs. She is furnished with an ovipositor
sheath on the abdomen, composed of two
parallel spines, which she has the power of
an alternate perpendicular motion. Wh
comes, she selects one of the outermost twi
trees or shrubs, and sets to work, and ma
longitudinal jagged incisions in the tender b

wever, their seeds. The perforated twigs die; the first
d breaks them from the tree, and scatters them upon
ground. The eggs give birth to a number of small
bs, which are thus enabled to attain the mould without
ury; and in it they disappear, digging their way down
o the bosom of the earth. Year goes after year—
nmer after summer; the sun shines in vain to them—
y "bide their time!" The recollection of their exis-
ce begins to fade—a generation passes away; the
face of the country is altered, lands are reclaimed from
forest, streets are laid out and trampled on for years,
ses are built, and pavements hide the soil—still, though
n may almost forget their existence, God does not.
hat their life is in the long interval, none can divine.
ces of them have been found in digging wells and
ndations eight and ten feet under the surface. When
enteen years have gone by, the memory of them
urns, and they are expected. A cold wet spring may
ard their appearance, but never since the attention of
n has been directed to them, have they failed; but at
appointed time, by one common impulse, they rise
m the earth, piercing their way through the matted
, through the hard trampled clay of the pathways,
ough the gravel, between the joints of the stones and
vements, and into the very cellars of the houses, like
ir predecessors, to be a marvel in the land, to sing their
the song of love and enjoyment under the bright sun,
d amidst the verdant landscape—like them, to fulfil the
ief duties of their species, and close their mysterious
istence by death. We are still children in the small
asure of our knowledge and comprehension with regard
the phenomena of the natural world! All things con-
lered, we may venture to prophesy the reappearance
the *Cicada Septendecim* on the coasts of Maryland and
rginia for the year 1851.'

STORY OF EGYPTIAN OPPRESSION.

Mr Lane, in his *Account of the Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians*, gives the following story as an illustration of the nature of the local government to which the people of Egypt are subjected:—

The nazir, or governor of the southernmost district of the Delta, a short time before my present visit to the country, in collecting the taxes at a village, demanded of a poor peasant the sum of sixty rials, which was the equivalent to about thirty shillings. The poor man urged that he possessed nothing but a cow, which barely afforded sustenance to himself and his family. Instead of pursuing the method usually followed when a fellah or peasant declares himself unable to pay the tax demanded of him, which is to give him a severe bastinading, the nazir in this case sent the Sheik el-Beled to bring the poor peasant's cow, and desired some of the fellahs or peasantry to buy it. They saying that they had no sufficient money, he sent for a butcher, and desired him to kill the cow, which was done: he then told him to divide it into sixty pieces. The butcher asked for his pay, and was given the head of the cow. Sixty fellahs were then called together, and each of them was compelled to purchase, for a rial, a piece of the cow. The owner of the cow went, weeping and complaining, to the nazir's superior, the late Mohammed Bey, defterdar. 'My master,' said he, 'I am oppressed and in misery. I had no property but one cow—a milch cow: I and my family lived upon her milk, and she ploughed for me and thrashed my corn; and my whole subsistence was derived from her: the nazir has taken her, and killed her, and cut her up into sixty pieces, and sold the pieces to my neighbours—to each a piece, for one rial; so that *he obtained* but sixty rials for the whole, while the *value of* the cow was a hundred and twenty rials, or more

ressed and in misery, and a stranger in the place,
ne from another village; but the nazir had no
ne. I and my family are become beggars, and
hing left. Have mercy upon me, and give me
I implore it by the harem.'
efturdar, having caused the nazir to be brought
m, asked him: 'Where is the cow of this fellah?'
e sold it,' said the nazir.
ow much?'
ixty rials.'
did you kill it and sell it?'
wed sixty rials for land; so I took his cow, and
and sold it for the amount.'
e is the butcher that killed it?'
enouf.'
atcher was sent for, and brought. The defturdar
im: 'Why did you kill this man's cow?'
azir desired me,' he answered, 'and I could not
im; if I had attempted to do so, he would have
e, and destroyed my house. I killed it, and the
e me the head as my reward.'
said the defturdar, 'do you know the persons
ght the meat?'
atcher replied that he did. The defturdar then
is secretary to write the names of the sixty men,
rder to the sheik of their village, to bring them
f, where this complaint was made.
zir and butcher were placed in confinement till
morning, when the sheik of the village came,
sixty fellaheen. The two prisoners were then
again before the defturdar, who said to the
d the sixty peasants: 'Was the value of this
w sixty rials?'
our master,' they answered, 'her value was

efturdar sent for the cadi of Menouf, and said
'Oh, cadi, here is a man oppressed by this
o has taken his cow, and killed it, and sold its
sixty *rials; what is* thy judgment?'

The cadi replied: 'He is a cruel tyrant, who presses every one under his authority. Is not a worth a hundred and twenty rials, or more? and he sold this one for sixty rials: this is tyranny towards owner.'

The defturdar then said to some of his soldiers: '! the nazir, and strip him, and bind him.' This don said to the butcher: 'Butcher, dost thou not fear Thou hast killed the cow unjustly.' The butcher urged that he was obliged to obey the nazir. 'T said the defturdar, 'if I order thee to do a thing, thou do it?'

'I will do it,' answered the butcher.

'Kill the nazir!' said the defturdar.

Immediately several of the soldiers present seize nazir, and threw him down; and the butcher cu throat, in the regular orthodox manner of killing ani for food.

'Now, cut him up,' said the defturdar, 'into pieces.'

This was done: the people concerned in the affair many others, looking on, but none daring to speak. sixty peasants who had bought the meat of the cow then called forward, one after another, and each made to take a piece of the flesh of the nazir, and t for it two rials; so that a hundred and twenty were obtained from them: they were then dismi but the butcher remained. The cadi was asked should be the reward of the butcher, and answered, he should be paid as he had been paid by the nazir. defturdar, therefore, ordered that the head of the should be given to him; and the butcher went away his worse than valueless burden, thanking God tha had not been more unfortunate, and scarcely belie himself to have so easily escaped until he arrived a village. The money paid for the flesh of the nazir given to the owner of the cow.

Most of the governors of provinces and districts

Lane adds, carry their oppressions, of which the above is an instance, far beyond the limits to which they are authorised to proceed by the ruler of Egypt.

SHIPWRECK OF THE ENGLAND OF NEWCASTLE.

WRITTEN BY ONE OF THE SUFFERERS.

HAVING paid for a passage homeward from Quebec, on board the *England* of Newcastle, a vessel of 400 tons burden, laden with timber, and bound for Greenock, I lost no time in taking possession of my berth, and found that I was the only passenger. The vessel set sail with a pilot on board, on the 9th of November 1835. Nothing remarkable occurred while in the river, except that we had to come to anchor on account of a heavy snow-storm, and lay-to for about twenty-four hours, when we weighed anchor and set sail, our pilot leaving us the next day. In sailing through the Gulf of St Lawrence, we one night saw the aurora borealis of a splendid red colour, and both master and seamen remarked, that they had frequently seen it of a deep yellow or orange colour, inclining to red, but never before had seen it of such a blood-red hue. We all conjectured that the appearance portended a violent storm, but to our great delight the wind continued favourable, and the weather remarkably fine for several days. On the 20th, however, it began to blow fresh from the north-west, and up to the 23d it increased, till it amounted to a hurricane. Our ship was now obliged to run before the gale under close-reefed fore-top-sails. She also laboured much, and two men were placed at the wheel which governs the rudder. The sea had become tremendous, and our master was evidently under great trepidation, and a good deal *alarmed*. Being unable to go on deck

himself, he was constantly calling down t
asking how matters looked. It was propo
her to; but it was our captain's opinion, t
heavy gale, to do so would prove at once fat
them to stand firm by the wheel, and keep

The night which now closed in upon us,
obliterated from my remembrance. I was
cabin fire, occasionally going up the compa
stair, to see how things looked, the mast
and down the cabin, much discomposed, wh
dous sea broke over the stern of the ve
destruction before it. The wheel came
crash through the cabin sky-light in brok
and in an instant we were in total darkne
of our cabin was almost immediately cover
and a scene of horror and confusion ensued
description. The two men who had been
came down the companion, having fortu
hold of something as the water dashed the
the deck. In a few minutes all were dowr
and having good tinder-boxes, we soon s
again, and getting a lantern, all hands
except the captain. The state of the decl
to look at: the hammocks swept overboa
part of the bulwarks; the water-casks br
going to pieces. After getting the helm
keeping the ship to, the wind moderating a
to the pumps, and found she was leaking
All hands at once yoked to the duty of
wrought incessantly all night, and found tha
we could keep the water from gaining. W
the work except the captain, who was in
health, and had been so for a considerabl
The one-half rested while the other pumpe
morning came, to our utter consternation
rudder had been broken, and rendered qui
only hung together, and kept flapping vio
the stern of the vessel, at every blow
opening the seams of the ship. At lengt

rt detached itself, leaving nothing but a small part of e stern hanging in the rudder-trunk, and the planks so attered that the water was coming in in torrents. To op the leak was now found to be impossible, and we scovered that all our pumping was of no avail. Our ly comfort was, that we had a firm timber-laden ship nder us, and of course were all aware, that though she lled, she would not sink. We had therefore no other ternative but to prepare with the utmost dispatch for king refuge in the rigging, seeing that the water would on be level with the deck.

We were at this time near the outer edge of the great nk of Newfoundland. The weather was excessively ld, blowing hard with snow and sleet, and we could ly contemplate how difficult it would be for us to rvive on the rigging of a ship in such a dismal situation t such an inclement season; at the same time, the sea as breaking over the decks, every moment threatening overwhelm us. In a state bordering on despair, we cked up a few small bags of biscuit, a little beef and ork, and two casks of water, which we soon had in eadiness; these we hoisted up under the main-top: then izing our blankets, we all went aloft, some to the fore, ome to the main top, while our ship was filling very fast. t was, however, thought advisable, previously to going loft, and we had every reason afterwards to congratulate urselves for having done so, to knock out the stern and ow ports, and open the hatches, so as to give the water gress and egress: without this precaution, in all likelihood our decks would have burst by the working of the ater beneath, and our timber have shifted, and the elancholy catastrophe that would have immediately ensued on this taking place, can easily be imagined; indeed, the shifting of a single log would have been the signal of our fate. The first night we stopped on the rigging was the second after the ship was struck, and most miserable quarters we had.

The ship, now thoroughly water-logged, was pitching and rolling, and we had to lash ourselves to the mast.

What a prospect lay before us, in such a col
such a season, in the middle of the Western
the long winter-nights, with neither rudder
and storms and tempests to encounter! Tl
our situation can be imagined, but cannot l
Our captain was a man up in years, wit
constitution; and under present circumstanc
so ill, that he could take no command; for
mate and carpenter were active, and they
took charge, which was a fortunate circun
may be supposed, we immediately had to
allowance of bread and water, which were d
in a most just and impartial manner durin
period of our sufferings. For the first four
a moderate allowance of about one biscuit
small slice of beef or pork, and nearly two pi
We suffered dreadfully from cold and wet, a
not frequently shifted our position, would l
quite benumbed. I had the misfortune, the
after I had gone to the main-top, to lose bo
and blankets. I happened to have on two sh
a pair of good stockings and shoes, with
a pair of good Canadian cloth trousers, and
jacket, and this was my all; everything else
regretted the loss much; for although
frequently got soaked with water, they still d
towards preserving the heat of the body.
tunate accident took place while I was as
overcome with cold and fatigue, I had fasten
coat on the rigging to dry, and rolled m
blankets; it happened to come on to bl
turning myself, the wind caught the loose
swept them overboard. When I looked fo
coat, the rope-yarn that made it fast was th
coat was gone. This would have been a f
stance to me if we had drifted to the n
continued much longer in this cold climate
we enjoyed in our insecure berth in the
neither sound nor refreshing, but we were

he time, and no doubt was of some benefit to
is a kind of dog-sleep, and only lasted from
utes to half an hour at a time, and was generally
with dreams about our friends and far-distant
ich we had little or no expectation of ever
ig. Sometimes we awoke in a dreadful fright,
we were pitched overboard, and some of the
f the deep ready to snatch us in their terrible
Then we opened our eyes, it was, alas! to
he signs of famine or a watery grave. Most
, the wind began to prevail from the north-
ve were drifted fast to the southward; it was
a considerable alleviation to our sufferings, to
we were fast approaching a warmer and more
ate. We then thought that, had we enough of
water, we might survive a long time under our
cumstances; and the only immediate cause of
the ship breaking up during some of the
id heavy squalls we had to encounter. For the
standing it out as long as possible, on the sixth
he ship was damaged, we put ourselves upon
ch provisions as would preserve the spark of
vas scarcely three ounces of bread in a very
ouldy condition, a small slice of beef or pork,
three gills of water. We were so scarce of
ticle, that we had to take every opportunity of
much as possible from the sails every time it
o rain. This water drank very sweet: although
d, it was to us most delicious and refreshing;
certain that never did the most voluptuous
enjoy his most favourite beverage with better
we did a drink of water squeezed from the dirty
Ve had soon the satisfaction of getting into a
nosphere; however, till towards the end of
we occasionally had very heavy weather, with a
ber of thunder-storms. Having saved a quad-
und ourselves in the latitude of the Azores,
to the east or west, we could not tell, having
any ways, and keeping no reckoning.

On Christmas-day, which happened to be fine, w
proposed to make a feast as well as we were able. W
dared not venture on the bread, but we got an extr
slice of pork, which some of us ate raw—others roaste
When the weather was fine, we could remain on dec
where we kindled a fire for our cooking; but the s
was frequently breaking over the deck with such fur
that we were generally glad to remain on the riggin
Having by this time suffered nearly five weeks, some
us were excessively weak, and very much emaciated; s
much so, that we could scarcely go up and down th
shrouds. Hunger had brought on us a kind of burnin
fever, and if water had been in our power, we would ha
drunk incessantly. Instead of heaving overboard th
rats which we catched, as we did at first, we now flaye
roasted, and ate them, and found them delicious! O
every favourable opportunity, we assembled together f
the purpose of devotion, praying to Him, with heartfe
earnestness, who can make the storm a calm, and st
the raging of the mighty deep. We were also constant
on the look-out for ships, and when we saw any, hoist
signals of distress; they were, however, always at such
distance, that they certainly could not have seen us; a
anyrate, none approached us. We also cut pieces off o
cable, and made burning torches, which we hoisted in th
dark nights at the mizen-top, in case of any vessel passi
in the night. This was frequently done, but all was of n
avail; and we determined, that the first vessel we saw,
she was on such a tact as there might be any probability
getting to her, we would launch the jolly-boat, and cha
her. In a day or two we saw a vessel on what w
thought a good tact, and immediately launching our litt
boat, six brave fellows jumped into it, and took to th
oars, with the carpenter steering. We could afford the
but a small allowance of bread and water. They ga
us assurances, that should they get up with the shi
they would use all their endeavours to get its master
come after us; we, on the other hand, promised that,
the event of their missing her, we would keep

ning all night, so that they might find their
again. It was about one o'clock in the after-
they left us, and we kept our eyes on them
up in breathless expectation till the shades
shut them from our view. About two o'clock
rning, they all returned, poor fellows, much
ed by the torch-lights which we had kept
hey had approached within two miles of the
t nightfall, when, to their grief and mortifica-
saw her men squaring the yards, and setting
the wind, leaving them far behind. Whether
bserved the boat, and suspected her to have
tentions, we could not tell. The men were all
exhausted, that they said they would never
hip again under such circumstances.

day of the new year was approaching, and
ot but revert with melancholy recollection to
of festivity and social enjoyment in which we
participated during that happy season. Our
ation suggested the propriety of attending to
ig of the new year in a manner befitting our
On the evening of the 31st of December,
iced to be more than ordinarily placid, at a
twelve o'clock we lighted up the lantern, and
or three Bibles, we proceeded to the quarter-
part of the 107th Psalm, read a portion of
and offered up an humble prayer, which,
ot adorned in language like the homilies of
, was the sincere and fervent language of the
derived an imposing sublimity from the situa-
ch we were placed. When our devotions were
s New-year's Day morning; and after shaking
wishing each other a good new year, we
try if we could get a little sleep; and the
ing now fine, we did enjoy some refreshing

rday *the 2d, a vessel* hove in sight. Not wait-
ignals, having so long tried them in vain, we
r *little boat* with a mast and sail; some of

the former crew volunteering, and some offering to
who had not gone before, there were seven ready, amo
whom were our first and second mates. Provided t
same way as formerly, and making the same engagemen
to each other, they set sail, assisting the boat with the
oars. There was no cheering this time when we parte
we were in too melancholy and uncertain a state for t
expression of joy and triumph, so pleasing and natural
seamen. We spent that night keeping up torch-ligh
expecting in the morning to see the vessel approachi
us, or at least the boat in view; but, alas! there was n
a speck seen in the horizon—both vessel and boat we
out of sight. This was a painful result to our expec
tions, and our sole hope was, that the men had be
rescued, though we could not well see how; and we h
the consolatory prospect of being able to stand it out
little longer, by keeping ourselves still on the sa
allowance.

Another day passed, and no immediate prospect
relief. There was now an accurate examination into t
state of the provisions which were left, and we ascertain
that we could divide something for ten or twelve da
longer. Our case grew more appalling. Day after d
passed, and our stock of provisions was wearing to a clo
Horrible feelings now took possession of us. No o
gave utterance to his thoughts, but it was evident that
must either perish of famine, or that one of us must
slaughtered to furnish food for the remainder. Thus
stood upon the crisis of our fate.

While in this desperate physical and moral conditi
we were again visited by a ray of hope. On Thursday t
7th of January, towards evening, and while trying
gather water, it being rainy, the carpenter went to t
foretop, and immediately descried a brig to leeward;
watched her attentively, and observed that she put abo
He now cried to us, and told us she was standing towar
us, for there was sufficient light for her to see us.
one can picture the joy we now felt for this prospect
deliverance; it can be but faintly imagined. At tw

'elock, midnight, the vessel was alongside of us, and we ere soon taken aboard. The ship was the *Blucher* of oston, commanded by Captain Lourie; she was bound ith a cargo of flour, &c., from New York to Monte 'ideo and Buenos Ayres. Our happiness was increased y finding our fellow-sufferers with whom we had parted few days ago, and who were ready to welcome us on eck.

I will briefly go over the circumstances that led to this xtraordinary deliverance. As I have already mentioned, was on the Saturday when our companions left us. hat night they rowed till they lost sight of the vessel hich they were chasing; and at the same time, all ttempts to regain a sight of the wreck they had left roved unavailing, notwithstanding that we had kept up rch-lights all night, as on the former occasion. It ppears we had drifted from each other, and the poor llows found themselves, with a small boat on the track- ss waves of the Atlantic, almost without food or water; more helpless situation cannot well be conceived. hey could do nothing for themselves, and drifted in eir tiny vessel at the mercy of the winds and waves. n Monday morning, their slender supply of bread was xhausted; and of the remaining small quantity of fresh ater, they got a little served out by the second-mate in is watch-case. In the course of Monday, when the fog leared away, to their inexpressible joy they saw a brig t no great distance. She immediately bore down owards them, by which they saw they were observed; nd in about an hour and a half from their first sight f each other, they were on board the *Blucher*, which essel was nearly 1000 miles out of her course, driven y adverse winds, being then only from 300 to 400 iles to the south-west of Fayal, the nearest of the zore islands. Our mate, an able sailor from South hields, told the captain of our miserable situation, and he *latitude they had left us in*, and found that their boat *d drifted, from Saturday till* Monday, the extraordinary *ance of 140 miles.* With the utmost alacrity, the

good American went in search of us, and at length ha
the satisfaction to fall in with us, as I have describe
Thus after suffering for a period of forty-five days, w
were again in the midst of comforts and safety. Capta
Lourie afforded us all the humane attentions which o
situation required, giving us our food in very sparin
quantities at first, but afterwards abundance of nourishi
diet; and we began to recruit under his care. Resolvi
to land us on the Azores, he proceeded towards the
lonely islands; and in four days' sailing, we stood off t
island of Fayal. The wind proving unfavourable f
landing there, and Captain Lourie being anxious
proceed on his voyage, in which he had been so mu
retarded by his exertions in our behalf, he desired us, t
weather being fair, to get our boats launched, and
ashore at St John's, a small village on the island
Pico, where there was a landing-place for fishing-bo
among the rocks. We bade our deliverers farew
wishing them every blessing, and in about an hour
were landed at the foot of the Peak of Pico, a very lo
extinct volcanic mountain, covered nearly two-third
the way up with vines, orange, lemon, and fig trees, wh
the top or crater is crowned with eternal snow.

We were received at Pico by a great concourse
islanders, who belong to the Portuguese nation. We h
the good-fortune to meet a Portuguese gentleman h
who spoke English fluently, and who immediately t
our situation to the vicar, who was likewise in attendan
on the beach. We were under very great obligati
to this gentleman, as he acted as interpreter. We w
treated here with much kindness; bread, cheese, wi
and fruit being brought to us in abundance, and a pl
of shelter provided. The inhabitants, in general, are v
poor in this island; nevertheless, they are extrem
hospitable, and we recovered very fast. The vicar, w
took the charge of us after we got some refreshment, a
our captain's dispatch over to the British vice-consul
Fayal. In two days our messenger returned with a
thanking the vicar for his attentions to us, and

ıe stating the British government allowance of
ing and sixpence per day for each individual
ases. We remained here about a fortnight, the
l along treating us with much kindness; and we
en to understand that the vicar, after our arrival,
mbled his flock, and publicly returned thanks
hty God, who had so wonderfully saved us from
ɔle death.
ere so much refreshed and invigorated here, that
ıight we considered ourselves able to proceed on
homeward. For this purpose a large boat and a
se crew were provided to take us over to Fayal,
e of about thirty miles, where we saw the British
ul, and received every attention from him. At
› met with part of the crew of the *John Miller*
pool, which vessel had likewise foundered while
ay to some port of South America. From Fayal
carried to St Michael's in a coasting schooner,
ıce passages homeward were provided by the
onsul-general, for the whole in different vessels,
ere here lading with fruit for England.

AWERS OF THE LONGBOW.

. be a matter of no small difficulty, we think, to
erfectly philosophical view of the class of charac-
d, in popular language, drawers of the longbow.
› known several of these remarkable personages
me, and yet never knew rightly what to make

Whether they lied on principle, by chance,
ut a moral perception of their error, it would
ɔn difficult to say. The curious thing is, that
bitual liars, in every other respect except their
story-telling, are generally excellent members
; *dutiful sons,* good husbands, spirited and

useful citizens, obliging neighbours, prime fellows; b at the same time, laughing-stocks to the world, fr an utter disregard to, or inability to speak the truth.-

The main provocative to the handling of this danger instrument, is unquestionably an overwhelming love the marvellous. This sentiment carries everything bef it—all considerations sink before that of telling a st abounding in wonderful adventure; hence every e tinguished shooter with the longbow, must be endo with considerable powers of imagination to aid in embellishment of stories which have the misfortune be deficient in interest, as the true version runs, or invent something worthy of narration where a basis veracity is altogether wanting.

One of the most expert handlers of the longbow wh we ever knew, or happened to be on intimate terms w was a gentleman, who, from his ability in story-telli might have outshone Baron Munchausen himself, l he chosen to write and publish his manifold and wondr adventures. Smithers was the name of this faceti being—Jack Smithers; but he was usually and be known by the professional appellation of Captain Smith —a title he derived from having, for a few weeks, ser as an ensign in a local militia corps. Fortunately the development of the captain's latent talent, he spent a short time in India, to which country he gone in order to sell off and receive the produce of a property left him there by an uncle who died in Company's service. The proceeds of the bequeat property yielded him a decent little competency, which he lived comfortably—that is to say, like Capt Clutterbuck, he could enjoy a clean shirt and a gui twice a week—in his native village, on the banks of Clyde, till the day of his death. It is impossible to how our friend the captain should have got on with *the trip* to India. It was the great event in his l *There* was no end to the accounts of what he had s *there*, what he had done, what remarkable things *taken* place in the voyages to and fro. And w

oundwork was this for battles, fighting, hunting, ipwrecking, and a thousand incidental circum- erewith connected. We question if, without e, Jack would ever have attained to the high in his *art*, which he really did reach. Not ıventive powers were of so poor a stamp as any foreign assistance, either from land or all by and by shew that his own country was ıough subject for him; but his peregrinations an unknown land—unknown at least to his ıgers—to which he could at once retreat on ɛst appearance of emulation; and with this as they say in mechanics, he could speedily all rivalry. It is impossible to give any idea tification with which he was listened to, when, vith the exercise of his profession—he never ther thing but fib from morning till night, he word is applicable—he passed from story ach better than the other, and all delivered ıitable intonation of speech, which, though at ıed, had at last grown to be his natural mode

ıllect one day hearing a gentleman mention in s presence the fact recorded by Bruce regard- v-meat meals of the Abyssinians. 'Quite true, he captain; 'quite true, sir, I have no doubt. sir, is not so difficult to eat as you imagine. ught as you do, but I was accidentally cured sion to raw meat, sir, though I don't pretend t I like it as well as I do cooked meat *yet*. ll you how it happened, sir. When I was ɛd off the African coast'—a shipwreck of te imaginary—'I got off from the ship upon ', and was separated from the rest of the crew. ghts and two days I was tossed about on the nd in sight, and a confounded host of sharks *about me, whom* I had often to knock on *ith my stick, sir,* before I could drive them *y stick, by* the by, now in my hand, whic

I saved with me'—we knew the copse wh
it not a month before!—'Well, the wea
but you may be sure I was getting hu
when on the third night, sir, something stu
against my plank, as almost to shake m
who's there?" cried I. "Jack Smithers
was the reply; and who was this, do
our captain, who had been tossing about,
went to pieces, on a plank like myself. "
captain," said I; "any provisions with you
said he, "but a piece of raw pork, whic
the ship's ridiculous haste to go down g
pocket." Well, sir, we tied our planks
the captain produced his pork. I nev
pork boiled or roasted before that, sir; I
was that morsel, that from that day till th
always fond, sir, of raw pork!' Here th
duced the *very* knife which cut the f
to his adroit plan of giving an air of
stories, by some little natural touch of t
so was our hero cured of his unreasona
raw meat.

The captain had a way of catching sa
would be very difficult to imitate, and
not exactly recollect whether he himself
it more than once:—'I was once riding
a very dark and rainy night, and had to
hills, before reaching the side of the rive
to ford. I had often well-nigh lost my
hills, for I could not see a step before
I found myself at fault, I just leaped
and caught a sheep, when I knew at onc
on which of my neighbours' farms I was
see the road, but he saw the sheep-mark!
it was all in his eye—'so, sir, I found
to the side of the river, when to my s
it greatly swollen above its usual siz
resolved to be at home that night, so
take to the water, knowing him to be

ot got to the middle of the current, sir, when
d me off the horse's back, and was in a fair
carrying him down. So, sir, I took his bridle
eeth, struck boldly out with my arms, and after
arried down for nearly a mile, I brought the
d myself safely out. And what do you think,
n mounting again, I felt something give me
smart jerks on the side, and, on putting my
to my pocket, got a confounded fright by some-
ting my hand. It turned out to be a salmon,
twenty-pound salmon! Here is the mark of
, quite visible till this day!'
egin to fear lest our readers should think these
gross, open, and palpable,' that it is impossible
n ever have been uttered by any one out of
much less by a person moving in a decent place
y. So far, however, from being chargeable with
ping nature in our portraiture, we are actually
in the background some of Jack Smithers'
flights of invention, and presenting only such
nes as distinguished his everyday talk. If such
fears respecting the stories already told, how
expect the reader to believe that what follows
l from human lips—even though we solemnly
ourselves to have been an ear-witness? Talking
to Jack of diseases, 'My good sir,' said he, 'that
ng to what happened to myself when I was in
I was attacked, sir, with an extraordinary disease
ountry, which first seized on my toes, then pro-
to my knees, and from them to my stomach,
me a great deal of pain. From the stomach
to my eyes, and injured them so much as to
hem from their sockets; so that, one day as
ting in my hotel, you may conceive my astonish-
seeing them fall out and drop at my feet! The
have *told me since*, sir, that it was fortunate
icked them up immediately, and put them in
e I might have lost them altogether!' Had
us this at an earlier period of our acquaintanc

we don't know what we should have said; but we had grown familiar by this time with his way, and only said, very gravely: 'It was fortunate, too, that you put them into their right places, Jack, or you might have contracted a squint! But, captain, how did you see to pick them up?' 'Oh! groped, sir, groped!' returned he coolly.

The captain adopted the ingenious but now hackneyed mode of bringing in his customary stories, when nobody was thinking of them, as—'Hark! did you hear a gun? Talking of guns, I am put in remembrance of a story which will make you laugh'—and so on he went. By an expedient of this nature, he one day introduced a most extraordinary instance of the repulsive power of caloric. 'You talk of nature,' said he; 'nobody knows what wonderful powers there are in nature but those who have travelled in distant countries. You must know,' he continued, 'when I was in India, I went upon an expedition up the country, travelling on the back of an elephant, with many others in company. One of the finest sights I saw on the journey was a burning mountain, a regular volcano, in complete action—torrents of burning lava pouring down its sides like a flaming river. We thought we had been safe from the fire, but all at once the lava made a rush towards us. To flee was impossible—the elephants took to flight, and rushed into the midst of the burning torrent. We thought we should have been all consumed in an instant; but, wonderful to tell, such was the intensity of the heat, or, to speak scientifically, such the repulsive energy of the caloric, that it absolutely bore up the whole squad of elephants,—away they went roaring across the red-hot lava, borne up about a foot above its surface by a pure atmosphere of heat! The thing was perfectly surprising. The doctor belonging to the company was so much struck with it, as a curious scientific fact, that, on returning to Calcutta, he wrote an account of it to the Philosophical *Society*. You may see it in the fourteenth volume of *their Transactions*.'

This imaginative drollery of Smithers is matched in

ositiveness by certain stories told by a character who ures in a modern novel called the *Naval Officer*, and o also is entitled the captain:—'Talking of broiling ks,' so goes the quotation, 'when I was in Egypt, used to broil our beef-steaks on the rocks—no occasion fire—thermometer at 200 degrees—hot as a furnace! ave seen four thousand men at a time cooking for whole army as much as twenty or thirty thousand nds of steaks, all hissing and frying at a time—just ut noon of course, you know—not a spark of fire! ne of the soldiers who were brought up as glass-ers at Leith, declared they never saw such heat. sed to go to leeward of them for a whiff, and think)ld England. Ay! that's the country after all, where an may think and say what he pleases. But that of work did not last long, as you may suppose; their s were all fried out in three or four weeks! I had n ill in my bed, for I was attached to the 72d Regiment, nteen hundred strong. I had a party of seamen n me; but the ophthalmia made such ravages, that whole regiment, colonel and all, went stone-blind—except one corporal. You may stare, gentlemen, it's very true. Well, this corporal had a precious e of it; he was obliged to lead out the whole regiment water; he led the way, and two or three took hold he skirts of his jacket on each side; the skirts of e were seized again by as many more; and double number to the last, and so all held on by one another, they all had a drink at the well; and, most unfortu-ly, there was but one well among us all—so this oral used to water the regiment just as a groom ers his horses; and all spreading out, you know, like the tail of a peacock.'—'Of which the corporal the rump!' interrupted the doctor. The captain ted grave. 'You found it warm in that country?' arm!' exclaimed the captain; 'what do you think ineteen *of my men being* killed by the concentrated *of light falling on the* sentinels' bright muskets, *etting fire to the* powder! I commanded a mortar

battery at Acre, and I did the French desp
with the shells. I used to pitch in amor
they had sat down to dinner. But how
the scoundrels weathered me at last?
a parcel of poodle-dogs to watch the she
fell, and then to run and pull the fusees
teeth! Did you ever hear of such villa
means they saved hundreds of men, and
a dozen of dogs.' . . . . 'Capital salm
the captain; 'where does the billet get
the by, talking of that, did you ever hear
salmon in Scotland?' We all replied in t
'Oh, you don't take it. Hang it, I do
pickled salmon; I mean live pickled salm
about in tanks, as merry as grigs, and
rats.' We all expressed our astonishmen
declared we never heard of it before. '
said he, 'for it's only lately they have been
this country by a particular friend of mine.
I cannot now remember his horrid jaw-br
name; he was a great chemist and geo
that sort of thing—a clever fellow, I can te
you may laugh. Well, this fellow, sir, t
the heels, and capsized her, as we say.
do, but he catches salmon, and puts the
and every day added more and more salt,
was as thick as gruel, and the fish cou
their tails in it. Then he threw in whol
half-a-dozen pounds at a time, till ther
Then he began to dilute with vinegar u
was complete. The fish did not half li
but habit is everything; and when he s
tank, they were swimming about as me
of dace; he fed them with fennel, chopp
black peppercorns. "Come, doctor," says
man upon tick; if I don't taste, I wont b
eyes, though I can believe my tongue."
each other.) "That you shall do in a m
so he whipped one of them out with a

hen I stuck my knife into him, the pickle ran out of is body like wine out of a claret bottle, and I ate at ast two pounds of the rascal while he flapped his tail i my face! I never tasted such salmon as that. Worth ur while to go to Scotland, if it's only for the sake eating live pickled salmon. I'll give you a letter, y of you, to my friend. He'll be glad to see you; d then you may convince yourselves. Take my word r it, if once you eat salmon that way, you will never t it any other.'

We have left ourselves little space for any serious marks on the subject of fibbing, but we believe that rcely any grave reflections will be necessary. The terly contemptible nature of the practice is too apparent require any exposition, and we hope that the seemingly ht manner in which we have talked of it will not ake our true purpose or sentiments be mistaken. If ere be any one unfortunate enough to have begun the actice of exaggeration, let him think of Jack Smithers, d stop in time; let him think of an amiable, generous an, for such the captain really was, made the scorn d laughing-stock of all who knew him, by a habit gun in youth, and continued until it became the one ling passion of his nature, and threw all his better alities into the shade.

DISCHARGING OF A SWISS LAKE.

the Swiss canton of Unterwalden, lies a lake called the ngern-see, about three miles long and a quarter broad, rt on all sides but one by steep and lofty mountains, hich seem to ascend in most places from the water's ge. At the end not bounded by mountains, the lake hemmed in by a ridge of land of considerable thickness, *led the Kaiserstuhl,* over which the superfluous waters precipitously, with a fall of more than 700 feet, to

the plain of Gieswyl, and there form the river Aa towards the end of the eighteenth century, th population began to outgrow its means of sup elders turned their eyes to the space engrosse lake, and, remembering how their neighbours o had, in times past, obtained a large extent of l the waters that covered it, bethought them h might be added to their little territory, if the b lake could be reduced to a smaller compass, by the barrier at its northern end. On the 16th of M 1788, the subject was discussed in a meetin community. They calculated that, since the gr of the lake was not more than 100 feet in conduit opened at a point 120 feet below its surf would reclaim above 500 acres of land. This a most valuable acquisition. The attempt was de upon, although as yet no one knew in what r could be executed; and one and all, after the fashion, bound themselves to its accomplishmen

Their next step was to seek the advice of versed in mining operations. At that time, l were at work in the Valley of Lauterbrunn; director of these, Herr Degeler, was brough survey and measure the site, and fix the plan undertaking. On examination of the groun commended that a shaft should be driven fro near the bed of the Aa, through the steepest fa Kaiserstuhl, slightly inclining upwards, until i the waters of the lake. He was questioned details and practicability of the event, with a m and forethought remarkable in simple herdsm cially respecting the damage which any sudd of the waters might cause to the plain below. ported favourably of the scheme, the cost of estimated at a sum much less than the value of *to be reclaimed*, and strongly advised the vil *attempt* the work. Thus encouraged, they *to settle* the contribution, in money or lab *rendered* by each inhabitant. Four miners

men were then hired, to direct in alternate gangs the
gress of the workmen; and they began to open the
ft in November 1790.

'or eight years the task was steadily pursued. The
at hardness of the limestone-rock made the advance
r and difficult; by this time, however, a gallery or
nel six feet high and five feet wide had been driven for
stance of 700 feet through the mass of the Kaiserstuhl
e towards the bed of the lake. Embarrassments of
rent kinds now stopped the furtherance of the project;
, for a short period, the military invasion of the
ntry directed attention to more important pursuits.
about thirty years the work stood still. At length,
831–2, the design was renewed in earnest, and money
anced by a wealthy individual towards its completion.
excavation of the tunnel was pushed forward until
autumn of 1834, at which time it was calculated to
e arrived within a short distance from the basin.
herefore became necessary to proceed with greater
tion, lest the water, rushing through some fault in
rock, should overwhelm the miners; and the boring-
was employed to examine the ground before them,
he following manner: a horizontal hole of eighteen
wenty feet long, was driven in the direction of the
, and, finding no water, the blasting was resumed;
e being taken to leave a thickness of twelve feet
ouched, until the process of boring had been again
ployed. As they advanced further, the trial was made
piercing upwards for twelve feet, after which the re-
ining half of the distance, left in a horizontal direction,
e excavated. In this manner, alternately piercing
blasting, the miners continued their toil, which every
became more difficult. The want of pure air, the
burst of crevice-water, and the excessive hardness
the rock, alternately impeded their progress. On
1st April 1835, the shaft having then been extended,
der *the engineer Sulzberger's* direction, seventy-two
the trial with the boring-rod discovered friable
; and when the iron was struck, an unusually

clear vibration followed. As the water was k
to be near, the necessary precautions were ado
and, on the 14th, a rod twelve feet long was drive
the basin. At first, half-fluid clay only flowed th
the aperture; a few moments afterwards, clear
rushed out with such force, owing to the superincu
pressure, that it burst through every crevice of the s
shield, in jets thirty feet long. When it became k
in the village, that the long-expected event had at l
taken place, without accident to the miners, for
safety great anxiety had been felt, the delight o
people was boundless.

The next chief step was to excavate a hollow up
from the termination of the tunnel, and into this ch
was placed a barrel containing a bag with 950 pou
gunpowder. The barrel was raised as high as p
by rough building, and from it a tube, containing
powder, was led into the tunnel, where it might be i
by a match. It was calculated that the springing o
mine would effectually open a channel for the wa
the lake.

On the day following the completion of these oper
January 6, 1836, the villagers were assembled at ar
hour, in breathless expectation of the event. The int
of their interest in the fate of an enterprise p
for nearly fifty years, and so important to their h
fortunes, may be readily conceived. Before the
was ordered to be sprung, Sulzberger, accompan
many of his scientific friends, once more visited the
from which all the rubbish and loose timber had
already removed; and was encouraged by the dist
that the fusee remained dry, even on its under side
concerted signal was now given, by mortars fired
the Kaiserstuhl, to the dwellers in the plain below
warning to be prepared for the coming of the
A cannon, on the Landenburg over Sarnen, took
signal, and continued the alarm through Obwald
far as the Lake of the Four Cantons.

The spectators having crowded to the heigh

ed the northern end of the lake, now covered
, a resolute miner, Andreas Spire, of Lugnitz,
risons, carried the match into the shaft, and,
ff the end of the fusee, which he then covered
e powder, attached to it the match, calculated
for fifteen minutes, so as to allow time for his
As soon as it was kindled, he hastened along
ry, accompanied by a companion who carried
rn. On his reappearance at the mouth of the
pistol-shot announced his return to the anxious
).

citement had now reached its highest point; in
utes all was to be decided. They passed, and
as heard; at the eleventh, when all had begun
r of success, two dull reports, immediately suc-
ach other, were heard from beneath; but the
not perceived to tremble, nor was any change
in the frozen surface of the lake. For a moment,
ernation was universal. No one doubted that
sion had failed. At once a rejoicing shout from
nounced its success. Old and young rushed
usly down to the mouth of the shaft, from which
rrent of mud, driving before it a cloud of smoke,
h with raging violence.

iumphant issue of a bold enterprise was in itself
citing; but it was still more moving and beautiful
s the emotion of the simple-minded peasants,
raised to the summit of happiness. They con-
l each other with looks and gestures—their
ere too full for words. They remained until
azing at the wild outbreak of the waters. The
e day was devoted to feasting and exultation;
hich the heartfelt gratitude expressed by the
to Sulzberger, and the others who had shared
r of the preceding days, was absolutely affecting.
g the tunnel the day after, the joyful spectators
scene already changed. From the mouth of
he stream now flowed, as clear as crystal, down
d bed of the Aa, towards the plain of Giesswyl.

The rocks on every side were covered
fantastic and beautiful frost-work, formed
mist arising from the spray of the torr
had already fallen three feet; and the pl
was once more, after an interval of 100
with water. The sluices at the tunnel
therefore reduced from twelve to seven
of aperture, and the discharge became
By the 15th of January, the surface of
sunk fourteen feet, and a considerable
left bare.

By the 25th of February, the lake ha
level of the tunnel's mouth; and the
appeared—a large space of black mud, c
trunks of float-timber, and visited by sw
feeding on the insects and worms on its
years must yet elapse before the grou
valuable for agricultural purposes; the gr
sisting of unfruitful sand and clay. The
however, already begun to cultivate it h
and some promising crops of potatoes mi
seen last June in places formerly many
surface of the lake.

The entire expense of the work, from its
in 1790 to the present year, amounted in m
to 51,826 francs (Swiss), or about L.5000 s
voluntary labour, not reckoned in this
days-work—an immense expenditure to
small and poor community. It is to be
will be repaid by the produce of such
praiseworthy exertions.

The above is an abridgment of an a
Edinburgh Magazine for May 1837, the d
the writer mentions, are from a work publ
in Switzerland.

PAUL CUFFEE.

It is with much pleasure that we introduce to our readers a sketch of the history of Paul Cuffee, a negro not unworthy to be classed with Jenkins, Lott Cary, and Phillis Wheatley, all persons of colour remarkable for their intellectual acquirements. In the present sketch, it is not our intention to represent the black as possessed of a native equality of intellect with the white, and that education and other circumstances operate all the difference which is observable between them. This is a proposition, we believe, of too ambitious and extreme a character to be sustained, however pleasing it may be to the philanthropist. A much more moderate proposition seems to be the one which approaches nearest to the truth; and this is, that while, in the mass, the coloured races are far behind the whites, such examples of intellect and virtue as are seen in Cary and Jenkins, prove that there is no absolute difference in specific character between the black and white races, and lead us to hope that the former, by cultivation through successive generations, may reach the same point to which the latter have attained. This slow mode of advance, generation after generation, is shewn, indeed, by the history of civilisation among the white races, to be the universal law of social progress. Ages have been required to make the white race what it now is, and the improvement of the African mind must in like manner be the work of ages, and of ages, too, judiciously employed.

With this explanation of our views, we turn to Paul Cuffee, who presents us with an example of great energy of mind in the more common affairs of life, as Cary and Wheatley exhibited the finer and higher degrees of *intellectual endowment.* The father of Paul was a native of *Africa, from which country* he was brought as a slave to *Boston, in North America.* Here he remained in

slavery for a considerable portion of his
by industry and economy, he amassed
enabled him to purchase his personal liber
same period, he married a woman of India
continuing his habits of industry and fru
found himself rich enough to purchase a far
acres at Westport, in Massachusetts. H
ten children was born to him, four sons an
all of whom received a little education, and
established in respectable situations in
fourth son, was born in the year 1759.
about fourteen years of age, his father died
siderable property in land, but which, bei
comparatively unproductive, afforded onl
rate provision for the large family which
for subsistence. After assisting his brot
in the management of this property, Pau
that commerce then held out higher prosp
than agriculture; and being conscious, p
possessed qualities which, under proper
enable him to pursue commercial emp
success, he resolved to betake himself
whaling-voyage was his first adventure in
a mariner, and on his return from this, he
the West Indies, acting on both occasions
man at the mast.' His third voyage occu
1776, at which period Britain was at war
Paul and his companions were taken pr
British, and detained for about three m
York. On being liberated, Paul returne
where he resided for several succeeding
his brothers in their agricultural pursuits.

We have now to mention a circumstanc
able to Paul Cuffee. The free negro
Massachusetts was at that period exc
participation in the rights of citizenship,
a full share of every state burden. Paul
twenty years of age, felt deeply the injur
self and his race, and resolved to make

for them the rights which were their due. Assisted by his brothers, he drew up and presented a respectful petition on the subject to the state legislature. In spite of the prejudices of the times, the propriety and justice of the petition was perceived by a majority of the legislative body, and an act was passed, granting to the free negroes all the privileges of white citizens. This enactment was not only important as far as regarded the state of Massachusetts; the example was followed, at different periods, by others of the united provinces, and thus did the exertions of Paul Cuffee and his brothers influence permanently the welfare of the whole coloured population of North America.

After accomplishing this great work, our hero's enterprising spirit directed itself to objects of a more personal character. In his twentieth year, he laid before his brother David a plan for opening a commercial intercourse with the state of Connecticut. His brother was pleased with the scheme; an open boat, which was all that their means could accomplish, was built, and the adventurers proceeded to sea. Here David Cuffee found himself for the first time exposed to the perils of the ocean, and the hazard of the predatory warfare which was carried on by the private refugees on the coast. His courage sank ere he had proceeded many leagues, and he resolved to return. This was a bitter disappointment to the intrepid Paul, but he was affectionate, and gave up the enterprise at his elder brother's desire. After labouring diligently for some time afterwards in the fields, at the family farm, Paul collected sufficient means to try the scheme again on his own account. He went to sea, and lost all the little treasure which by the sweat of his brow he had gathered. Not discouraged by this misfortune, he returned to his farm-labours only to revolve his plans anew. As he could not now purchase what he wanted, he set to work, and with his own hands constructed a boat, complete *from keel to gunwale*. This vessel was without a deck, *but his whaling* experience had made him an adept *the management of* such a bark. Having launched it

into the ocean, he steered for the Elizabeth Isles, with the view of consulting one of his brothers, who resided there, upon his future plans. Alas, poor Paul!—he was met by a party of pirates, who deprived him of his boat and all its contents. He returned once more to Westport in a penniless condition.

Ardent, indeed, must the spirit have been which such repeated calamities did not shake. Again did our young adventurer prevail on his brother David to assist him in building a boat. This being accomplished, the respectability of Paul Cuffee's character, and his reputation for unflinching energy, procured him sufficient credit to enable him to purchase a small cargo. With this he went to sea, and after a narrow escape from the refugee pirates, disposed of his cargo at the island of Nantucket, and returned to Westport in safety. A second voyage to the same quarter was less fortunate: he fell into the hands of the pirates, who deprived him of everything but his boat. Paul's inflexible firmness of mind did not yet desert him; he undertook another voyage in his open boat, with a small cargo, and was successful in reaching Nantucket. He there disposed of his goods to advantage, and returned in safety to Westport.

Hitherto we have not alluded to the condition of Paul Cuffee, as far as regarded mental culture. In truth, up almost to manhood, he can scarcely be said to have received any education whatever, beyond the acquirement of the English alphabet. Ere he was twenty-five years of age, however, he had obviated this disadvantage by his assiduity, and had taught himself writing and arithmetic. He had also applied to the study of navigation, and had mastered it so far as to render himself capable of engaging in nautical and commercial undertakings to any extent.

The profits of the voyage already alluded to, put Paul in possession of a covered boat, of about twelve tons *burden*, with which he made many voyages to the Connecticut coasts. In these he was so successful, that he *thought* himself justified in undertaking the cares of a *family*, and married a female descendant of the w

dians to which his mother belonged. For some
· this event, he attended chiefly to agricultural
ɔut the increase of his family induced him to
new in commercial plans. He arranged his
a new expedition, and hired a small house on
river, to which he removed with his wife and
Here, with a boat of eighteen tons, he engaged
l-fishing, and was so successful, that he was
a short time to build a vessel of forty-two tons,
navigated with the assistance of his nephews,
whom had devoted themselves to the sea-

ffee was now the most influential person in a
shing community, which depended chiefly on
-ise and voyages for employment and support.
ly he interested himself in the welfare of those
n, may be estimated from the following circum-
laving felt in his own person the want of a
ıcation, he called the inhabitants of his village
ng, and proposed to them the establishment of
Finding some disputes and delays to start up
·, Paul took the matter into his own hands, built
ɔuse on his own ground at his own expense, and
ɔen to the public. This enlightened and philan-
nduct on the part of a coloured person, the
f a slave, may serve as a lesson to rulers and
of far higher pretensions. Though the range
ıence was limited, the intention of the act was
neritorious than if it had extended over an

ıis time, Paul proceeded on a whaling-voyage
rait of Belleisle, where he found four other
ıch better equipped than his own. For this
ɜ masters of these vessels withdrew from the
practice on such occasions, and refused to mate
's crew, which consisted of only ten hands.
eement was afterwards made up, but it had the
using the ardour of Cuffee and his men to such
out of seven whales killed in that season, two

fell by Paul's own hands, and four by those
Returning home heavily freighted with oil
hero then went to Philadelphia to dispose of
with the proceeds purchased materials fo
schooner of sixty or seventy tons. In 1795,
about thirty-six years of age, Paul had
of seeing his new vessel launched at We
Ranger was the name given to the schoon
of sixty-nine tons burden. By selling his tw
Paul was enabled to put a cargo worth 20
board of the *Ranger;* and having heard that a
corn might be procured at a low rate on the
of Maryland, he accordingly directed his c
It may give the reader some idea of the l
in which the African race were held, and
required to rise above the crushing weight
when we inform the reader, that, on the ar
at Vienna, in Nanticoke Bay, the inhabitant
with astonishment and even alarm; a vess
commanded by a black man, and manned w
the same colour, was unprecedented and sur
fear of a revolt on the part of their slave
among the inhabitants of Vienna, and an
made to prevent Paul from entering the h
prudence and firmness of the negro captain
difficulty, and converted dislike into kindnes
He sold his cargo, received in lieu of it 30
Indian corn, which he conveyed to Westp
was in great demand, and yielded our hero
of 1000 dollars. He made many subsequer
the same quarter, and always with similar s

Paul Cuffee was now one of the wealthi
respectable men of the district in which
all his relations partook of his good fortu
purchased some valuable landed property,
bourhood where his family had been bro
placed it under the care of one of his broth
a brig, likewise, of 162 tons, which was
command of a nephew. As may be supp

ıtime fitted himself, also, with a vessel suited to
ssing means. In 1806, the brig *Traveller*, of
, and the ship *Alpha*, of 268 tons, were built at
t, and of these he was the principal owner. He
led the *Alpha* himself, and the others also were
in the extensive business which he carried on at
t.

ɔheme of forming colonies of free blacks, from
and other quarters, on the coast of their native
xcited the deepest interest in Paul Cuffee, whose
d always grieved for the degraded state of his
nxious to contribute to the success of this great
he resolved to visit in person the African coast,
ıfy himself respecting the state of the country,
r points. This he accomplished in 1811, in the
veller, with which he reached Sierra Leone after
ɔnths' passage. While he was there, the British
Institution, hearing of his benevolent designs,
'or and obtained a licence, which induced Paul to
Britain with a cargo of African produce. He
ıephew, however, behind him at Sierra Leone, to
e his disinterested views, and brought away a
outh, in order to educate him, and render him
ucate others, on being restored to the place of

.

riving at Liverpool with his brig, navigated by
ɪn of colour and a boy, Paul Cuffee soon gained
em of all with whom he held intercourse. He
ɔndon twice, the second visit being made at the
of the members of the African Institution, who
ɪirous of consulting with him as to the best means
ng their benevolent views respecting Africa into
This excellent and enterprising man shortly after
l to America, to pass the remainder of his days
ɔsom of his family, and to do good to all around
ɪh the ample means which his industry had ac-

Whether he is yet alive, it is not in our power
is family, at least, we know, are still engaged in
eroial pursuits in which he led the way.

The following description is appended to a notice of him which appeared in the *Liverpool Mercury* at the time of his visit to Britain, and to which we have been indebted for the materials of the present article:—'A sound understanding, united with indomitable energy and perseverance, are the prominent features of Paul Cuffee's character. Born under peculiar disadvantages, deprived of the benefits of early education, and his meridian spent in toil and vicissitudes, he has struggled under disadvantages which have seldom occurred in the career of any individual. Yet under the pressure of these difficulties, he seems to have fostered dispositions of mind which qualify him for any station of life to which he may be introduced. His person is tall, well formed, and athletic; his deportment conciliating, yet dignified and serious; his prudence, strengthened by parental care and example, no doubt guarded him in his youth, when exposed to the dissolute company which unavoidably attends a seafaring life; whilst religion, influencing his mind by its secret guidance in silent reflection, has, in advancing manhood, added to the brightness of his character, and instituted or confirmed his disposition to practical good. Latterly, he made application, and was received into membership with the respectable Society of Friends.'

STORY OF THE SLOOP PEGGY.

On the 27th of August 1765, the sloop *Peggy* sailed from New York, bound for Fayal, one of the Azore islands in the Atlantic Ocean. The crew consisted of David Harrison, commander, a mate, and five seamen; and the cargo was composed of lumber, pipe-staves, bees-wax, fish, and a negro slave. The vessel arrived in safety at the place of its destination; and on the 24th of the following October departed, on its return for New York, with

o of wine, brandy, and some other commodities; also negro, who remained unsold. For four or five days their departure from Fayal, the master and crew of *Peggy* experienced fine weather and pleasant gales, they expected to make a more than usually quick age homeward; but all hope of this kind soon ed to be fallacious. A dreadful storm began to ; the greater part of the sails were carried away he hurricane, and in this dismantled condition the el could make very little headway. To aggravate calamity, the vessel shewed symptoms of having ng a leak, and the water in the hold had to be ved by pumping.

or an entire month, until the 1st of December, the of the *Peggy* did their best to keep the vessel on its se; but at the end of that time they had made little ress; and now a new and still more dreadful calamity ented itself. The time already spent on the voyage consumed the stock of provisions on board, excepting d and water, of which a small quantity only was left. cargo of wine and brandy also remained, but these d be of little benefit, from the want of substantial on board. In this distressing state of affairs, they e to a daily allowance of a quarter of a pound of d, with a quart of water and a pint of wine, for each . Every day from the 1st of December, their con- n grew worse. The ship was now become very y, the waves were swelled into huge rough billows by storm, and the thunder rolled almost incessantly over r heads, in those loud peals which are common to icanes within the tropics. In this frightful conjunc- , either of sinking with the wreck or floating on it they perished of hunger, they fell in with two vessels, to their unspeakable distress, the weather was so bad there could be no communication between the ships; , therefore, with sensations probably more bitter than h itself, *saw the vessels* that would willingly have *ved them gradually* disappear on the distant and *stuous horizon.*

It was now thought necessary that the allowa
bread and water to each man, however scanty, sho
further contracted. All consented to a regulati
which all saw the necessity, and the allowance
lessened by degrees till every morsel of food w
hausted, and only about two gallons of dirty
remained in the bottom of a cask. Both from resp
the captain, and from his being in a state of severe i
the dregs of the water were abandoned to him
cabin, where he lay in a species of rheumatic fever.
remainder of the persons on board, seven in n
including the negro, had now no other means of
nance than the wine and brandy in the hold. Thes
consequently seized upon, and in their desperation
of both till the frenzy of hunger was increas
drunkenness, and exclamations of distress were bl
with impious howls and imprecations. In the mi
these horrors, this complication of want and exc
distraction and despair, they espied another sail.
eye was instantly turned towards it, and imm
fixed upon it; every one broke out into ecstasies
and devotion. Devotion among such people, and i
circumstances, naturally deviated into superstition;
of the company observed that it was Christmas-da
seemed to think that the season had an influence o
approaching deliverance, and was appropriated to
temporal as well as spiritual salvation. A proper
of distress was hung out, and about eleven o'clock
forenoon, they had the unspeakable satisfaction of
near enough to the ship to communicate their sit
The captain of the strange ship promised them such
as was in his power, which he said extended only to
bread, being himself contracted in every other s
This bread, however, he delayed with the most unp
ing insensibility to bestow, upon pretence that h
making an observation which it was necessary to f
the poor famished wretches, therefore, waited an
the most anxious suspense, yet in perfect confi
supply; and Captain Harrison being quite exha

nger, fatigue, and infirmity, finding his eyes fail him, d having a severe rheumatism in his knees, wont down rest himself in the cabin. He expected every moment hear that the promised biscuit was coming on board; t he had not waited a quarter of an hour before his ople came running down with looks of unutterable spair, and told him, in accents scarcely intelligible, at the vessel was making away as fast as she could, thout affording them even the little relief she had omised. At this terrible intelligence, the captain wled upon deck, and found it was true. The wretch o commanded the vessel, had even crowded more sail an he had spread before, and in less than five hours s out of sight.

As long as the poor creatures whom he had deserted distraction and famine could retain the least trace of n, they hung about the shrouds, and ran from one part the ship to the other, with frantic gestures and ghastly oks, to collect more visible signs of distress; they rced the air with their cries while they could yet be ard, and implored assistance with still louder lamenta- ns, as the distance between them increased; but the ssel, under the direction of inexorable inhumanity, rsued its course, and no further notice was taken of eir distress.

The crew, once more deserted, and cut off from their st hope, were still prompted, by an instinctive love of e, to preserve it as long as its preservation was possible. e only living creature on board the vessel besides emselves, were two pigeons and a cat. The pigeons ere killed immediately, and divided among them for eir Christmas-dinner. The next day they killed their t; and as there were nine to partake of the repast, ey divided her into nine parts, of which they dis- ted by lot.

It would naturally be supposed by those who have ffered *only such distress* as is common to man, that *xiety, terror, anguish,* and indignation, all the passions t *upon such a desertion* could have contended in the

in his life.

The next day the people began to scrape t bottom for barnacles, but the waves had beaten of those above water, and the men were too weal long over the ship's side. During all this time wretches were drunk, and a sense of their seemed to evaporate in execration and bl While they were continually heating wine in the the captain subsisted upon the dirty water at th of the cask, half a pint of which, with a few Turlington's balsam, was his whole subsistence and-twenty hours. In this condition he waited f the approach of which, he says, he could have plated without much emotion, if it had not bee difficulties in which he should have left his children.

He still flattered himself, at intervals, wi random hope that another vessel might come wit of them, and take them on board; but the tim for the experiment was apparently short, as wel they had nothing to eat, as because the ship leaky, and the men were too feeble, and, in

ster, and was wholly at the mercy of the winds and
ves.

How they subsisted from this time till the 13th of
nuary, sixteen days, does not appear. Their biscuit
d been long exhausted; the last bit of meat which they
ted was their cat, on the 26th of December; all their
ndle-fat and oil were devoured before the 28th; and
y could procure no barnacles from the ship's side; yet,
the 13th of January, they were all alive; and the mate,
the head of the people, came in the evening to the
ptain in his cabin, half drunk, indeed, but with sufficient
sibility to express the horror of their purpose in their
untenances. They said they could hold out no longer;
t their tobacco was exhausted; that they had eaten up
the leather belonging to the pump, and even the
ttons from their jackets; and that now they had no
ans of preventing their perishing together, but casting
s which of them should die for the sustenance of the
t; they therefore hoped he would concur in the
asure, and desired he would favour them with his
ermination immediately.

The captain, perceiving they were in liquor, endeavoured
soothe them from their purpose as well as he could;
ired they would endeavour to get some sleep; and
l, that if Providence did not interpose in their favour,
would consult further on the subject the next morning.
This mild attempt to divert them from their design
y rendered them outrageous; and they swore, with
erations of peculiar horror, that what was to be done,
st be done immediately; that it was indifferent to
m whether he acquiesced or dissented; and that,
ugh they had paid him the compliment of acquainting
n with their resolution, they would compel him to take
chance with the rest; for general misfortune, they
d, put an end to personal distinction.

The captain not being in a condition to resist, told
m *they must do as they pleased*, but that he would on
account give orders for the death of the person on
m the lot might fall, nor partake of so horrid a repast.

Upon this they left him abruptly, and we
steerage; but in a few minutes came back, a
that they had taken a chance for their live
the lot had fallen on the negro, who was
cargo.

The little time taken to cast the lot, and
manner of conducting the decision, gave t
strong suspicions that they had not dealt fa
victim. The poor fellow, however, knowing
been determined against him, and seeing one
loading a pistol to despatch him, ran to t
begging that he would endeavour to save hi
the captain could only regret his want of powe
him; and he saw him the next moment dragg
steerage, where he was almost immediately a
the head.

Having made a large fire, they began to
almost as soon as he was dead. One of the
whose name was James Campbell, being
impatient for food, tore the liver out of the
devoured it raw, notwithstanding the fire a
where it might have been dressed in a fe
They continued busy the principal part of the
their horrid feast, and did not retire till t
morning.

About eight o'clock the next day, the mate
captain, to ask his orders about pickling the b
the captain says, he considered as an instan
brutality, and was so much shocked at it, that
a pistol, and declared, in his turn, that he wou
mate after the negro, if he did not retire.
regretted that he did not make the same effort
poor fellow's life, that he did to prevent picklin
The best thing he could have done when he
was to give such orders as might make the foo
so dearly obtained, go as far as possible, that i
longer before they were again urged by the
necessity to commit another murder, and
body seems to be the best thing that co

done with that view. As the captain, however, would not give his advice, the crew took care of their provisions without it; and having all consulted together, they cut the body into small pieces, and pickled it, after throwing the head and fingers overboard, by common consent.

How the captain subsisted all this time, from the 25th of December till the 17th of January, does not appear; but as it is certain that total abstinence would have killed him in much less time, we must suppose the dirty water and drops kept him alive.

On the third day after the death of the negro, Campbell, the midshipman, who had devoured his liver raw, died raving mad. This the crew imputed to his impatient voracity; and as their hunger was now kept under, and they had still some food in store, they were more under the government of reason, and more impressed by the apprehension of danger yet nearer than that of perishing for want of food. Dreading, therefore, the consequence of eating Campbell's body, they, with reluctance, threw it overboard.

On the next day, the 17th of January, as they were preparing their dinner, by frying or boiling some of the body, they said of the captain: 'Well, though he would not consent to our having any meat, let us give him some;' and immediately one of them came into the cabin, and offered him a steak. This offer he rejected with resentment and menaces, which certainly it did not deserve; for they offered him nothing but what they thought necessity justified the acceptance of, as the only condition of life. If he had rejected the offer with grief and abhorrence, the passion would have suited the occasion. The food, he says, he held in horror; but he honestly confesses, that sickness had then taken away his desire to eat, and that, therefore, there was not much merit in his abstinence.

As the negro's carcass was husbanded with severe economy, *it lasted the crew*, now consisting of six persons, *from the 13th till the 26th* of January, when they were *again reduced to total* abstinence except their wine; this

they endured till the 29th, and then the mate came to the captain, at the head of the people, and tol that the negro's body having been totally consumed days, and no ship having appeared, it was now b necessary that they should cast lots a second tin was better to die separately, they said, than all a as some might possibly survive by the expedien proposed, till a ship might take them up. The c endeavoured again to reason them out of their pu but without success, and therefore, considering t they managed the lot without him, as they had before, he might not have fair play, he consen manage it himself; he therefore called them all in cabin where he was in bed, and having with grea culty raised himself up, he caused the lots to be in the same manner that the lottery-tickets were at Guildhall.

The lot fell upon one David Flat, a foremast-man shock of the decision was so great, that the whole co remained motionless and silent for a considerable and probably would have done so much longer, victim himself, who appeared perfectly resigned, h expressed himself to this effect: 'My dear friends, mates, and fellow-sufferers, all I have to beg of yo despatch me as soon as you did the negro, and to p to as little torture as possible.' Then turning t Doud, the man who shot the negro, 'It is my desire he, 'that you should shoot me.' Doud, with much tance, consented. The victim then begged a shor to prepare himself for death, to which his comp most willingly agreed. Flat was greatly respect the whole ship's company, and during this interva seemed inclined not to insist upon his life; yet find alternative but to perish with him, and having in measure lulled their sense of horror at the appro scene by a few draughts of wine, they prepared f execution, and a fire was kindled in the steerage, b their first meal as soon as their companion should their food.

Yet still, as the dreadful moment approached, their compunction increased, and friendship and humanity at length became stronger than hunger and death. They determined that Flat should live at least till eleven o'clock the next morning, hoping, as they said, that the divine goodness would in the meantime open some other source of relief; at the same time they begged the captain to read prayers, a task which, with the utmost effort of his collected strength, he was just able to perform.

As soon as prayers were over, he lay down ready to faint, and the company went immediately to their unfortunate friend Flat. The captain could hear them talk to him with great earnestness and affection, expressing their hope that God would interpose for his preservation, and assuring him, that though they never yet could catch, or even see a fish, yet they would put out all their hooks again, to try if any relief could be procured.

Poor Flat, however, could derive little comfort from the concern they expressed, and it is not improbable that their expressions of friendship and affection increased the agitation of his mind. Such, however, it was as he could not sustain, for, before midnight, he grew almost deaf, and by four o'clock in the morning was raving mad. His messmates, who discovered the alteration, debated whether it would not be an act of humanity to despatch him immediately, but the first resolution of sparing him till eleven prevailed.

About eight in the morning, as the captain was ruminating in his cabin on the fate of this unhappy wretch, who had but three hours to live, two of his people came hastily down with uncommon ardour in their looks, and seizing with his hands, fixed their eyes upon him without saying a syllable. The captain, who recollected that they had thrown Campbell's body overboard, notwithstanding their necessities, for fear of catching his madness, now apprehended that, fearing to eat Flat for the same reason, they were *come to sacrifice him* in his stead; he therefore *engaged himself by a* sudden effort, and snatching up *a pistol, stood upon his* defence. The poor men, guessing

his mistake, made shift to tell him that their b
was merely the effect of surprise and joy, that
discovered a sail, and that the sight had so overco
they were unable to speak.

They said that the sail appeared to be a larg
that it was to the leeward, and stood for them i
a direction as could be wished. The rest of
came down immediately afterwards, and confi
report of a sail, but said that she seemed to b
from them upon a contrary course.

The account of a vessel's being in sight of si
whatever course she steered, struck the captain
excessive and tumultuous joy, that he was v
expiring under it. As soon as he could speak, he
his people to make every possible signal of dist
ship, indeed, was a signal of the most striking
he was apprehensive the people at a distance m
clude there was nothing alive on board, and so st
without coming near it. His orders were obe
the utmost alacrity; and as he lay in his cabi
the inexpressible happiness of hearing them jum
deck, and crying out: 'She nears us! she near
is standing this way!'

The approach of the ship being more and m
fest every moment, their hope naturally increa
in the midst of this joy, they remembered their
nate shipmate Flat, and regretted that he coul
made sensible of his approaching deliverance
passions, however, were still characteristic, and
posed a can of joy to be taken immediately.
captain, with great prudence, strenuously opposed
length, though with some difficulty, convinced t
their deliverance in a great measure depended
regularity of that moment's behaviour.

All but the mate, therefore, gave up the ca
would have made them all very drunk before t
could come up with them, and he disappeared
the can of joy by himself.

After continuing to observe the progress of t

r some hours with all the tumult and agitation of mind
at such a suspense could not fail to produce, they had
s mortification to find the gale totally die away, so that
e vessel was becalmed at two miles distant; they did
t, however, suffer long by this accident, for in a few
nutes they saw the boat put out from the ship's stern,
d row towards them full manned, and with vigorous
patch. As they had been twice before confident of
liverance, and disappointed, and as they still considered
mselves tottering on the verge of eternity, the conflict
tween their hopes and fears during the approach of the
at, may easily be conceived by a reader of imagination.
At length, however, she came alongside; but the ap-
arance of the crew was so ghastly, that the men rested
on their oars, and with looks of inconceivable astonish-
nt, asked what they were. Being at length satisfied,
y came on board, and begged the people to use the
most expedition in quitting their wreck, lest they should
overtaken by a gale of wind, that would prevent their
tting back to their ship.

The captain being unable to stir, they lifted him out of
cabin, and let him down into the boat by ropes, and
people followed him, with poor Flat still raving, and
ey were just putting off, when one of them observed
at the mate was wanting; he was immediately called
, and the can of joy had just left him power to crawl to
e gunwale with a look of idiot astonishment, having, to
appearance, forgot everything that had happened.

Having with some difficulty got the poor drunken crea-
re on board, they rowed away, and in about an hour
ached the ship. She was the *Susannah* of London, in
e Virginia trade, commanded by Captain Thomas Evers,
d was returning from Virginia to London. The captain
ceived them with the greatest tenderness and humanity,
omised to lie by the wreck till the next morning, that
might, if possible, save some of Captain Harrison's
thes; the wind, however, blowing very hard before
ght, he was obliged to quit her, and she probably with
r cargo went to the bottom before morning.

The *Susannah*, proceeded on her voyage, and she was herself in a shattered condition, and so s provisions as to be obliged to reduce her people t allowance, she reached the Land's End about th March; from the Land's End she proceeded to the and Captain Harrison, a day or two afterwards, pr to London by land.

The mate, James Doud, who shot the negro, s Warner, a seaman, died during the passage; Ashley, Samuel Wentworth, and David Flat, that have been shot for food, arrived alive; Flat co mad during the voyage, and whether he aft recovered we are not told. When Captain H came on shore, he made the proper attestation facts related in this narrative upon oath, in order t his insurers. The whole is so authenticated, that i be folly to doubt of its truth; and we may look as one of the most affecting stories of the danger sea which have ever been given to the public.

ADMIRAL BYNG.

JOHN BYNG, born in 1704, was the fourth son of distinguished naval officer, who, in consequence services, rose from being a private gentleman in I the title of Viscount Torrington, which he transm his descendants. The subject of this memoir, e the navy at the age of thirteen, was promoted t various steps till he reached the high rank of ad the blue. In 1742, he was appointed and acte time as governor of Newfoundland; a few years l commanded a fleet in concert with the military m by which the rebellion was put down in Scotlan brilliant transaction is recorded as having graced but his whole career was that of a respectable o

Anson gave a strong testimonial to his merits,
ng him for an important service as one whose
art would never fail him.
e seven years' war with France broke out,
irst moves of that power against Britain was
powerful expedition to take possession of
The English ministry, headed at that time by
Newcastle, had intelligence of this design of
they prepared a fleet to sail to the island,
to saving it, as also to protect Gibraltar,
ommand of the enterprise to Admiral Byng.
et was prepared too late, and, when it was
was too weak for the purpose. Thirteen
e line and five frigates, all in very bad order,
e of several accompaniments required in such
n, formed the fleet intrusted to Byng, and by
ays, entirely chargeable to the ministry, he
bled to sail from St Helen's till the 6th of
being only four days before the French
despatched from Toulon an armament of
6,000 men, for the purpose of taking pos-
he island. It was of course impossible for
e Minorca. Excepting Fort St Philip, which
garrison, the island was taken possession
resistance, on the 18th of April, being only
after Byng had set sail.
d contrary winds made the voyage of the
t to Gibraltar twenty-eight days, by which
mary object of the expedition was defeated.
e of the ships, the want of proper means of
em, and the difficulty of getting proper
water, caused a further delay at Gibraltar,
asked for a small reinforcement from the
it was refused by the governor, General
which Fowke was afterwards tried by a court-
condemned. He then proceeded to Minorca,
rived within three miles of Fort St Philip,
paring to open a communication with the
rison, when the French fleet drew near,

consisting of twelve ships of the line and five
Next day, May 20, the two fleets approach
commenced action, but in a partial manner, and
great a distance to do each other much injury. One
vessel, the *Intrepid*, having its foremast shot away,
an impediment to some of the other vessels (inclu
admiral's) in closing, and before the difficulty w
come, the French withdrew, being already satisf
the damage they had done to the English vessel
English admiral took every necessary measur
as can be ascertained, for following and rende
action decisive; but the French vessels, being
better condition for sailing, rendered this
ineffectual.

On the ensuing day, the French fleet had disa
Admiral Byng might then have approached Fort S
and thrown succours into it; but, in a council
which he called, it was determined, without a di
voice, that it would be better to return in order t
Gibraltar, and leave the smaller fortress to the fa
seemed inevitable. In an account of the transac
to this period, which Byng despatched to the gov
at home, he declares that, in his present conditio
impossible for him to relieve Fort St Philip. He
the great inferiority of his ships to those of the
and that they had the further advantage of being
refit in Minorca. He expresses a hope, that h
find means of refitting in Gibraltar, and a deter
as soon as he should have done so, to seek th
again; but he concludes with an earnest call fo
forcement, especially as four additional ships we
to sail from Toulon to increase the force of the
Perhaps this line of conduct was not such as a m
daring character of Nelson would have assun
betrays a degree of calculation rather more
strictly honourable to the leader of a military
enterprise, seeing that, in such affairs, the m
measures are often attended with a success der
most prudent; if the unfortunate admiral th

; there is not the less certainty that it was for other
ons that he suffered.
ıe taking of Minorca had already occasioned a bitter
ng in England, which nothing, perhaps, but a decisive
ry over the French fleet, could have softened. In
› circumstances, the intelligence of such an action as
just described, could not fail to excite much disap-
ıment. The disposition to blame Byng was taken
ntage of by the ministry to cover their own fault,
h it was thought would otherwise cost them their
ıs. They had the meanness to publish a copy of his
r, garbled in such a manner as to suit their purpose,
ıg out all the passages which alluded to the inferiority
s force, the damage done to his fleet, his purpose in
; back to Gibraltar, and causing the whole to bear
ppearance of imbecility and obscurity in the highest
ee unfavourable to the writer. To such minutiæ did
descend in this paltry work, that, from the last
ınce, a single word was omitted in order to misre-
ınt the writer, being that here marked in italic—'I
naking the best of my way to *cover* Gibraltar,' &c.—
'hich, it will be observed, Byng was made to appear
ımply making a retreat, instead of pursuing a parti-
r line of policy, which he and his council of war had
ght the most advisable in the circumstances. They at
ame time sent out a new commander, the celebrated
'ke, to supersede him at Gibraltar, and order his
m. He had no sooner landed at Portsmouth, than he
placed under arrest, with a view to his being tried
ı court-martial. It may here be noted, that the
ic feeling against Byng was fomented by intelligence
ıe surrender of Fort St Philip, on the 27th of June,
' a gallant defence of two months, under circum-
ces involving great hardship and mortality to the
ison.
ddresses poured in from all parts of the country,
an*ding a vengeance* which the ministry were but too
g to inflict. The strongest and most dictatorial was
the city of London, to which the trembling cabinet

persuaded the king to pledge his royal word, th
would save no delinquent from justice. When a d
tion from the city waited on the Duke of Newcas
urge punishment, that nobleman, with an indelica
gross as to be now scarce credible, blurted out:
indeed he shall be tried immediately; he shall be h
directly!' The more to inflame the mob against hi
was conveyed under a strict guard to Greenwich
placed there under the charge of Admiral Towns
a dependent of the ministry, who treated him so h
that he complained, but complained in vain, t
Admiralty. His general behaviour, nevertheless
cheerfully firm and unconcerned. Having notice
trial, he summoned a variety of witnesses in his def
amongst the rest a captain of his fleet noted for spe
unfavourably of his conduct—a circumstance
certainly argues anything but a consciousness of
The trial took place at Portsmouth before thirteen ju
four of whom were admirals, and it lasted several
Notwithstanding the eagerness of the ministry to crim
him, no evidence of misconduct or cowardice wa
duced: his own witnesses, on the contrary, testifi
his perfect coolness in circumstances of personal da
On a candid review of the whole trial, an impartial
of the present day could only say, that the delin
cies charged against the admiral were rather m
of opinion than positive acts: some men might
ventured more, both in throwing succours into Fo
Philip, and in seeking out the enemy's fleet; but th
such a course might, by extraordinary good-fortune,
had a serviceable result, it appears infinitely more l
that it would have led to the loss of the fleet. The
while apparently sensible of all this, were yet unal
give a verdict of acquittal. They seem to have atten
to steer a middle course between justice and the des
satisfying popular clamour. Byng's case was fou
fall under a certain article of an act of parliament,
prescribes death to every person who, through co
ice, negligence, or disaffection, shall, in time of

withdraw, or keep back, or not come into fight, or shall not do his utmost to take or destroy every ship which it shall be his duty to engage; and they sentenced him to death accordingly. 'But,' so concluded the verdict, 'as it doth not appear to the court that it was either through cowardice or disaffection that he acted in the way he did, they do unanimously recommend him to mercy.' They further sent a letter to the Admiralty, enforcing their recommendation, and explaining their sentence as given under a rigid interpretation of a very strict act, while they faithfully believed that Admiral Byng had only been guilty of an error of judgment.

The ministry, however, had determined to make Byng their victim. An order was sent for the execution of the sentence on the 28th of February 1757. When the judges found that their recommendation was not listened to, some of them became very uneasy, and petitioned to be released by act of parliament from the obligations of their oaths, 'in order that they might be able to disclose something relative to the sentence, which greatly affected their consciences, and which it was necessary to disclose in order to do justice to Admiral Byng.' He was consequently respited for a fortnight, till the 14th of March, and a bill for this purpose was brought into the Commons, and passed, but was rejected in the House of Lords.

The fatal morning arrived, but was by no means met by the admiral with reluctance. The whole tenor of his behaviour had been cheerful, steady, dignified, sensible. While he felt like a victim, he acted like a hero. Indeed, he was the only man whom his enemies had had no power to bend to their purposes. He always received with indignation any proposal from his friends of making an escape; an advantage he scorned to lend to clamour. Of his fate he talked with indifference, and neither shunned to hear the requisite dispositions, nor affected parade in them. A few days before, one of his friends standing by him, said: 'Which of us is tallest?' He replied: 'Why this ceremony? I know what it means; let the man come and measure me for my coffin.' He said that,

being acquitted of cowardice, and being persuade coolest reflection that he had acted for the b should act so again, he was not unwilling to suffe the last fortnight he constantly declared, that h not suffer a handkerchief over his face, that it n seen whether he betrayed the least symptom and when the minute arrived, adhered to his He took an easy leave of his friends, detained the not a moment, went directly to the deck, and pla self in a chair with neither ceremony nor lightness of the more humane officers represented to him, face being uncovered, might throw reluctance executioners, and besought him to suffer a handl He replied with the same unconcern: 'If it will *them*, let it be done: they would not frighten *m* eyes were bound; they fired, and he fell at once.

Just before his execution, which took place a mouth, on board the *Monarque*, Byng gave the f paper to the marshal of the Court of Admiralty:-

'A few moments will now deliver me fr virulent persecutions, and frustrate the further of my enemies. Nor need I envy them a life to the sensations my injuries and the injustice must create, persuaded I am justice will be don reputation hereafter. The manner and cause o and keeping up the popular clamour and prejudice me will be seen through; I shall be considered (perceive myself) a victim destined to divert the tion and resentment of an injured and deluded from the proper objects. My enemies themselv now think me innocent. Happy for me, at this moment, that I know my own innocence, and am c that no part of my country's misfortunes can be me. I heartily wish the shedding my blood m tribute to the happiness and service of my count *cannot* resign my just claim to a faithful discharg *duty* according to the best of my judgment, *utmost* exertion of my ability for his majesty' *and my* country's service. I am sorry that my

were not attended with more success, and that the armament under my command proved too weak to succeed in an expedition of such moment.

'Truth has prevailed over calumny and falsehood, and justice has wiped off the ignominious stain of my supposed want of personal courage or disaffection. My heart acquits me of these crimes. But who can be presumptuously sure of his own judgment? If my crime is an error in judgment, or differing in opinion from my judges, and if yet the error in judgment should be on their side, God forgive them, as I do; and may the distress of their minds and uneasiness of their consciences, which in justice to me they have represented, be relieved and subside, as my resentment has done! The Supreme Judge sees all hearts and motives, and to him I must submit the justice of my cause.—J. Byng.'

Amongst the circumstances pointed out by Byng's friends in his favour, was the respectful opinion entertained of him by the national enemy. M. Voltaire interested himself much in behalf of the unfortunate admiral, and transmitted to him a letter which he had received from the Marshal Duc de Richelieu, containing the following passages:—'I am very sensibly concerned for Admiral Byng. I do assure you, whatever I have seen or heard of him does him honour. . . . . There is nothing against him but his being worsted. The strength of the two fleets was at least equal; the English had thirteen ships, and we twelve *much better equipped and much cleaner*. Fortune, that presides over all battles, and especially those fought at sea, was more favourable to us than our adversaries, by sending our balls into their ships with greater execution. I am persuaded, and it is the generally received opinion, that if the English had obstinately continued the engagement, their whole fleet would have been destroyed.' Voltaire afterwards introduced into his novel of *Candide* a bitter witticism respecting this murder of one of their officers by the English, which he said was *pour encourager les autres*—to encourage the rest.

PITTSBURG.

About 360 miles above Cincinnati, on the Ohio, the thriving small town of Wheeling, which is re the head of the regular navigation for vessels o burden, or steam-boats, it being only in certain conditions of the river that these vessels can ninety-five miles further to Pittsburg. Althoug burg is thus at a certain disadvantage in respect of conveyance for large craft, its situation otherwise, invaluable mineral resources, have given it a sup over all other towns in the great central va America, with the exception of Cincinnati an Orleans.

Pittsburg is the American Birmingham, and i engrossing a share of that well-known seat of the hardware trade. On this account, alone, its progr present state are worthy of being made well among our artificers. Pittsburg is situated on a ful but not extensive plain, on a point of land for the junction of two rivers called the Allegha Monongahela, which, on uniting, form the rive The site of the town was regarded by the Fren suitable point for one of the chain of military st between their possessions in Canada and Louis fort was accordingly erected by them, called F Quesne, around which a small town arose: but th falling into the hands of the British, the place was Pittsburg, in honour of Mr Pitt, who was afte Earl of Chatham. The fort has long since gone to and perhaps not a single vestige of it now remain the town, which was begun about the year 17(*gradually* increased in size and importance, parti *within* the last fifty-five years, and has now about *inhabitants*. The main cause of the rise and pr *Pittsburg* has been the abundant supply of c

ntry. The coal is excavated with the greatest
the smallest expense, from the sides of the
once wheeled in carriages to the town. Iron
brought in great abundance. The facility
arrying on the manufacture of iron goods of
therefore, almost unprecedented, and nothing
nd labour are required to produce 'hardware,
lle to an anchor,' in quantities sufficient for
f the whole civilised world. Every traveller
ttsburg as at once surpassingly smoky and
g, and a place quite the reverse in appear-
:innati, the 'Western Queen.' Mr Hoffman
of his approach to it on a fine summer
ailing up the Ohio:—'Our course lay for a
:s among islands that seemed to bloom in
verdure; and then, as we escaped from
cincture, the tall cliffs of the Monongahela,
y the numerous furnaces that smoke along
nd pierced in various points with deep coal-
ed their fires, frowned over the placid water.
nset, and the triangular city, with its steeples
ough a cloud of dense smoke, and its two
ned each by a noble bridge, lay before us.
[from the north-west], the calm and full tide
ngahela, flowing beneath rocky banks, some
elevation, was shaded by the impending
eflected the blaze of a dozen furnaces in its
. On the right, the golden tints of sunset
ver the clear pebbly wave of the Alleghany
rth-east], and freshened the white outline of
uilt nunnery, standing on a sudden elevation
he river. The dusky city lay in the midst,
springing from its centre, terminating the
1 rivers. Truly, the waters have here chosen
t for their meeting; and it was but natural
stream as the Ohio should spring from such

to *Mr Stuart*, who visited this part of
1830, Pittsburg contained 'steam flour-

mills, carding and spinning mills, iron mills, c breweries, brick-yards, air-furnaces, lead naileries, glass-making establishments, potte smitheries, tobacco-factories, tanneries, with ments of all the ordinary trades; but iro cutlery, and glass, are the most important ma Cottons and woollens, pottery and copper exported to a great extent.' In 1828, the an of the various manufactures was estimated a dollars. Since that period, it has in all been doubled or trebled, for the recent dema rails for railways, and also steam enginery, been very considerable. Although Pittsburg at the distance of 2000 miles from the the Mississippi at New Orleans, it is able to c export-trade by navigation to the most remote in the Old World. Mr Clay, a member of C one of his speeches some years ago, alluded as the shipping of Pittsburg:—'To illustrate the c habits and enterprise of the American people, relate an anecdote of a vessel, built and clea Pittsburg for Leghorn, in Italy. When she arri place of destination, the master presented his the custom-house officer at Leghorn, who would them, and said to the master: "Sir, your forged! there is no such place as Pittsburg in your vessel must be confiscated!" The trembli laid before the officer a map of the Unite directed him to the Gulf of Mexico—point mouth of the Mississippi—led him 1000 mile the mouth of the Ohio—and thence anothe Pittsburg. "There, sir, is the port whence cleared out!" The astonished officer, before map, would as soon have believed that this shi navigated from the moon.'

The inhabitants of Pittsburg are a mixtu *people* of various nations—Germans, French *Scotch,* Irish, and native American—and are *their* spirit of industry and economy. Th

nations into one composite mass has had a
ect in liberalising the minds of the people; a
oleration of differences of creed prevails, and
e pretends to arrogate any superior distinction
A pleasing trait of this harmony of feeling
ed by Mr Power, the late well-known dramatic
who visited Pittsburg in the course of a
l tour. 'Upon Grant's Hill,' says this gentle-
pur of one of the surrounding heights that
elf boldly into the heart of the delta on
town is built, I found a Gothic edifice almost
the magnitude and tasteful design of which
ne: I entered it, and perceived at once that it
e of Catholic worship. From a communicative
whom I perceived for some time eyeing me
able look, I learned that this was the cathedral;
is a pleasing memorial of the liberality of the
is town, having been raised by the voluntary
ns made among the numerous congregations of
It is a grateful task to record such evidences
ience of true Christian charity; they reconcile
's fellows, and serve to balance the barbarous
gotry and blindness which yet occasionally
ie age and degrade humanity. This edifice,
pleted, will be an attractive object, both from
nding site and the character of its architec-
t is of the florid Gothic, tastefully sustained
'

eighbourhood of Pittsburg, on a rising-ground
posite side of the Monongahela, is shewn the
the inglorious defeat of the British forces
d by General Braddock in 1755. The French
n Canada and the Vale of the Mississippi,
a series of years, in conjunction with tribes
made encroachments on the boundaries of the
provinces, government at length interfered to
odious petty war that was carried on against
sions. A body of provincials, among whom
Washington, at that time a young officer of

militia, along with a body of regular troops, we assault the French at Fort du Quesne. The co the expedition was given to General Braddo son totally unfitted for so difficult a duty, an been characterised as a 'presumptuous blockh England had sent to America to mend his ruine at the risk of the best blood in the country.' toilsome march, the British forces reached t hold of the French, who had taken the field i give battle to their antagonists. They had pos selves within the brink of certain gullies or ra way up an ascending series of hills, and here the in ambuscade for the premeditated attack. W advised Braddock by all means to take the flank, by making a detour to come in upon the least to push an advanced-guard forward to re but the advice was received with scorn by who declared that 'these were high times whe general was to take counsel from a Virginia This self-conceit was speedily punished. The being brought across the river in detachm pushed on up the face of the rising-grounds, instantly fired upon by their concealed foe woody ravines above them. The carnage wa Company after company was mowed down ceeded; and in the heat of the unequal str military coxcomb who was the cause of the d the day, was struck down while urging hi advance. Seven hundred men and forty offic the British ranks, and fifteen hundred were g from the frightful scene. The French force is said not to have been above five hund partly Indians, who at the conclusion of the fig in and scalped every Englishman who lay upon The military-chest of the English, containing *also fell* into the hands of the French. 'Braddock's defeat,' one of the most humiliati *which occur* in English history. The scene o *is now* cleared of timber, divided into sepa

sares, and in a course of cultivation by the plough; he stump of the tree against which Braddock leaned eing struck, still remains, and is pointed out to the ring traveller. Mr Hoffman having visited the spot, speaks of circumstances connected with its history: is but a few years since the wood was cut from the ide, and traces of the conflict are still occasionally vered in the grove along the margin of the river r. I was told, too, that bones and bullets, with d knives, hatchets, and bayonets, were sometimes yet turned up by the plough, on the spot where the was hottest. The central enclosure was cleared t seventeen years since. It was heavily trenched at ime; and they tell in the neighbourhood that the of the saws in the mills adjacent were continually en upon balls imbedded in the ancient trees. Quan- of human bones and rust-eaten weapons are said to been found beneath the surface of the soil when the h first invaded this memorable wood.'

CAPES OF CHARLES THE SECOND.

ER the death of Charles I. on the scaffold, his eldest afterwards the second British sovereign of the name, e, it is well known, a gallant attempt to overturn party which had hurled his father from the throne. battle of Worcester, however, fought on the 3d of ember 1651, determined this second struggle also avour of Cromwell and the Republicans. In this lict Charles had only 12,000 men, chiefly Scots, to se to 30,000 of the enemy; but in spite of this arity of numbers, as well as of the experienced ership of Cromwell, the prince, then only twenty-two of age, was not defeated without a most obstinate t. Whatever he might be afterwards as a king,

he certainly shewed on this occasion a spirit worthy of a prince who staked his life for the acquisition of a crown. Even when all hope of success was over, and when his troops were flying through the streets of Worcester, he made an ardent attempt to rally them; and finding his exhortations fruitless, he cried: 'Then shoot me dead, rather than let me live to see the sad consequences of this day!' It was almost by force that his friends could prevail upon him to retreat from the town before the conquering enemy.

What became of him afterwards, remained long a mystery. And almost miraculous it was that it should have been so, for Cromwell, whose eagle eye already saw a crown in the distance, hunted like a blood-hound for the unfortunate prince who stood between him and his object. A reward of L.1000 was offered for Charles's person, and the severest penalties of treason denounced against all who should afford him shelter. Parties of foot and horse scoured incessantly the counties adjacent to the scene of the late fight, and the strictest watch was kept on the coasts and ports around. Yet no trace of the flight, or clew to the retreat of the king (Charles had been crowned king of Scotland), could be discovered, though the fate of almost every other individual of note in the Royalist party had been ascertained. The pursuit of the king was rendered for many weeks more close by its being known that he was undoubtedly not out of England.

It was not without many hairbreadth escapes, and many striking exhibitions of loyalty on the part of various individuals, that Charles was preserved from his enemies. The side of the town of Worcester, by which the retreat was effected, led the fugitives into the northern road, which they pursued at speed for a time, without any other object than that of leaving the enemy behind. *During the* night after the battle, Charles found a body *of the Scottish* cavalry collected around him, too weak *in numbers* to be of any service in the crisis, and at *the same* time far too numerous for the purposes of

king, therefore, separated with a small
ls from the main band, and directed
orders of Derbyshire, where the Earl
a secure retreat might be found in
bel, a seat belonging to that nobleman,
on after taken and executed. After
the party reached Whiteladies, another
he family of Derby, and not far distant
t Whiteladies the king halted scarcely
is he was; but whilst he was there,
uise such as his confidants thought
ire his safety. 'He was divested of
manuscript written at the time, 'his
abited like a country-fellow;' while,
his hands and face were stained, and
iven him, to complete his pretended

as thus disguised, those of his friends
to the secret took leave of him with
rode away from Whiteladies, without
her they were going. The king was
he charge of four brothers, named
se unshaken fidelity has made their
history.* Yates, their brother-in-law,
em in the task of attendance on the
departure of his friends, Charles was
into the thickest part of the adjoining
ep was taken just in time, for, not an
troop of horse came and searched
ladies. This first narrow escape was
the king, whose guides had stationed
rent points, whence they could observe
emies from all quarters. The royal
was lying meanwhile under a tree,

ally six brothers of the Penderels, but one
fore the affair of Worcester. They were all
employed as woodwards, farmers, and millers,
th brother was not less active than the others
ndertaken to guide Lord Wilmot (afterwards
place of safety.

attended by one of the brothers, surnamed the Richard, and would have been tolerably at ea for the wet and stormy character of the day, would not permit him to repose himself on the which Trusty Richard had brought to him. W this situation, he was visited by the sister and of the Penderels with food and refreshments. woman fell on her knees, and gave thanks to having chosen her sons to be the preservers, as confident they would, of the life of their sovereign

In this wood the king continued till nine o'c the evening of that day (4th September), when the guidance, and by the advice of Richard P he struck across Staffordshire towards a place Madeley, in Shropshire, near the Severn, in the finding an asylum in Wales, till he could lea coast. He reached his intended place of rest, most fatiguing march, at midnight. The house the fugitives stopped was that of Mr Wolf, a r clergyman, who, on admitting them, expressed the alarm for their safety, as two regiments were st in the village to watch for the Royalists, and as house had been recently searched, as a suspected The king and his guide, therefore, were obliged up their quarters behind some hay in a barn, and place they lay till it was dark on the 5th. In the i their host had made diligent inquiries, and had that every boat was secured and every bridge gua the Severn. The king and his guide were therefore to retrace their steps by night to the neighbourl Boscobel.

On the morning of the 6th, when Charles was woods—it being much safer to pass the day the in any house, from the numbers of soldiers con on the search—'he discovered,' says Clarendon, w the story from the king's own lips, 'another ma had gotten upon an oak in the same wood.' Th came down to the prince, and proved to be a *Royalist* captain, of the name of Careless. 'He pe

the king, since it could not be safe for him to go out of the wood, that he would get up into that tree, where he himself had been; where the boughs were so thick with leaves, that a man would not be discovered there without a narrower inquiry than people usually make in places where they do not suspect. The king thought it good counsel, and, with the other's help, climbed into the tree, and then helped his companion to ascend after him, where they sat all day.' It seems extremely probable that this day would have proved fatal to Charles, had his step not been taken. For as he sat with Careless in the tree, they not only got occasional glimpses of the red-coats passing in all quarters on the search, but also 'securely saw many who came purposely into the wood to look after them, and heard all their discourse, how they would use the king himself if they could take him.' Some of the faithful Penderels were all this while on the watch, busy apparently in cutting wood, and ready to sell their lives for their prince if the extremity came. The day, however, passed in safety, and Charles went to Boscobel House to pass the night, leaving the 'Royal Oak,' as the tree in which he had been was called, to be afterwards almost pulled to pieces, to supply relics to his devoted adherents.

In Boscobel House, Charles found a pretty secure hiding-place, and passed the night of the 6th, and all next day (Sunday), in safety and comfort of body, but in very great trouble of mind; for he felt that he was still within a bush which his enemies were beating round, in the knowledge of his being there, and with the certainty of finding him at last. In the evening of Sunday, however, he got, through John Penderel, a cheering communication from Lord Wilmot, desiring him to come to Mosley in Staffordshire), where a secure asylum awaited him, and where a project for a complete escape had been devised. It is extremely honourable to Wilmot, that he would not make use of this scheme, when offered to him, for his own safety, but reserved the chance for the king, whom *it did* eventually save. On the night

of the 7th, the king left Boscobel for Mosley, accompanied by the indefatigable Penderels. Again was the fugitive fortunate in his movements; for, on the following morning, two parties of horse in succession visited Boscobel, and left not a corner unexamined. But the bird was flown. On his night-travel to Mosley, an old cart-horse was provided for the king, who was glad to have it, his feet being all swollen and blistered with his travel to and from Madeley, and his other fatigues. Yet the king and his horse were well suited to each other in appearance—the attire of Charles consisting of a coat and breeches of coarse threadbare cloth, an old soiled leather doublet, green darned stockings, heavy shoes slashed for ease, and a gray steeple-crowned hat, bandless and liningless. In this guise the king rode on, guarded by the six brave peasants—for the brother-in-law, Yates, was included—two before, two behind, and one at every side, all armed, and prepared to overcome all obstacles at the hazard of their lives. A good saying of Humphry Penderel on this march is recorded. When the king complained of the old horse jolting him, 'Recollect, my liege,' said Humphry, 'that he carries the weight of three kingdoms on his back.' The party reached Mosley in safety, where the proprietor, Mr Whitgreave, and Lord Wilmot, were ready to receive his majesty. A manuscript account of the king's visit to Mosley was found in the family records, and was printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for July 1789. In this document Mr Whitgreave says: 'When the king came up to the door of Mosley House, with the Penderels guarding him, he was habited so like one of them, that I could not tell which was he.' But after the king had been conveyed to a room, Mr Whitgreave was called up, and his lordship said: This gentleman is your master, mine, and the master of us all, to whom we all owe our duty and allegiance.' Soon after, being well refreshed, and being shewn the hiding-place intended for him in the case of danger, and which Mr Whitgreave, being a recusant, had contrived for his own straits, Charles grew confident and cheerful, and

f ten thousand men were at his command,
fight for his kingdom yet. Charles stayed
two days, but before leaving it, he made
row escape. It had been discovered beyond
at he had been at Whiteladies after the battle,
emies had been instigated to a fresh search.
the 9th, received a visit, like other houses,
soldiers; but their approach was discovered
secrete the king till the danger passed over.
night of the 9th, the royal fugitive went from
Bentley, the neighbouring seat of Colonel
Royalist who had planned the escape alluded
l Lane's sister had procured a pass for herself
rvant to visit a Mr Norton, a relation near
o get to the sea was Charles's chief object,
now proposed that he should fill the place
ne's attendant. Great as the danger was of
ng roads crowded with hostile troops, the
ed the scheme, and, accordingly, dressed in
cent gray, he departed on the 11th on horse-
his supposed lady behind him, and her cousin,
ls, in company. After a ride of three days,
ed Mr Norton's house without a single inter-
ough they had passed hundreds of people
knew the king's appearance, and would not
surprised at that time to have seen him in
ion.

Norton's, even with the master of the house,
ssed merely for 'William the servant;' and
o hide himself from prying eyes, he feigned
hich confined him to his chamber. Miss Lane
that every comfort should be afforded to him,
a favourite of her father's. She brought
him once or twice herself; but as this could
s be done with prudence, the family butler
ted with the task, and the king was terribly
r this man, on his first errand, falling on his
saying, with tears: 'I am glad to see your
After a moment's pause, Charles thought it

best to make a friend of the man, and had no reason to repent it. On the contrary, the butler secured him from discovery by others of the servants.

It had been planned that Miss Lane, in case no passage were found from Bristol, should tell the Nortons that she was going to visit another friend in Dorsetshire before going home, in order that the king might pass to the sea in that direction as her servant. This plan it was found necessary to put in execution on the 18th of September, and Charles arrived securely by this means at the house of his adherent, Colonel Wyndham, near Sherborne, in Dorsetshire. Wilmot, who had contrived to follow him from Bentley, travelling openly on horseback with a hawk on his arm, and making his way by dint of sheer impudence, joined the king at Colonel Wyndham's, where many consultations were held. Though near the sea, the district they were now in was rather noted for anti-royalist opinions, and the whole nation, friends and foes alike, was still in an uproar about the king's fate. After much suspense, Colonel Wyndham got a vessel hired at Lyme-Regis to convey a nobleman and his servant—the king and Wilmot—to France. A place on the coast near Charmouth, and a time—23d September—were fixed upon for the embarkation; and in order that Charles might excite no suspicion there, a widow, who kept an inn at Charmouth, was persuaded by Colonel Wyndham to give a temporary asylum on that day to a young lady and gentleman who had married privately. In this character, Charles appeared accordingly, accompanied by a young lady, named Juliana Coningsby, and also by Wilmot and the colonel. So far all went well; but, alas! after waiting, no ship appeared during the whole of the appointed night. When day came, Wilmot boldly set out for Lyme to discover the reason, while Charles, with the young lady as a sort of protection, rode into Bridport, to wait Wilmot's return. In Bridport, Charles underwent the greatest risk he had yet done. He found 1500 soldiers preparing for embarkation, and a host of people about them. Charles saw

etreat would be attended with great danger,
ıed boldly through the crowd to the inn door.
ted safely, and after a short stay, joined Wilmot
he town, where it was discovered that the ship
been at its place, because the ship-captain's wife
ined her husband, suspecting the dangerous
the cargo.

another similar disappointment with regard to
the king, finding that dangerous surmises were
n the neighbourhood, was forced, on the 8th
er, to leave Colonel Wyndham's for Heale, near
, the seat of Mrs Hyde, where he lay secure
collier vessel, lying at New Shoreham, near
was engaged by a friend for his conveyance
e. On the 15th of October, Charles reached
in order to join this vessel, which was the
carried him out of all his troubles. But he
ıt two serious risks before going on board.
g down to supper at Brighton with the owners
er of the collier, the master, who knew not the
of his intended freight, discovered the king,
roved faithful. The landlord also of the house
opportunity to kiss the king's hand, and to
'I have no doubt that, if I live, I shall be a
my wife a lady.' Charles smiled, to shew
rehension of the man's meaning. The collier
d on the 17th of October the king found himself
on the shores of France.

scape of Charles was called by the Cavaliers
ıs, and was at least marvellous. Out of the
ersons, mostly of inferior station, with whom
came in contact, not one was tempted by the
be offered to betray him. It is pleasing to
at Charles, at his Restoration, rewarded the
, Lanes, Wyndhams, and others who assisted
s extremity.

MARY OF BUTTERMERE.

In the latter part of the year 1802, the sympathies of the public were much excited in behalf of a poor girl named Mary Robinson, the daughter of a small inn-keeper on the banks of the Lake Buttermere, in Cumberland, who had become the victim of a remarkable imposture, and, to heighten the interest excited in her behalf, was reported to be both young and beautiful. To quote a paper by the *English Opium-Eater*, which appeared some years ago in a popular magazine:—'When Coleridge first settled at the Lakes, or not long after, a romantic and somewhat tragical affair drew the eyes of all England, and, for many years, continued to draw the steps of tourists, to one of the most secluded Cumberland valleys, so little visited previously, that it might be described almost as an undiscovered chamber of that romantic district. Coleridge was brought into a closer connection with this affair than merely by the general relation of neighbourhood; for an article of his in a morning paper, I believe, unintentionally furnished the original clew for unmasking the base impostor who figured as the foremost actor in this tale. Other generations have arisen since that time, who must naturally be unacquainted with the circumstances; and, on their account, I shall here recall them.

'One day, in the lake season, there drove up to the Royal Oak, the principal inn at Keswick, a handsome and well-appointed travelling-carriage, containing one gentleman of somewhat dashing exterior. The stranger was a picturesque-hunter, but not of that order who fly round the ordinary tour with the velocity of lovers *posting to* Gretna, or of criminals running from the *police; his* purpose was to domiciliate himself in this *beautiful* scenery, and to see it at his leisure. From *Keswick*, as his head-quarters, he made excursions in

irection amongst the neighbouring valleys; meeting
lly a good deal of respect and attention, partly on
t of his handsome equipage, and still more from
ting-cards, which designated him as "the Honour-
ugustus Hope." Under this name, he gave himself
: a brother of Lord Hopetoun's, whose great
was well known, and perhaps exaggerated
it the dalesmen of northern England. Some
i had discernment enough to doubt of this; for the
breeding and deportment, though showy, had a
f vulgarity about it, and Coleridge assured me,
e was grossly ungrammatical in his ordinary
ation. However, one fact, soon dispersed by the
of a little rustic post-office, laid asleep all demurs:
only received letters addressed to him under this
d name—*that* might be through collusion with
lices—but he himself continually *franked* letters
name. Now, *that* being a capital offence, being
ly a forgery, but (as a forgery on the post-office)
be prosecuted, nobody presumed to question his
ions any longer; and henceforward he went to all
with the consideration attached to an earl's brother.
rs flew open at his approach—boats, boatmen, nets,
most unlimited sporting privileges, were placed
lisposal of the "honourable" gentleman; and the
lity of the whole country taxed itself to offer a
e reception to the patrician Scotsman.

e miles from Keswick by the nearest bridle-road,
rteen or fifteen by any route which the honourable
nan's travelling-carriage could have traversed, lies
ke of Buttermere. Its margin, which is overhung
ie of the loftiest and steepest of the Cumbrian
ins, exhibits on either side few traces of human
ourhood; the level area, where the hills recede
to allow of any, is of a wild, pastoral character,
ost savage; the waters of the lake are deep and
and the barrier mountains, by excluding the
much of his daily course, strengthen the gloomy
ns. *At the* foot of this lake—that is, at the end

where its waters issue—lie a few unornamented fields, through which rolls a little brook-like river connecting it with the larger Lake of Crummock; and at the edge of this miniature domain, upon the road-side, stands a cluster of cottages, so small and few, that in the richer tracts of the islands they could scarcely be complimented with the name of hamlet. One of these, and, I believe, the principal, belonged to an independent proprietor, called, in the local dialect, a "statesman;" and more, perhaps, for the sake of gathering any little local news, than with much view to pecuniary profit at that era, this cottage offered the accommodations of an inn to the traveller and his horse. Rare, however, must have been the mounted traveller in those days, unless visiting Buttermere for itself, for the road led to no further habitations of man, with the exception of some four or five pastoral cabins, equally humble, in Gatesgarth dale. Hither, however, in an evil hour for the peace of this little brotherhood of shepherds, came the cruel spoiler from Keswick. His errand was to witness or to share in the char-fishing; for in Derwentwater (the Lake of Keswick) no char is found, which breeds only in the deeper waters—such as Windermere, Crummock, Buttermere, &c. But whatever had been his first object, that was speedily forgotten in one more deeply interesting. The daughter of the house, a fine young woman of eighteen, acted as waiter. In a situation so solitary, the stranger had unlimited facilities for enjoying her company, and recommending himself to her favour. Doubts about his pretensions never arose in so simple a place as this; they were overruled before they could well have arisen, by the opinion now general in Keswick, that he really was what he pretended to be; and thus, with little demur, except in the shape of a few natural words of parting anger from a defeated or rejected rustic admirer, the young woman gave her hand in marriage to the showy and unprincipled stranger. I know not whether the marriage was or could have been celebrated in the little *mountain*-chapel of Buttermere. If it were, I persuade

myself that the most hardened villain must have felt a momentary pang on violating the altar of such a chapel, so touchingly does it express, by its miniature dimensions, the almost helpless humility of that little pastoral community to whose spiritual wants it has from generation to generation administered. It is not only the very smallest chapel by many degrees in all England, but is so mere a toy in outward appearance, that were it not for its antiquity, its wild mountain exposure, and its consecrated connection with the final hopes and fears of the adjacent pastoral hamlet—but for these considerations, the first movement of a stranger's feelings would be towards merriment; for the little chapel looks not so much a mimic chapel in a drop-scene from the Opera House, as a miniature copy from such a scene; and evidently could not receive within its walls more than a half-dozen of households. From this sanctuary it was—from beneath the maternal shadow, if not from the altar of this lonely chapel—that the heartless villain carried off the flower of the mountains.' *

The marriage took place on the 2d of October 1802, and a romantic account of it found its way almost immediately into the newspapers. It thus fell under the notice of various individuals in Scotland, who knew that Colonel Hope, who was said to have married the Flower of Buttermere, had been abroad the whole summer, and was now residing in Vienna. Mr Charles Hope, then Lord Justice-Clerk, and subsequently president of the Court of Session (a son-in-law of the Earl of Hopetoun), had, we believe, a chief share in making this fact known, and prompting the inquiries which led to the detection of the imposture. Judge Harding, who lived near Buttermere, and who was acquainted with the real Colonel Hope, having some suspicion of the imposture, sent a servant with a letter addressed to Colonel Hope, desiring to see him. When the servant was introduced to the impostor, he exclaimed: 'There is some mistake—this is not

* See article, 'Samuel Taylor Coleridge,' *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*, October 1834.

Colonel Hope;' whereupon the fellow said, with the greatest coolness: 'The letter is not for me, but my brother.' This was within three weeks after the marriage. He was then taken into custody by a constable, but allowed to fish on the lake.

By the aid, it was supposed, of the boatmen who accompanied him in his sports, he made his escape through the gap of Borrowdale, probably passing over the Stale, the tremendous Alpine pass which leads into Langdale. Besides blighting the prospects of the poor girl, he had nearly ruined her father, by running up a debt of L.18. His dressing-case, a very elegant piece of furniture, was left behind; and on being opened at Keswick, by warrant of a magistrate, was found to contain every article that the most luxurious gentleman could desire, but no papers tending to discover his real name. Afterwards, Mary herself, searching more narrowly, discovered that the box had a double bottom, and in the intermediate recess found a number of letters addressed to him by his *wife and children*, under the name of Hadfield! The story of the detection immediately became as notorious as the marriage had been, and a good deal of information was soon obtained respecting this extraordinary swindler. He had been engaged in the American war, and was wont to boast of his exploits as a soldier. About a twelvemonth before his marriage to Mary, he had contrived, by insinuating manners and false pretences, to get admission to a mercantile firm at Tiverton, in Devonshire. He had afterwards visited London several times, and obtained credit from a number of the first merchants; but bankruptcy overtook him, and he had fled from Devonshire, leaving his wife and two children behind him. As a fugitive from the commission of bankruptcy taken out on this occasion, he was already a felon. It was afterwards ascertained, that he had acted as a swindler *thirty* years before his last offence—a circumstance which *shews that* youth could not have been among the attractions by which he gained the heart of Mary Robinson. Seven years of this period had been spent in Scarborough

l. There were three other ladies at the Lakes, who l formed hopes of becoming his bride, in consequence the attentions he had paid them; and there was an nest country gentleman, who, imposed upon by his ent and plausible style of speech, and by the pre- ısions he made to piety, had recommended him to the ıctors of Queenborough as their representative in rliament!

The indignation excited by his adventure at Butter- ıre, caused a very diligent search to be made for him, t for some weeks it was ineffectual. During this terval, he appeared in Chester, but so effectually dis- ised, that, though known to many persons there, no one cognised him. At length, about the end of November, ı was taken by a Bow Street officer at Brecknock, in 'ales, and carried to London. On the way thither, ıd afterwards during his examinations, he maintained a iet, plausible demeanour, affecting to consider himself ı a persecuted individual, and representing, in particular, ıat, in the alliance with Mary Robinson, he had been ıther sinned against than sinning. Mary, on the other and, who was now announced to be likely to bear child to her pretended husband, refused to become ccessory to his prosecution. The utmost she could e prevailed on to do against Hadfield, was to address he following letter to Sir Richard Ford, of the Bow treet Office:—

'The man whom I had the misfortune to marry, and 'ho has ruined me and my aged and unhappy parents, lways told me that he was the Hon. Colonel Hope, the ext brother to the Earl of Hopetoun.—Your grateful nd unfortunate servant, MARY ROBINSON.'

lt a fourth examination of the impostor, on the 27th f December, this letter was read aloud by the clerk n the open court. To quote a contemporary chronicle— The simplicity of *this* letter, which, though it breathes *he soft murmur of complaint*, is free from all virulence, *vited in the breast of* every person present an emotion *ity and respect for* the unmerited sorrows of a female

who has, in this whole matter, manifested a d
of sentiment and nobleness of mind infinitely beyo
sphere of education. The feelings of Hadfield cou
be enviable; yet he exhibited no symptom of con
and when remanded for further examination, retire
the most impenetrable composure.'

Hadfield was tried at the Carlisle spring assiz
the charge of forging franks, which was the c
that could be brought against him. Being found
he was left for execution, and executed accordingl
pursue the narrative of the *English Opium-Eater:*
the day of his condemnation, Wordsworth and Col
passed through Carlisle, and endeavoured to obt
interview with him. Wordsworth succeeded; b
some unknown reason, the prisoner steadily refu
see Coleridge—a caprice which could not be pene
It was true that he had, during his whole reside
Keswick, avoided Coleridge with a solicitude whi
revived the original suspicions against him in
quarters, after they had generally subsided. But fo
his motive had then been sufficient: he was of a I
shire family, and naturally feared the eye or the
sitive examination of one who bore a name immem
associated with the southern part of that country.
ridge, however, had been transplanted so imma
from his native region, that few people in England
less of its family connections. That, perhaps
unknown to this malefactor; but at anyrate, he
that all motive was now at an end for disguise
sort, so that his reserve, in this particular, was
telligible. However, if not him, Coleridge sa
examined his very interesting papers. These
chiefly letters from women whom he had injured,
much in the same way and by the same impostures
had so recently practised in Cumberland, and, as Col
assured me, were in part the most agonising appeal
he had ever read to human justice and pity. Gr
the emotion of Coleridge when he recurred to his
brance of these letters, and bitter—almost vi

the indignation with which he spoke of Hadfield. a set of letters appeared to have been written under certain a knowledge of his villainy to whom they e addressed, though still relying on some possible ains of humanity, or perhaps, the poor writer might k, on some lingering relics of affection for herself. other set was even more distressing; they were tten under the first conflicts of suspicions, alternately elling with warmth the gloomy doubts which were fast ing, and then yielding to their afflicting evidence; ing in one page under the misery of alarm; in ther, courting the delusions of hope, and luring back perfidious deserter—here resigning herself to despair, l there, again, labouring to shew that all might yet be ll. Coleridge said often, in looking back upon that ghtful exposure of human guilt and misery—and I also oed his feeling—that the man who, when pursued by se heart-rending apostrophes, and with this litany of guish sounding in his ears from despairing women, d from famishing children, could yet find it possible to joy the calm pleasures of a lake tourist, and delibe- tely to hunt for the picturesque, must have been a nd of that order which fortunately does not often erge amongst men. It is painful to remember that, those days, amongst the multitudes who ended their reer in the same ignominious way, and the majority r offences connected with the forgery of bank-notes, ere must have been a considerable number who perished om the very opposite cause—namely, because they felt, o passionately and profoundly for prudence, the claims those who looked up to them for support. One com- on scaffold confounds the most flinty hearts and the nderest. However, in this instance, it was in some easure the heartless part of Hadfield's conduct which ew upon him his ruin; for the Cumberland jury, as I ve been told, declared their unwillingness to hang m *for having forged* a frank; and both they, and se *who refused* to aid his escape, when first appre- ded, *were reconciled* to this harshness entirely by

what they heard of his conduct to their injured young fellow-countrywoman.

'She, meantime, under the name of the Beauty of Buttermere, became an object of interest to all England. Dramas and melodramas were produced in the London theatres upon her story; and for many a year afterwards shoals of tourists crowded to the secluded lake, and the little homely cabaret, which had been the scene of her brief romance. It was fortunate for a person in her distressing situation, that her home was not in a town. The few and simple neighbours who had witnessed her imaginary elevation, having little knowledge of worldly feelings, never for an instant connected with her disappointment any sense of the ludicrous, or spoke of it as a calamity to which her vanity might have co-operated. They treated it as unmixed injury, reflecting shame upon nobody but the wicked perpetrator. Hence, without much trial to her womanly sensibilities, she found herself able to resume her situation in the little inn. In that place, and that capacity, I saw her repeatedly, and shall here say a word upon her personal appearance, because the Lake poets all admired her greatly. Her figure was, in my eyes, good; but I doubt whether most of my readers would have thought it such. She was none of your evanescent, wasp-waisted beauties; on the contrary, she was rather large every way; tallish, and proportionably broad. Her face was fair, and her features feminine; and unquestionably she was what all the world have agreed to call "good-looking." But, except in her arms, which had something of beauty, and in her carriage, which expressed a womanly grace, together with some slight dignity and self-possession, I confess that I looked in vain for any *positive* qualities of any sort or degree.'

A person who visited Cumberland in 1820, found Mary then united to a respectable farmer, and, 'unfortunately for her poetical fame, "fat and well-looking," and without *anything* in her appearance which might lead to the *discovery*, that she was a person who had at one time *been* the subject of the poet's song.'

A SOUL IN ALL THINGS.

THERE lives and works
A soul in all things, and that soul is God.
The beauties of the wilderness are His,
That make so gay the solitary place
Where no eye sees them. And the fairer forms
That cultivation glories in, are His.
He sets the bright procession on its way,
And marshals all the order of the year;
He marks the bounds which winter may not pass,
And blunts his pointed fury; in its case,
Russet and rude, folds up the tender germ,
Uninjured, with inimitable art;
And, ere one flowery season fades and dies,
Designs the blooming wonders of the next.
The Lord of all, himself through all diffused,
Sustains, and is the life of all that lives.
Nature is but a name for an effect,
Whose cause is God. One Spirit—His
Who wore the plaited thorns with bleeding brows—
Rules universal Nature! Not a flower
But shews some touch, in freckle, streak, or stain,
Of His unrivalled pencil. He inspires
Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues,
And bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes,
In grains as countless as the sea-side sands,
The forms with which He sprinkles all the earth.—
Happy who walks with Him! whom, what he finds,
Of flavour, or of scent, in fruit or flower,
Or what he views of beautiful or grand
In Nature, from the broad majestic oak
To the green blade that twinkles in the sun,
Prompts with remembrance of a present God!

COWPER.

HOUSE OVERWHELMED BY AN AVALANCHE.

A SMALL cluster of houses, at a place called Bergemoletto, near Demonte, in the upper valley of Stura, in Switzerland, was, on the 19th of March 1755, entirely overwhelmed by two vast bodies of snow, that tumbled down from a neighbouring mountain. All the inhabitants were then within doors, except one Joseph Rochia, and his son, a lad of fifteen, who were on the roof of their house clearing away the snow which had fallen for three days incessantly. A priest going by to mass, advised them to come down, having just before observed a body of snow tumbling from the mountain towards them. The man descended with great precipitation, and fled with his son he knew not whither; but scarce had he gone thirty or forty steps, before his son, who followed him, fell down; on which, looking back, he saw his own and his neighbours' houses, in which were twenty-two persons in all, covered with a high mountain of snow. He lifted up his son, and reflecting that his wife, his sister, two children, and all his effects were thus buried, he fainted away; but soon reviving, got safe into a friend's house at some distance.

Five days after, Joseph, being perfectly recovered, got upon the snow, with his son, and two of his wife's brothers, to try if he could find the exact place where his house stood; but after many openings made in the snow, they could not discover it. The month of April proving hot, and the snow beginning to soften, he again used his utmost endeavours to recover his effects, and to bury, as he thought, the remains of his family. He made new openings, and threw in earth, to melt the snow, which, on the 24th of April, was greatly diminished. He broke *through ice* six English feet thick, with iron bars, thrust *down a long* pole, and touched the ground, but evening *coming on*, he desisted.

His wife's brother, who lived at Demonte, dreamed

night that his sister was still alive, and begged him
lp her; the man, affected by his dream, rose early in
norning, and went to Bergemoletto, where Joseph
and after resting himself a little, went with him to
upon the snow, where they made another opening,
ı led them to the house they searched for; but find-
o dead bodies in its ruins, they sought for the stable,
ı was about 240 English feet distant, which, having
l, they heard a cry of, 'Help, my dear brother!' Being
ly surprised as well as encouraged by these words,
laboured with all diligence till they had made a
opening, through which the brother who had the
n, immediately went down, where the sister, with an
sing and feeble voice told him: 'I have always
ed in God and you, that you would not forsake me.'
other brother and the husband then went down, and
l still alive the wife, about forty-five, the sister, about
y-five, and a daughter, about thirteen years old.
e they raised on their shoulders to men above, who
d them up as if from the grave, and carried them to
ghbouring house; they were unable to walk, and so
ed, that they appeared like mere skeletons. They
immediately put to bed, and gruel of rye-flour and
ile butter was given to recover them. Some days
, the intendant came to see them, and found the wife
unable to rise from bed or use her feet, from the
ise cold she had endured, and the uneasy posture she
been in; the sister, whose legs had been bathed with
wine, could walk with difficulty; and the daughter
ed no further remedies.

ı the intendant's interrogating the women, they told
that, on the morning of the 19th of March, they were
ie stable with a boy of six years old and a girl of
t thirteen; in the same stable were six goats, one of
h having brought forth two dead kids the night
e, they went to carry her a small vessel of rye-flour
; *there were also* an ass and five or six fowls.
were sheltering themselves in a warm corner of the
till the church-bell should ring, intending to attend

the service. The wife related, that wanting to go out of the stable to kindle a fire in the house for her husband, who was clearing away the snow from the top of it, she perceived a mass of snow breaking down towards the east, upon which she went back into the stable, shut the door, and told her sister of it. In less than three minutes, they heard the roof break over their heads, and also part of the ceiling. The sister advised to get into the rack and manger, which they did. The ass was tied to the manger, but got loose by kicking and struggling, and threw down the little vessel, which they found, and afterwards used to hold the melted snow, which served them for drink.

Very fortunately, the manger was under the main prop of the stable, and so resisted the weight of the snow. Their first care was to know what they had to eat. The sister said she had fifteen chestnuts in her pocket; the children said they had breakfasted, and should want no more that day. They remembered that there were thirty-six or forty cakes in a place near the stable, and endeavoured to get at them, but were not able for the snow. They called often for help, but were heard by none. The sister gave two chestnuts to the wife, and ate two herself, and they drank some snow-water. The ass was restless, and the goats kept bleating for some days; after which they heard no more of them. Two of the goats, however, being left alive, and near the manger they felt them, and found that one of them was big, and would kid, as they recollected, about the middle of April; the other gave milk, wherewith they preserved their lives. During all the time, they saw not one ray of light, yet for about twenty days they had some notice of night and day from the crowing of the fowls, till they died.

The second day, being very hungry, they ate all the chestnuts, and drank what milk the goat yielded, being *very near* two pounds a day at first, but it soon decreased. *The third* day, they attempted again, but in vain, to get at *the cakes*, so resolved to take all possible care to feed *the goats*; but just above the manger was a hay loft

ıee through a hole the sister pulled down hay into
rack, and gave it to the goats as long as she could
h it, and then, when it was beyond her reach, the
ı climbed upon her shoulders, and reached it them-
ıs.

ı the sixth day, the boy sickened, and six days after,
ed his mother, who all this time had held him in her
to lay him at his length in the manger. She did so,
talsing him by the hand, felt it was very cold; she
put her hand to his mouth, and finding that cold
rise, she gave him a little milk; the boy then cried:
my father is in the snow! O father, father!' and
expired.

the meanwhile, the goat's milk diminished daily, and
owls soon after dying, they could no longer distinguish
t from day; but, according to their reckoning, the
was near when the other goat should kid, which
ngth they knew was come by its cries; the sister
it, and they killed the kid, to save the milk for their
subsistence: so they found that the middle of April
come. Whenever they called the goat, it would
ə and lick their faces and hands, and gave them every
two pounds of milk, on which account they long
wards bore the poor creature a great affection.

ıey said, that during all this time hunger gave them
ittle uneasiness, except for the first five or six days;
their greatest pain was from the extreme coldness of
melted snow-water which fell on them; from the
l of the dead ass, goats, fowls, &c.; but more than
from the very uneasy posture to which they were
ned, the manger in which they sat squatting against
vall, being no more than three feet four inches broad.

ıis interesting case of overwhelming by an avalanche,
h has been frequently printed, is not solitary in the
ls of Switzerland. Instances of a similar nature,
gh more disastrous in causing loss of life, are of
ıent *occurrence.* A case of overwhelming, attended
circumstances very closely resembling those in the
narrative, happened as lately as the spring of 1838.

The village of La Colle, in the Lower Alps, was co by an avalanche, which buried one of the houses period of twenty-three days. At the end of that the villagers gained access to the house by digging the snow, when a man and a young girl were found alive. By a most fortunate circumstance, these persons, at the time of the fall, were together in a p the dwelling in which were all their provisions, w cow and a goat; and the milk of these animals, v they fed with potatoes and bread, distributed wit most careful economy, had sufficed for their susta during their long and dismal captivity.

WILLIAM BEGBIE:

AN EDINBURGH FIRESIDE TALE.

In the year 1806, when what are now considere inferior parts of the Old Town of Edinburgh still ret many respectable tenants, the banking affairs o British Linen Company were conducted in a large l which had formerly belonged to the Marquis of T dale, within a court connected with the street calle Netherbow.* A narrow covered close or alley (c from its original possessors, Tweeddale's Close), of fifteen yards in length, and usually somewhat dark, from the street into the spacious court where this ing is situated. About five o'clock of the eveni the 13th of November, in the year mentioned, whe short mid-winter day had just closed, a child who in a house accessible from the close was sent b *mother,* with a little kettle, to obtain a supply of *for tea from* the neighbouring well. The litt

* *Now the printing and publishing premises of Messrs C Boyd.*

ping with her kettle in her hand out of the public
into the close, stumbled in the dark over something
ch lay there, and which proved to be the body of a
just expiring. On an alarm being given, it was
overed that this was William Begbie, a porter con-
ed with the bank, in whose heart a knife was stuck
o the haft, so that he bled to death before uttering a
d which might tend to explain the dismal transaction.
was, at the same time, found to have been robbed of
ckage of notes to the value of above L.4000, which he
been intrusted, in the course of his ordinary duty, to
y from the branch of the bank at Leith to the head-
e.* The blow had been given with an accuracy, and
lculation of consequences, shewing the most appalling
beration in the assassin; for not only was the knife
cted straight into the most vital part, but its handle
been muffled in a bunch of soft paper, so as to
vent, as was thought, any sprinkling of blood from
ching the person of the murderer, by which he might
e been, by some chance, detected. The knife was
of those with broad thin blades and wooden handles
ch are used for cutting bread, and its rounded front
been ground to a point, apparently for the execution
his horrible deed. The unfortunate man left a wife
four children to bewail his loss.

The singular nature and circumstances of Begbie's
rder occasioned much excitement in the public mind,
every effort was of course made to discover the
lty party. No house of a suspicious character in the
was left unsearched, and parties were despatched to
ch and patrol all the various roads leading out into
country. The bank offered a reward of L.500 for
h information as might lead to the conviction of the
nder or offenders; and the government further

* The notes are thus described in the *Hue and Cry*:—L.1300 in *sixty pound-notes of* Sir W. Forbes & Co.; L.1000 in twenty pound-notes *of the Leith Banking* Company; L.1400 in twenty, ten, and five pound-notes *of different* banks; 240 guinea and 440 pound-notes, of *different banks—in all*, L.4392.

promised the king's pardon to any except th murderer, who, having been concerned in th might discover their accomplices. The sheriff burgh, Mr Clerk Rattray, displayed the greatest his endeavours to ascertain the circumstances murder, and to detect and seize the murderer, surprisingly little success. All that could be asc was, that Begbie, in proceeding up Leith Wal fatal mission, had been accompanied by 'a ma that, about the supposed time of the murder, had been seen by some children to run out of t into the street, and down Leith Wynd, which i leading off from the Netherbow, at a point opposite from the close. There was also re believe that the knife had been bought in a sh two o'clock on the day of the murder, and tha been afterwards ground upon a grinding-st smoothed on a hone. A number of suspicious ch were apprehended and examined; but all, w exception, produced satisfactory proofs of their in The exception was a carrier between Perth an burgh, a man of dissolute and irregular habits, bodily strength, and known to be a danger desperate character. He was kept in custod considerable time, on suspicion, having been see Canongate, near the scene of the murder, a ve time after it was committed. It has since bee tained, that he was then going about a different the disclosure of which would have subjected h capital punishment. It was in consequence of the he felt himself impelled to preserve on this sub he was kept so long in custody; but at length f circumstances came out to warrant his discharge was discharged accordingly.

Months rolled on without eliciting any *respecting* the murder, and, like other wonder *ceased in a great measure to engage public* *when, on the* 10th of August 1807, a journeym *in company with two other men, passing t*

e grounds, in the neighbourhood of the city, found, e in a stone enclosure, by the side of a hedge, a ontaining a large quantity of bank-notes, bearing earance of having been a good while exposed to ther. After consulting a little, the men carried kage to the sheriff's office, where it was found to about L.3000 in large notes, being those which n taken from Begbie. The British Linen Company d the men with L.200 for their honesty, but the tance passed without throwing any light on the itself.

the present day, the murderer of Begbie has not scovered; nor is it probable, after the space of ich has elapsed (forty-seven years), that he ever so. It is most likely that the grave has long upon him. The only person on whom public n alighted with any force, during the sixteen suing upon the transaction, was a medical prac- in Leith, a dissolute man and a gambler, who put to his own existence not long after the murder. are not acquainted with any particular circum- on which this suspicion was grounded, beyond ide, which might spring from other causes. It t till 1822, that any further light was thrown on ysterious case. In a work published that year, he title of *The Life and Trial of James Mackoull*,* vas included a paper by Mr Denovan, the Bow officer, the object of which was to prove that ill was the murderer, and which contained at ie very curious statement.

Denovan had discovered in Leith a man, then as a teacher, but who, in 1806, was a sailor-boy, o had witnessed some circumstances immediately ed with the murder. The man's statement was ws:—'I was at that time (November 1806) a boy een years of age. The vessel to which I belonged de *a voyage to Lisbon*, and was then lying in

* *John Anderson, Junior, Edinburgh.*

Leith Harbour. I had brought a small prese
Portugal for my mother and sister, who reside
Netherbow, Edinburgh, immediately opposite to
dale's Close, leading to the British Linen Co
Bank. I left the vessel late in the afternoon, an
articles I had brought were contraband, I put the
my jacket, and was proceeding up Leith Walk,
perceived a tall man carrying a yellow-coloure
under his arm, and a genteel man, dressed in
coat, dogging him. I was a little afraid: I conce
man who carried the parcel to be a smuggler,
gentleman who followed him to be a custom-h
Excise officer. In dogging the man, the suppose
went from one side of the Walk to the other [th
is a broad street], as if afraid of being noticed,
kept about the same distance behind him. I wa
of losing what I carried, and shortened sail
keeping my eyes fixed on the person I supposed
officer, until I came to the head of Leith Street,
saw the smuggler take the North Bridge, and the
house officer go in front of the Register Office;
looked round him, and imagining he was looking
I hove to, and watched him. He then looked
North Bridge, and, as I conceive, followed the sa
for he went the same way. I stood a minute
where I was, and then went forward, walking sl
the North Bridge. I did not, however, see eithe
men before me; and when I came to the south
head of the bridge, supposing that they might ha
up the High Street, or along the South Bridge, I
to the left, and reached the Netherbow, witho
seeing either the smuggler or the officer. Just, h
as I came opposite to Tweeddale's Close, I
custom-house officer come running out of it, wit
thing under his coat: I think he ran down th
Being much alarmed, and supposing that the offi
also seen me, and knew what I carried, I depos
little present in my mother's with all possible s
made the best of my way to Leith, without he

thing of the murder of Begbie until next day. On coming on board the vessel, I told the mate what a narrow escape I conceived I had made; he seemed somewhat alarmed, having probably, like myself, smuggled some trifling article from Portugal, and told me, in a peremptory tone, that I should not go ashore again without first acquainting him. I certainly heard of the murder before I left Leith, and concluded that the man I saw was the murderer; but the idea of waiting on a magistrate, and communicating what I had seen, never struck me. We sailed in a few days thereafter from Leith, and the vessel to which I belonged having been captured by a privateer, I was carried to a French prison, and only regained my liberty at the last peace. I can now recollect distinctly the figure of the man I saw: he was well dressed, had a genteel appearance, and wore a black coat. I never saw his face properly, for he was before me the whole way up the Walk; I think, however, he was a stout, big man, but not so tall as the man I then conceived to be a smuggler.'

This description of the supposed custom-house officer coincides exactly with that of the appearance of Mackoull; and other circumstances are given, which almost make it certain that he was the murderer. This Mackoull was a London rogue of unparalleled effrontery and dexterity, who for years haunted Scotland, and effected some daring robberies. He resided in Edinburgh from September 1805 till the close of 1806, and during that time frequented a coffee-house in the Ship Tavern at Leith. He professed to be a merchant, expelled by the threats of the French from Hamburg, and to live by a new mode of dyeing skins, but in reality practised the arts of a gambler and a pickpocket. He had a mean lodging at the bottom of New Street, in the Canongate, near the scene of the murder of Begbie, and to which, it is remarkable, that Leith Wynd was the readiest as well as *most private access* from that spot. No suspicion, *however, fell upon* Mackoull at this period, and he left *the country for a* number of years, at the end of which

time he visited Glasgow, and there effected a robbery of one of the banks. For this crime he did not escape the law. He was brought to trial at Edinburgh in 1820, was condemned to be executed, but died in jail while under reprieve from his sentence.

The most striking part of the evidence which Mr Denovan adduces against Mackoull, is the report of a conversation which he had with that person in the condemned cell of the Edinburgh Jail, in July 1820, when Mackoull was very doubtful of being reprieved. To pursue his own narrative, which is in the third person: 'He told Captain Sibbald [the superior of the prison] that he intended to ask Mackoull a single question relative to the murder of Begbie, but would first humour him by a few jokes, so as to throw him off his guard, and prevent him from thinking he had called for any particular purpose [it is to be observed, that Mr Denovan had a professional acquaintance with the condemned man]; but desired Captain Sibbald to watch the features of the prisoner, when he (Denovan) put his hand to his chin, for he would then put the question he meant. After talking some time on different topics, Mr Denovan put this very simple question to the prisoner: "By the way, Mackoull, if I am correct, you resided at the foot of New Street, Canongate, in November 1806—did you not?"

'He stared—he rolled his eyes; and as if falling into a a convulsion, threw himself back upon his bed. In this condition he continued for a few moments, when, as if recollecting himself, he started up, exclaiming wildly: "No, — ——! I was then in the East Indies—in the West Indies—What do you mean?"

"I mean no harm, Mackoull," he replied; "I merely asked the question for my own curiosity; for I think when you left these lodgings, you went to Dublin—is it *not so?*"

"*Yes, yes,* I went to Dublin," he replied; "and I wish *I had remained* there still—I won ten thousand pounds *there at the* tables, and never knew what it was to want

although you wished the folks here to believe that
locked me up in Old Start (Newgate), and brought
ı your friend Adkins to swear he saw me there—
was more than your duty."
e now seemed to rave, and lose all temper, and his
ır bade him good-night, and left him.'
appears extremely probable, from the strong circum-
ial evidence which has been offered by Mr Denovan,
Mackoull was the murderer of Begbie.

STORY OF THE PYRENEES.

ıT's ramble among the winding passes of the Pyrenees,
v summers ago, brought me, towards evening, in sight
lonely *auberge*, situated in the line of one of the
h and uneven roads connecting the French and
ish frontiers. The spectacle gave me great pleasure;
foot sprang more lightly from the ground, and my
lder no longer felt sore under the burden of my gun.
reaching the inn in question, I found it to be small,
to wear an air of comfort and neatness, which spoke
ıe, at the first glance, of good food and a sweet night's

Nor was the appearance of the human beings whom
w within its walls at variance with this agreeable
nostication. I was received and kindly welcomed
ı young woman, extremely good-looking, and with a
ty child, of about a year old, in her arms. She wore
usual costume of these regions, which is a perpetual
bination of bright colours. A red handkerchief was
ıd round her head, and her vest, petticoat, and stock-
, were all stuffs striped and tinted with various dyes.
ən I mentioned to her my wants, she called a young
from another apartment, and, giving her the child,
ı *herself actively* to prepare some refreshment for
The respectable animal called the goat was of great

service on this occasion; for in a short time I sat down to flesh, milk, and cheese, all provided by that rock-loving and four-footed mountaineer.

As the main apartment—namely, the kitchen—is the only place where travellers abide under such circumstances as I was, I had opportunities of conversing with my hostess during the preparation of my meal. She seemed to be cheerful, though not gay. Her husband, she told me, was out on the hills, along with a lad who assisted him in the management of the little spot of ground attached to their residence. By the time that I sat down to my repast, the shades of evening had begun to fall in, and while I ate—as I did most heartily, if not voraciously—I observed my hostess beginning to shew signs of impatience. Ever and anon she went to the door and looked abroad, returning each time with visible anxiety on her countenance. I was tempted at length to ask, 'If a storm was at hand, or if she feared any impending evil?'

'Ah, sir,' said she, 'I am only a little distressed that Miguel, my husband, should be out so long. It will soon be dark.'

'Is there any danger?' I asked; 'has the neighbourhood a bad name?'

'O no, sir,' replied she; 'the country is now thought to be quite safe, and I am perhaps foolish to be uneasy; but it was once very unsafe, and we suffered so much from it in consequence, that I cannot rid myself of fear at times.' She bent down her head as she spoke, and appeared to lose for a moment the sense of present uneasiness in the revived recollection of the past. At this instant the door opened, and a tall, strapping, sunburnt fellow entered, whom I immediately conjectured to be the husband, from his being followed by a young peasant. My hostess had sprung to her feet, and I *thought it* augured well for her husband's marital tenderness, *that* he at once noticed her to have been discomposed, and exclaimed: 'What, Inez, at thy old terrors!' *Then, noticing* me for the first time in the growing dusk,

strangers with thee, too!' He
', and we were soon engaged in

h Miguel and his wife, and became
hem. I found an opportunity to
y inquiring into the misfortunes
alluded to as having arisen from
of the country, and I heard the
I now present it to the reader.
said Inez, which was my hostess's
ie tenant of this house, where we
)orn, and here had the misfortune
ny youth; in short, all my days
When I was about eighteen, I
with Miguel, who had hired him-
agon that passed regularly by this
the mountains to another. The
a night here as it passed, and
ove each other. Nor was it long
that this was the case. My father
ections as well as we did, and he
nion, for he was growing old, and,
ays required a lad to assist him
)on which our support depended
visits of travellers to the house.
d, that Miguel and I should be
had completed his term in his

nent was made, Miguel had but
rds and forwards to perform.
ieys to be sure, and, what was
ts of recent robberies at no great
travelling dangerous. The first
performed in safety. When
his way over the mountains a
mstances took place which after-
ember. A traveller had come to
ore Miguel reached us with his
was a dark, active-looking man,

dressed in the ordinary Spanish fashion, and seemingly in the prime of life. Before Miguel arrived, this visitor addressed himself to me in such a manner as was very disagreeable. I at first indeed paid little attention to his words, for my thoughts that day were occupied with another subject. When, at length, encouraged it may be by my silence, he would have carried his freedoms further, I repulsed him civilly, but firmly, and told him plainly that my affections and hand were engaged to another. The dark malignant smile which passed over his countenance when I said this, gave me new and unpleasing ideas of our guest, whom I had hitherto regarded as only a man of a light and sportive temperament. He did not alter his conduct, nor, even when Miguel came, did he desist from annoying me. This gave me much alarm, for I perceived Miguel's brow to darken on observing his behaviour. Nor was my alarm groundless, for, on the traveller's seizing and holding me by the arm as I accidentally passed him, Miguel sprang up, and threw him violently to the further end of the room, where he fell heavily on the floor. In an instant the man was on his feet, had his long knife drawn from his belt, and seemed about to spring upon Miguel. But my father chanced to enter at that moment, and the traveller, uttering a violent threat, hastily left the house. Though he had spoken of resting all night, he did not return.

'On being informed of what had passed, my father, who had been in a weak state of health for some time, said to Miguel: "I grow weaker and weaker every day, my dear son. It is time that you were here to protect Inez—and myself also, Heaven help me! Had you not been here accidentally just now, we might have been exposed to any insult from such a rude visitor as this." Miguel was so much struck by the truth of the remark, that, after a pause of a moment, he replied: "You are right; I ought *to be here* to guard over those whose lives are so dear to *me; and I will* be here without delay, if I can get a trustworthy substitute to perform the rest of this journey for *me when* I reach the town of Ai." We talked long on

going to rest. Little rest indeed
t, for the dark looks and dagger
uel had made his enemy for my
n me and slumber.
uel departed with his wagon, under
oon, if it was in his power. I had
h anxiety at his departure, though,
smiled at my fears on his account,
ouble-barrelled gun, calling it his
ıg occurred for two days after-
ıat interval, many fears came over
le return of the traveller—the man
sappeared. Our household at this
ood, consisted of my father, a lad
doors, and myself. This lad went
y father next, and I last. After
n the second night from Miguel's
door, and went into my own little
But I had not yet undressed myself,
eemingly outside of the house. I
repeated, nearer at hand as it
gh much disturbed, I resolved to
was a true cause for alarm before
th this view, I took up my light,
en, when I saw a sight that rooted
he spot. The under part of the
l, and a man, having got in with
n the act of extricating his head
the window. I, unguardedly,
ıe direction of my father's sleep-
I had gone a few steps, I found
he man who had entered, and who
the kitchen. A faintness came
ıs of the light which I had dropped
arm, I discovered that my captor
former day. He gave me a look
alice, mingled with more hateful
ıdder. Meanwhile, one man after
by the window, to the number of

six, as it seemed to my confused senses. "Oh! my poor father! what is to be our fate?" was my first thought on seeing this; and so oppressive was the prospect to my spirit, that I received a temporary relief from all care by sinking into insensibility.

'How long I lay in this condition, I cannot tell. It must, however, have been a considerable time, for, on recovering my consciousness, I found my father hanging over me, in the state in which he had been dragged by the ruffians from his bed. The poor youth who lived with us was there in the same condition. Besides, the wretches had had time to discover and seize the little money and valuables which had been gathered by my father, the fruits of his long toils. Matters were in this state when my father raised me. I clung to his breast almost unconsciously, to preserve myself from the grasp of another who stood by me—the traveller—or rather the chief of the robbers, for such he seemed to be. "Divide, divide, men!" said he; "for me, I will take nothing; this is my prize!" laying his hand at the same time upon my shoulder. "Oh! Miguel, Miguel!" was the thought that passed through my shrinking soul at that instant, "little knowest thou what Inez is now suffering!"

'Look at that open space, sir,' said my hostess at this part of her story, pointing at the same time to the end-wall of the kitchen where we were sitting. A portion of the space above the level of the side-walls was open, being evidently an entrance into a hayloft that lay over the stable of the *auberge*, and which stable was continuous with the dwelling, the whole being of one story. 'As I thought upon Miguel at that awful moment,' continued Inez, 'my eyes—as my head lay upon my father's shoulder—were raised to that space, and there I beheld the head of Miguel! It struck me at first that my excited fancy had conjured up an illusion, and I closed my eyes *for a moment*. It was well that I did so, for the thought *that the image* was a deception, gave me time also to consider *that* a word or a scream would betray him, if what *I saw* was real. All this passed in an instant. Again I

eyes, and I saw not only that Miguel was
, but that he was about to attempt something
very, for his gun was stretched out before him.
d to me with his hand, and I understood his
his purpose—his terrible yet necessary pur-
owed my head low, and, in another second of
id as of thunder filled the apartment, followed
and curses. Another reverberation almost
llowed, and amid the smoke which filled the
nothing, though I heard my brave Miguel leap
the chamber, shouting (to deceive the robbers,
respecting the number of their assailants),
s way, my friends! Down with the plunderers!"
me of the latter escaping from the room by
ey had entered, and all was erelong quiet!

scene, however,' continued my hostess, whose
as greatly excited by what she described;
ne, sir, this place where we now sit presented
wful struggle! Two men, killed by one ball,
ite on the floor, and another beside them
ounded, so well had the weapon been aimed.
st thought, after pursuing for a short way the
ad fled in fear and confusion, was to close the
e carefully for the night, the remainder of
spent in thanking Heaven for our deliverance.
ormed us that, having procured a faithful
it the town of Ai, he had rapidly retraced his
ot, being oppressed with fears for us, arising
late adventure with the traveller. When he
r house, he had discovered the state of things
e window, which had been but partially closed
ers after their entrance. He then went to the
st open the door, and was in time to save us, as
escribed.

morning, the lad was sent to Ai, to bring the
justice. When they came, the poor wounded
whom we paid every attention) was still living,
the fact that the six men, of whom he had
mposed the band who had for a time annoyed

and plundered the country, and that the *traveller*, one of those who had fallen by Miguel's rifle, had been their captain. When I stooped my head, the bullet had passed over me to his heart! The bodies were removed from our house, and an anxious search made in the neighbourhood for the other three. They were all ultimately taken, and punished.

'The fastenings of the window,' continued the hostess, 'by which the robbers had entered, must have been secretly loosened by their captain on the day when he was our guest, with a view to future plunder. For his courageous conduct in destroying this band, Miguel received the thanks of the whole country. But, alas! sir, my poor father never recovered from the shock which he got on this occasion. He lived, however, to see Miguel and myself united, and then he died happy. Although none of the band concerned in that attack are any longer to be feared, yet can you wonder, sir, after this relation, that I should sometimes tremble when the recollection of these things comes across me, and when Miguel is abroad at night on these lonely hills?'

I paid the comely Inez many compliments on the bravery of her husband, which the affectionate wife blushed with pleasure to hear. Such was the story, gentle reader, which I heard in my wanderings among the lofty Pyrenees.

THE BRAGGE FAMILY.

THE accession in 1820 of the Hon. Augustus Theophilus Bragge to the property of a maternal uncle in a central English county, caused a prodigious sensation. Mr Bragge *was the younger* brother of an Irish peer, and having *been previously* limited to a very small income for the *support of* a large family, had been one of the first persons *to repair* to the continent after the restoration of the

in order to educate his daughters with less
han would have been incurred at home. This
ıce, however, did not transpire, and he entered
estate with all the *éclat* of his connection with
aronial family, unalloyed by the stigma of
ıoverty. The eldest of Mr Bragge's growing-
ers had reached her twenty-second year; the
was about fifteen; there was a baby besides,
or four sons. All the girls were remarkably
; their beauty was of that striking and attrac-
which is recognised at once, and cannot be
The three elder girls were out, the fourth
t, and the two others ready to come out when-
rriage in the family should afford a vacant seat
ıgge's carriage.

wo years ago, the quiet society of the English
as comparatively little acquainted with foreign
The admiration, therefore, excited by the
ıgge, was not unmingled with surprise. Their
vacity, aided by a French education, rendered
different from the pattern young ladies of
. Fortunately, they were very good-tempered
ıg; and though they waltzed to excess, and wore
tticoats than ever had been seen before, it was
very rigid and censorious who ventured any
g remark. Mr Bragge commenced his career
l by keeping open house. He made no invidious
s respecting his visitors, receiving all comers
earty hospitality worthy of old times. The
k possession of the estate in the month of
d immediately a scene of festivity commenced,
ed without intermission until the return of the
ed them to London. Such riding, and driving,
king to every place in the neighbourhood
re was anything to be seen! It was thought
go fifteen or twenty miles to a ball; and the
of the Bragges to be present was sure to
all the beauty, fashion, and bachelorhood of

The place in which public assemblies were held at Singleton, at the period of which we write, was a building erected over the market, and rather oddly constructed—no unusual circumstance in a country town. It had at first been approached by an outside-stair; but this being found very inconvenient, another entrance had been opened under cover, and the company now walked through the butcher's shambles into a small dark vestibule, which led, in the first instance, to a large kitchen, in which, on market-days, the farmers usually dined from the smoking joints roasted at immense fireplaces at either end. On ball-nights, this apartment was dedicated to the tea-kettles which supplied boiling-water for that beverage which cheers but not inebriates, together with negus and lemonade, forming the liquid refreshments provided on such occasions. A gloomy, ill-lighted staircase led to a suit of four apartments, one being a small ante-chamber, in which stood the persons who received the tickets of the subscribers; the largest of the remaining three formed the ball-room, the two others being dedicated to tea and cards. All were dismal enough, being panelled with dark wood, or hung with dingy paper, and badly illuminated by a few very old-fashioned chandeliers, and girandoles, made of an uncouth mixture of glass and brass, and calculated to hold a very small number of candles.

In 1820, the balls at Singleton had fallen off considerably. They had been for the most part limited to the genteeler sort among the town'speople who were eligible to be subscribers; and in consequence of the lame manner in which quadrilles were executed, contra-dances had maintained their ascendancy upon the floors long after they had been exploded from every other town. Six or eight lugubrious-looking couples would take their places in the centre of the dismal ball-room, and go through the *evolutions in* that spiritless manner, which a paucity of *numbers upon* any occasion of hilarity generally produces. *The arrival* of the Bragge family in the county changed *the aspect of* affairs. Mr Bragge, senior, to oblige his

s, consented to take the office of steward upon
and in consequence, a vast concourse of people
ected together—crowds which brought to mind
l old times in the remembrance of the oldest
its of the place. Previously to this era, the
ollemache had led the fashion in the neighbour-
Singleton. They were very fine girls; very
n their deportment, and had the character of
oud and difficult. Hitherto an attendance at
at Singleton had been considered too great a
nsion by these young ladies; and their absence
ıy others away, few liking to go to a place which
emaches despised. A spirit of rivalry now
as a stimulant, and determined them to take
against the Bragges. The latter family were at
lly unconscious of the jealous feelings which they
they entered the ball-room solely in pursuit of
and gave themselves up to the unrestrained
ce of the gaiety of their hearts. They were
y surrounded by all the beaux, while the Tolle-
vere comparatively neglected, being only asked
by those who had failed in securing a hand
isses Bragge. Three of the four sisters—for the
was coming out in London had come out in the
—were nearly equally the objects of admiration;
Bragge, the eldest, was universally pronounced
away the palm, and to her standard the *élite* of
e portion of the assembly flocked. Amongst
ers, she attracted the great man of the neigh-
l, Sir Charles Dorrington, a young baronet
fortune, who was supposed to be looking out
ife. This gentleman had paid some attention
der Miss Tollemache, and had been universally
as her admirer; but before matters had gone
he appearance of Miss Bragge changed the spirit
eam, and he now exhibited himself as the devoted
the new beauty.

rd-players of the balls at Singleton had been, *of mind*, subjected to two distinct species of

annoyance—the one being the smoke, which, when the wind set in a particular direction, poured down the chimney, whether there was any fire in the apartment or not; the other, the irruptions of young ladies with their partners, who would sit down and talk, sometimes in a loud key, about nonsense, which distracted the attention of all the whist-players, and sometimes in a low tone, which would occasion some very inquisitive old lady or gentleman, anxious to catch the purport of the conversation, to revoke. Upon the present evening, Miss Bragge and Sir Charles Dorrington proved the greatest delinquents. After almost every dance, they bolted in, seated themselves behind the door, and talked incessantly. Some people averred that an offer was certainly made and accepted; but as the parties had never met before, this seemed premature. Miss Tollemache looked on with suppressed rage. The tide of popularity ran so strongly in favour of the Bragges, that prudence dictated a pacific appearance, since any show of hostility would have been attributed to jealousy; and, therefore, the Misses Tollemache admitted at once, that the Bragges were very fine girls, with exceedingly enviable spirits. 'It was certainly merely a matter of taste,' they continued, 'but, for their part, they liked less display; these foreign manners did not quite suit them.' The Misses Tollemache had a brother, with whom they waltzed in turn: thus shewing off their figures without incurring the odium which attached itself to those who were less scrupulous in the choice of a partner. Young Tollemache, who would rather have danced with one of the Bragges, thought the duty a bore, and wished that his mother would take the girls to France, to get rid of their starch; but Lady Jane Tollemache, who had been a great favourite of old Queen Charlotte in her day, loudly expressed her determination that her daughters *should* never make such an exhibition of themselves. *She drew* a small circle around her, who fully concurred *in her* views of propriety, and who felt assured, that the *example* of a few persons like herself would check the

ess of that general licence which threatened to
e the face of society.
balls at Singleton were generally over by two
k in the morning; it seemed quite impossible to
a life till a later hour upon tea, bread and butter,
eak negus. At an early hour in the evening, Sir
es Dorrington had suggested the scheme of a supper
neighbouring inn. The Bragges eagerly acceded
plan, and a few choice spirits were collected for
rpose. The Tollemache family were invited as a
r of form; but Lady Jane gave a dignified refusal,
oked daggers at her son, who, having packed up
sters in the family-coach, ran to offer his arm to
Bragge, who skipped across the street and over
utters in her white satin shoes, with some flimsy
of a shawl over her head. It was reported next
hat the Misses Bragge sang after supper, which,
h allowable in the mansion of a friend, was deemed
improper at a public inn. The party, however,
very joyous one, and it led to the proposal of a
be given by the bachelors at the same place. So
nt an affair had never been heard of at Singleton
. The Bragges were the queens of the evening,
the eldest daughter might be called the empress;
dresses had come direct from Paris, and were unlike
ing that had been seen in England before, while
remarked that the eternal white satin of the Tolle-
es had a very heavy appearance. If any doubt
have remained upon the minds of the spectators
ting the intentions of Sir Charles, they were now
ated. It was very certain that he desired nothing
ch as to become the husband of the beautiful girl,
, against all the rules of etiquette, he led to the
r-room, and seated at his right hand at the top of
ble, above all the matrons and dowagers of the
Henrietta Tollemache almost made up her mind
loss of the young baronet, and by everybody
arriage of the happy pair was looked upon as a
thing.

No such marriage, however, took place. Miss Bragge, having the vision of a ducal coronet flitting before her eyes, refused the baronet. Sir Charles, though at first disposed to give way to despair, consoled himself with the idea, that time and assiduity would work a change in his favour. He was not aware of the ambition which lurked in the bosom of the lady of his affections, while she, satisfied with having assured him of her determination, considered herself at liberty to receive attentions paid under, what she chose to consider, a full knowledge of the state of the case. Mrs Bragge, who was of an indolent disposition, and had no voice in the family, regretted this rejection. With so many daughters, she thought it a good thing to get one off her hands, and was of opinion that Geraldine's marriage with Sir Charles would save a great deal of trouble. Other offers were made, and refused; and some of the cavaliers, either more or less sensitive than the baronet, withdrew upon the failure of their hopes; the remainder, assured of the consequences of hazarding a proposal, contented themselves with laughing, and talking, and flirting, and in this manner time sped upon its lightest pinions. The shooting-season brought quantities of young men to Mr Bragge's manors, to the great detriment of the game, and the no small diminution of the contents of the cellar. Everybody went out in the morning, either to knock down the hares and the partridges, or to lunch with the sportsmen in some approved spot. Riding and driving occupied the remainder of the day until dinner, and in the evening there was music and dancing. With the addition of the female visitors, the Bragges could always get up a ball without extraneous aid; and the arrival of Christmas brought with it fresh sets of company, and fresh methods of beguiling time. Meanwhile, Mr Bragge's grown-up sons thought themselves entitled to live in the *style becoming* their expectations. One, who was with *his regiment*, kept up a very gay establishment; and the *eldest being* the heir, divided his time between Melton *Mowbray* and home, with occasional visits to distant

country, in which good hunting was to

laster arrived, and the Bragges took their
London, leaving the county in a state of
h it had not enjoyed for many a long day.
f the festivities in which the family had
in the great metropolis, was duly forwarded
through the medium of the fashionable
coteries of the town learned that four of
ragge had been presented at court; and
puzzled by the mystical language in which
f their dresses was conveyed, understood
le a very brilliant appearance. Frequent
ubsequently made of the beautiful sisters;
rse of a few weeks, the following announce-
that the expectations entertained by the
lliance with the peerage were not without
'Married at St George's Church, Hanover
Hon. and Rev. the Dean, &c., Lord Viscount
to Letitia Eugenia, third daughter of the
3 Theophilus Bragge, of —— Hall, in ——
'as rather a surprise to the good folks of the
according to their unsophisticated notions,
seemed to be the least amiable of the family.
expression in her countenance which might
sneer; she had not the vivacity which cha-
sisters, and there were some persons who
to say, that they thought her a little stupid,
-tempered. How it so happened that the
r mind, which were thus stigmatised in the
red her more favour in London than was
e other Misses Bragge, they could not make
implicity of their hearts, the Singletonians
red that, as the third daughter had become
the oldest would be a marchioness at least,
c up to a ducal coronet. Geraldine, unfor-
ht the same, and the illusion was fostered
is of a young duke, which, however, never
g; and at the end of the London season,

Mr Bragge returned into the country, with all his family about him, Lady Rossallan alone excepted. Soon after their arrival, Lady Jane Tollemache discovered, greatly to her vexation, that her only son George, who was just of age, had engaged himself to Emily Bragge. She had perceived a good deal of dancing and flirting going on between the parties during the spring; but as she had given her opinion pretty strongly regarding the young lady, she concluded that an only son, so well brought up, and so fully warned respecting the consequences of such an alliance, would never think of doing so mad a thing. She was mistaken; and George proclaimed that he had arrived at the age of indiscretion, by leading Emily to the altar, which proved a severe blow to Lady Jane and her daughters. Sir Charles Dorrington was observed to be as attentive as ever to Miss Bragge; but with the success of Lady Rossallan before her eyes, and a young duke in her head, she could not be prevailed upon to listen to him.

The recess passed away nearly in the same manner that the preceding one had done; the two younger girls came out, so that there were still four Misses Bragge to be seen at all the balls and races; Geraldine, however, continuing to be considered the flower of the family. The next London season produced nothing, at least nothing of consequence; the young duke who had been so attentive, married somebody else, but his place was supplied by an earl, who, it was thought, would certainly propose. This nobleman had promised to spend a part of the shooting-season at Bragge Hall; consequently, there could be no hope for Sir Charles Dorrington; and, either tired of the pursuit, or convinced of the utter heartlessness of its object, he withdrew his pretensions. In a mood of mind to be grateful for the flattering conviction that he had been long favourably regarded by another, he fell in with Henrietta Tollemache, who very adroitly drew him into matrimony. The earl did not fulfil his engagement, and Miss Bragge, for the first time in her life, found herself without any professed dangler. She

ıd to make good use of the following season, ɔught out some formidable competitors. Lady was on the continent, and the circle which ollemache drew around him, did not offer any- ufficient consequence to induce her to relinquish ɔes of another season. People now began to ıe number of years during which Miss Bragge out. Her sister Stella had deemed it full time and, failing to procure a suitable establishment, ;he hand of an officer who held a high command h American service, and who, having been well d, and covered with orders, had passed himself ɔery great personage at Notaxcanpaia, or some e. Mr Bragge's estate was now discovered to ıite equal to the demands made upon it. The ıerefore, not finding it convenient to return to ry, went to rusticate at Boulogne. A winter in ı subsequently tried, and some very ruinous ıre incurred, and, after various chances and he family settled at Cheltenham. It happened, fterwards, that Miss Bragge, in paying a visit ıter Mrs Tollemache, came to Singleton by the :h, and, while waiting for the carriage, which .er-in-law had promised to send for her, gazed site of the theatre of her former glories. The remained, for, in the progress of improvement, et-place and the clumsy building above it had ed, the former being removed to another part ıwn. Some bitter feelings passed across her , turning from the window, her eyes encountered ·glass. The form reflected there was certainly ırent from that which, years before, had been upon its surface. All its youth and freshness ıe; the face was haggard and careworn; the d lost its roundness; and she sighed as she upon the waste of years, and the foolish ambi- *h had led her* to despise the blessings within

Her mortifications did not end here, for she d to meet Sir Charles and Lady Dorrington

very frequently, and many a bitter tear did she shed in secret over the wreck of all her hopes. On her return to Cheltenham, she found it impossible to settle down. The appearance of the house, its mean decayed furniture, bearing marks of the destructive propensities of many a former tenant, the apology for a man-servant, the ill-served dinner, and the difficulty of procuring fitting apparel for the parties which still formed the sole amusement of her life, impressed her with the necessity of striking some bold stroke. There were still two sisters besides herself unmarried—one who was a confirmed invalid, and upon whose account they were obliged to continue at Cheltenham; and another, the baby mentioned in a preceding paragraph, who had grown up into rather a fine girl, but very inferior in personal attractions to her elder sisters. This young person, who had never known the splendour formerly enjoyed by the family, was quite as eager after amusement as her sisters had been, and carried on the same sort of pursuits, though in a very limited sphere. During a visit to Lady Rossallan, Geraldine had succeeded in captivating a man of large property, and hopes which had long lain dormant, now revived. She was, unfortunately, obliged to return home before the affair could be settled, but was speedily followed by her admirer. He had been charmed by the spirit, elegance, and intelligence of Miss Bragge; but the sight of her youngest sister, who, though immeasurably inferior to what she had been, had now, with some resemblance, the advantages of youth and natural brilliancy, changed the object of his pursuit, and he made an offer to Elizabeth. Mr Bragge, too happy to marry a daughter so well, gave his consent. The young lady had been brought up in a school in which self-interest was more considered than any finer sentiment. She therefore made no objection, and Geraldine was obliged to conceal her feelings of mortification as best she might.

At this time several other very disagreeable things occurred. Mrs Huddersfield, who had come back a widow from South America, with four children, and the

pension from the Notaxcanpaian government,
uch in the way of Miss Bragge. The family
so grew worse and worse, and they were
vith a terrible affair between the Tollemaches.
lemache, inexperienced and indiscreet, had
of many acts of worse than folly; and his wife,
der his neglect, had, by way of recalling him,
l to excite in him the dangerous sentiment of
Ier mother and sisters in law, by whom she
took advantage of this mistaken policy to
aind of her husband against her. A separa-
very painful circumstances, was anticipated;
, through the generous interference of Sir
rington, the breach was to outward appear-
l, the ill-treatment which she had received,
se of the rashness of the attempt which she
revive her husband's affection, sank deep in
rt. She never recovered it; and her death,
place soon afterwards, proved the result of
ed system of education which had left the
of the Bragge family to the direction of

Augustus Theophilus, long compelled to find
sement at the card-table, had sunk into the
of a gambler's existence, and, having acquired
preyed in turn upon the unwary. Disagree-
of the Bragges, some entirely false, and all
l, now furnished a large portion of the con-
the place. Geraldine, though smarting under
inflicted by these reports, and suffering from
which she daily sustained, could not bring her-
emplate a life of seclusion, and felt as little
is ever to receive lessons of wisdom. She still,
oped that fortune had something in store for
leanwhile, nothing could be more dismal than
ts, or more disagreeable than her situation.
—*to come to* the conclusion of our story of
family—an elderly nobleman, who had buried
and was suspected of an intention of taking

a fourth, arrived at Cheltenham. He was guarded by a couple of dragons in the shape of unmarried daughters, who watched him with the utmost circumspection. They were, however, obliged to enter society, and to renew an acquaintance with Lady Jane Tollemache, notwithstanding their secret dread of Isabella, who, quite as anxious to be married as Geraldine could be, smoothed her brow, and enlivened her usually sour aspect with a smile. Notwithstanding all her misfortunes, smiles were more naturally familiar to the lips of Geraldine; and Lord Wreldesworth, just as he was beginning to wish that Miss Tollemache did not look quite so precise and old-maidish, encountered his old acquaintance Miss Bragge. His eyes might have been a little dim, but it appeared to him that she did not seem a month older than on the night when, in his second wife's lifetime, he had been so enchanted with her waltzing at a fashionable London assembly. Lord Wreldesworth, who had been for some time exceedingly manageable, now broke through all control. He would go and visit the Bragges; lent the father L.100, just for old acquaintance' sake; and, finally, in despite of the rage and vexation of his daughters, and the talk of all Cheltenham, he married Geraldine Bragge. It would be preposterous to say, that this late alliance possessed a single redeeming feature. On both sides, it was like most marriages in what are called the higher ranks—perfectly heartless, and was attended with the usual heartless results.

[In the preceding paper, the reader will probably recognise the lively descriptive power of an English female writer, who has contributed many equally entertaining and correct sketches of provincial manners. We cannot allow the Bragge family to pass from under our notice without expressing our deep regret—living, as we do, and *feeling*, like Singletonians—that, in the *superior* spheres of English society the love of splendour *and distinction* should be so absorbing a passion. With *all the advantages* of the present advanced state of things, *it is to be feared* that the more generous and unselfish

feelings have yet but little play amongst us. To quote the language of a work, of which a short critical notice has chanced to fall under our attention :*—'The very arts which seem most to raise and embellish life, introduce in their train habits of effeminacy and self-indulgence. They create new wants, which become, in turn, from servants, masters. They concentrate the entire being within self; they render self-sacrifice an absurdity; duty, a difficulty; they add to riches a fictitious value, measured by the lowest passions of our nature.' These are sad truths; nor do we see, in existing institutions, the means of giving a different current to mind in the superior circles of society. From causes, however, now in operation, it is not improbable that the light of a superior morality will soon dawn in the lower departments of our community, whence it can scarcely fail in time to ascend to the higher.]

THE MYSTERIOUS ROBBERY.

THE following remarkable narrative occurs in the famous French work *Les Causes Célèbres*, or Celebrated Trials :—

Francis, Count de Mongommery, and M. d'Anglade, lived in the same mansion in the street Royale, in Paris. The house consisted of four floors, the two lowermost of which were occupied by the count, his wife, and family, and the two upper by M. and Madame d'Anglade, with their only daughter and servants. The two families visited each other, and were altogether upon good terms, though there existed no strong or sincere friendship between them. Count de Mongommery was wealthy, and had an establishment corresponding to his rank and means. He even kept a domestic chaplain, or almoner, a *person found only* in houses of the highest distinction.

* *Education Reform*, by Thomas Wyse, Esq., M.P.

M. d'Anglade, on the other hand, though he made a decent appearance in society, and was received into the best company, was understood to be rather straitened in his circumstances. Such was the condition, individually and relatively, of the principal parties in the following unfortunate affair.

Count de Mongommery and his lady having projected a visit to their country-house of Villeboisin, invited M. and Madame d'Anglade to accompany them. The invitation was at first accepted, but afterwards it was declined, upon some slight plea. The count and countess accordingly set out for their estate, attended only by their chaplain, François Gagnard, and other domestics, on Monday the 22d of September 1687, proposing not to return till the evening of the succeeding Thursday. During their absence, the town-house was left under the charge of a female servant, named Formenie, with whom a page, and four girls who worked at embroidery, also remained. Some trifling presentiment of evil having occurred to Count de Mongommery, who was somewhat superstitious, he returned with his suite to town on the Wednesday—a day earlier than he intended. Nothing unusual was observed about the count's apartments at first, excepting that the door of a chamber on the ground-floor, in which some of the servants slept, was found to be unlocked, though the chaplain had locked it, and taken the key with him on his departure. Formenie and her companions had never touched the door, and had believed it always to be locked. This circumstance, however, did not excite much notice at the time. The count and countess took supper after their arrival, and had just finished their repast, when M. d'Anglade entered by the door common to his apartments and those of the count. This was about eleven o'clock. M. d'Anglade had been supping out, and finding the Mongommeries *to have* returned, he went into the chamber where they *were, and* chatted with them for a time; after which, *Madame* d'Anglade came down likewise, and joined in *the conversation.* The domestics of the count afterwards

alleged, that both the D'Anglades appeared struck with surprise on learning the count's arrival.

On the evening of the following day, Count de Mongommery gave information to the authorities that he had been robbed. The lock, he stated, of his strong-box had been forced during his three days' absence, and there had been taken away thirteen bags, containing each 1000 livres in silver coin, 11,500 livres in two-pistole gold pieces, a twisted rouleau of 100 new louis-d'ors, and a pearl-necklace, valued at 4000 livres. On the announcement of this enormous loss, M. Deffita, one of the heads of the criminal department, and other officials, went to the count's apartments. The first impression on the mind of every one was, that some person about the house had committed the robbery, and therefore a search was resolved upon. M. d'Anglade and his wife came forward at once, and requested that their chambers might be first examined. This was assented to. The lowermost of the two floors occupied by the D'Anglades was begun with, the master and mistress of the house themselves conducting the officers through all parts of it. Coffers, cabinets, beds, and, in short, everything, were turned over and examined, without any vestige being found of what was sought. After the first floor was investigated, M. d'Anglade led the way to the upper story, his wife declining to go, on account of an attack of faintness. In the upper flat, on examining an old trunk full of clothes and linens, a twisted rouleau of seventy louis-d'ors was found in it, wrapped up in a paper which contained a printed genealogy. On opening this rouleau to count the money, the hand of M. d'Anglade was seen to tremble, and he himself said: 'I tremble.' Count de Mongommery *declared the paper containing the genealogy to be his*, and said—what he had not said before—that his louis were of the coinage of 1686 and 1687, the same as those found in D'Anglade's *rouleau. Suspicion* once thrown, as it now was, upon this *unhappy man, other* circumstances were not long in *occurring to increase* it. On descending to the chambers

of Count de Mongommery, Madame d'Anglade observed to the judge or officer, M. Deffita, that one room, she had heard, had been found unlocked, and that in it something might perhaps be found; adding unguardedly, that some of the servants were probably the authors of the act. When, on searching that same room, five of the missing bags of livres were discovered, with a sixth, in which the sum of 1000 livres was incomplete, Madame d'Anglade's pointing out the room, and her readiness to accuse others, increased vastly the suspicion against herself and her husband. Moreover, the count declared that he would answer for the honesty of his servants, and seemed firmly persuaded that the D'Anglades were the actors in the robbery. So strong also was the impression against them on the mind of Ms Deffita, that he made the remark to M. d'Anglade, shortly after the discovery of the louis-d'ors in the trunk: 'Either you or I has committed this robbery.' The result of the search was, that at the requisition of the count, with the consent of the public prosecutor, M. and Madame d'Anglade were thrown into prison, confined in separate places, and prevented from seeing any one. Their effects were all sealed up at the same time.

The following are the chief circumstances, in addition to the discovery of the louis and the genealogical paper, and other grounds of suspicion mentioned, that came out against the prisoners on further inquiry, and led to their condemnation:—The D'Anglades knew that the count had large sums of money by him; they made a frivolous excuse to break up the engagement to go to the country; on the Tuesday night, which, in all probability, was the night of the robbery, M. d'Anglade supped in his own house, which was rarely or never the case at other times; he sought and obtained from Count de Mongommery the keys of the street-door before the latter's departure, *which keys* were necessary for the carrying away of *the stolen* property; and, when interrogated separately *about the* seventy louis-d'ors, the two prisoners contradicted *each* other—the husband saying that he did not

think his wife knew of his having that money, and that he had not touched it for several weeks, while the wife declared that she had several times counted it over along with him, and that the last reckoning of it had taken place three or four days back. M. d'Anglade's previous character was, besides, inquired into, and report said that he was a gambler. A robbery was also proved to have taken place in the same house before Count de Mongommery came to it, and while D'Anglade lived in it, the authors of which had never been detected.

All these circumstances, slight as they were singly, were held in the mass to justify the application of the torture to the unfortunate M. d'Anglade, in order to extract from him a confession of that guilt which he persisted in denying. He was a man of a weak frame of body, and of a sensitive spirit. The torture he bore with extreme firmness, and not a word or sign, in acknowledgment of the charge, could be elicited from him. But this did not, according to the laws of that day, establish his innocence. On the contrary, though never regularly convicted in a court of justice, he and his wife were condemned by an arbitrary decree to all the penalties attending conviction. On the 16th of February 1688, after undergoing the torture, and lying five months in confinement, M. d'Anglade was sentenced to the galleys for nine years, and his wife to banishment from Paris and its environs for the same period; besides which, all their property was confiscated, in order to make restitution to the Count de Mongommery of the money he had lost. The sums which the D'Anglades were decreed to pay, amounted in all to about 32,000 livres.

M. d'Anglade went with a chain of criminals to Marseille, where he died within four months. His health had gradually declined in prison, and the torture gave the crowning blow. He died, in a resigned and even cheerful frame of mind, with his eyes fixed on another and *a better world*, praying for forgiveness to all who *had injured him.* Madame d'Anglade's health also broke *up in confinement*, and prevented her from being ever

removed from Paris, in pursuance of her sentence. But her cares were greatly soothed by the presence of her daughter, a child of five years old, and of a sweet and affectionate disposition. After the mother recovered in some degree, the child fell ill, chiefly owing to the wretched character of the lodgment to which they were doomed. The mother besought and obtained the favour of being removed to a cell of a somewhat better kind; and here she was occupied in attending upon her child when a great change took place in the condition of this unhappy family.

Within a short period of the decease of M. d'Anglade, certain anonymous letters came into the hands of the criminal authorities, announcing that the writer had retired into a cloister, and that he felt it necessary to unburden his conscience by revealing the true authors of the robbery of Count de Mongommery's property. These were, the writer said, a man named Vincent Belestre, and the chaplain Gagnard, the latter of whom had been in the count's service at the time, but had since left it. A woman named Comble was also mentioned as one who knew all the particulars. Though the Count de Mongommery's partisans averred these letters to be an invention of Madame d'Anglade, yet inquiries were made into the characters of Belestre and Gagnard, which were found to be of the very worst order. They were discovered also to have exhibited about the time in question a sudden influx of wealth. These circumstances induced a search for them, which was unsuccessful, until, as if providentially, both men came into custody upon other charges. A short time afterwards, the writer of the anonymous letters, who was a needy priest of the name of Fontpeire, and the woman Comble, were brought forward, and a strong body of testimony came out respecting the robbery. It was brought home beyond all *possibility* of doubt to Belestre and Gagnard. Gagnard *had given* his accomplice impressions of all the necessary *keys, and* Belestre had fabricated false ones, by the *aid of which* he had committed the robbery. It is

unnecessary to enter into all the particulars which came out one by one against the prisoners. Suffice it to say, that in the end Gagnard confessed the whole. He and his associate in guilt paid the penalty of it with their lives. It is remarkable that Gagnard said before his execution, that had he been questioned at the time the house was searched, he was in such a state of agitation as must have made him confess all. A considerable property purchased with the stolen money by Belestre, and the valuable pearl-necklace, were recovered by the Count de Mongommery.

These discoveries could not restore the innocent D'Anglade to life, but his name, at least, might be cleared from reproach. Madame d'Anglade demanded that the justification of her husband's memory and of her own innocence should be pronounced and also claimed the restitution of their property, as well as damages from the Count de Mongommery for his calumnious accusation. This produced a trial of some importance, as the count justified the proceedings which had taken place, and insisted, among other pleas, that damages might as well be sought from the ministers of the law as from him. The answers made by Madame d'Anglade to his recapitulation of the evidence against her husband and herself, shew clearly that if men could at the time have rid their minds of the unhappy prepossession against the accused, the issue of the case would not have been what it was. Madame d'Anglade shewed, that a slight given by the count's sisters to her husband had caused his refusal to go to the country with the count, and proved from what parties the rouleau of seventy louis had been got by her husband. The printed genealogy, she also proved, had been sold to her by a broker. Many other points were cleared up by her, some of which had been explained at the very first; but the eyes of justice were dimmed by prejudice. Apparently, the court *now felt that* the Count de Mongommery's rash *confidence, in stating* that 'he would be responsible for *the honesty of his* servants,' had prevented the truly

guilty parties from being examined and detected. His assertion, also, that the printed genealogy belonged to him, had materially influenced the case, and was utterly devoid of foundation. Upon these and other grounds, the court decided that the count should restore all the property of the D'Anglades, and should pay all the expenses, from first to last, which this case had occasioned; which last heavy imposition was regarded by the court as a sufficient assignment of damages against the count.

Thus ended this case, in which an unfortunate man lost his life almost on mere suspicion. We may congratulate ourselves, that such things could not occur in our day, where the accused and accuser have equal facilities. Though the loss of a husband and a father was too severe a one to be ever forgot, Madame d'Anglade and her daughter had the satisfaction, at least, of re-entering society with honour and an unblemished name. The sympathy of the world was so much excited in their favour, that a portion of 100,000 livres was collected, and presented to the daughter of the ill-fated D'Anglade. She afterwards married M. des Essarts, counsellor-at-law.

THE SAILOR AND THE BEAR.

A HULL whaler was moored to a field of ice, on which, at a considerable distance, a large bear was observed prowling about for prey. One of the ship's company, emboldened by an artificial courage, derived from the free use of his rum, which in his economy he had stored for special occasions, undertook to pursue and attack the bear that was within view. Armed only with a whale-lance, he *resolutely*, and against all persuasion, set out on his *adventurous* exploit. A fatiguing journey of about half a *league*, over a surface of yielding snow and rugged *hummocks*, brought him within a few yards of the enemy

surprise, undauntedly faced him, and seemed
n to the combat. His courage being, by this
y subdued, partly by the evaporation of the
had employed, and partly by the undismayed
reatening aspect of the bear, he levelled his
ıttitude suited either for offensive or defensive
stopped. The bear also stood still. In vain
rer tried to rally courage to make the attack:
was too formidable, and his appearance too
In vain also he shouted, advanced his lance,
ints of attack; the enemy, either not under-
m, or despising such unmanliness, obstinately
ound. Already the limbs of the sailor began
ıe lance trembled in the rest, and his gaze,
ıitherto been steadfast, began to quiver; but
ridicule from his messmates still had its
ıd he yet scarcely dared to retreat. Bruin,
ssessing less reflection, or being more regard-
sequences, began, with the most audacious
advance. His nigh approach and unshaken
ıd the spark of bravery and that dread of
.t had hitherto upheld our adventurer; he
fled. But now was the time of danger. The
t encouraged the bear in his turn to pursue;
etter practised in snow-travelling, and better
it, he rapidly gained upon the fugitive. The
, his only defence, encumbering him in his
hrew it down, and kept on. This fortunately
bear's attention; he stopped, pawed it, bit
ı resumed the chase. Again he was at the
panting seaman, who, conscious of the favour-
ıf the lance, dropped a mitten: the stratagem
ınd while bruin again stopped to examine it,
, improving the interval, made considerable
ead. Still the bear resumed the pursuit with
ıvoking perseverance, excepting when arrested
mitten, and finally by a hat, which he tore
tween his teeth and his paws, and would no
soon made the incautious adventurer his

victim, who was rapidly losing strength and heart, but for the prompt and well-timed assistance of his shipmates, who, observing that the affair had assumed a dangerous aspect, sallied out to his rescue. The little phalanx opened him a passage, and then closed to receive the bold assailant. Though now beyond the reach of his adversary, the dismayed fugitive continued onward, impelled by his fears, and never relaxed his exertions until he fairly reached the shelter of the ship! Bruin once more prudently came to a stand, and for a moment seemed to survey his enemies with all the consideration of an experienced general; when, finding them too numerous for a reasonable hope of success, he very wisely wheeled about, and succeeded in making a safe and honourable retreat.—*Scoresby's Journal.*

PERSONAL NARRATIVE RELATING TO THE FALL OF THE BRUNSWICK THEATRE.

In August 1827, the foundation of a new theatre, to which the name of the New Brunswick Theatre was given, was laid on the site of one burned down during the previous year, and long known, from its locality, by the name of the Goodman's-Fields Theatre. The New Brunswick Theatre, though constructed on such a scale as to hold 2000 persons, was finished and thrown open to the public in the space of seven months; a rapidity of execution almost unexampled, and to which, unquestionably, much of the subsequent mischief is to be attributed. The building was extremely elegant in appearance, had a *wrought*-iron roof, was fire-proof in the principal parts, and, as a whole, in short, seemed to combine the qualities, *at least*, of beauty and convenience. The theatre cost *L.25,000.*

Fortunately, ere the public had been exposed to danger from attendance on the theatre above two or three days, a lamentable proof was given of the unfitness of the building for their reception. On the 28th of February 1828, the people in its vicinity were alarmed by a dreadful crash, which proved to have been occasioned by the falling in of the roof of the theatre. As it was known that many of the persons connected with the establishment were within its walls at the moment, the greatest alarm was excited for their safety. It turned out that a rehearsal was going on at the period, at which, besides the performers, a number of spectators were present. A body of the workmen were also in the house. The accident, which was owing to a greater weight being suspended from the roof than the walls could bear, was fatal to upwards of twelve of the parties, while all, except one of those saved, were more or less severely injured. Amongst the individuals taken out of the ruins in life, was a young man named John Williams, who wrote the following narrative of the disastrous event, which was published in the *Weekly Review*, a London newspaper:—

'In the beginning of last autumn, I was sent to London on some matters of business by my father, Mr Williams, the building-surveyor of Chester, who is also known to the literary world by his "Remarks" on some of the architectural antiquities of that city. I carried letters of introduction to Mr Nash, to Mr Rickman, of the House of Commons, and to another member of parliament, whose name I do not wish to mention. The last gentleman invited me to his house, overwhelmed me with professions of esteem, and quite turned my head with his offers of services. When the business which had called me to town was finished, I wrote to my father of the new prospects that had been opened to me, and, in contempt of his advice and injunctions, determined on remaining in London, to follow out a career so much better adapted to my talents than that of a provincial builder. An open quarrel with my family was the consequence; but I took no trouble to appease their anger, being convinced that o

very short time would prove the wisdom of my conduct, and enable me to demand rather than solicit forgiveness.

'Two months passed away in expectation; my money was spent, and the people at my lodgings began to abate in their civility, when I thought it necessary to bring my patron to the point. I called at his house for that purpose, and found him just stepping into a post-chaise. He seemed as glad to see me as ever, but of course had little time for conversation. When he had fairly seated himself in the vehicle, and, in my despair, I had ventured to ask how long he meant to be absent from town, shaking me cordially by the hand, he informed me that if there was a call of the House, he might be obliged to return in the course of the session, but that, at all events, he would have the pleasure of seeing me this time next year! I do not remember the carriage driving off; but the passers-by stopping to look at me, as I stood like a statue on the flags, recalled me to myself, and I went home to my lodgings.

'I was too timid or too obstinate to write to my father. I preferred lowering my expectations, and applying for a clerkship in a builder's office, and was promised the influence of several persons of respectability in order to obtain it. In the meantime, by the advice of an acquaintance, I was induced to apply to the pawnbroker for a temporary pecuniary relief; but this did not enable me to discharge the rent of my lodgings. The civility of my landlady was changed to coldness; and her coldness, by a natural transition, to heat. The persecution I underwent at home made me take refuge in public-houses, where I fell in with companions as desperate as myself, but apparently more happy. I at length left my lodgings secretly, with the remains of my wardrobe under my arm. I engaged a bed by the night at what is called a theatrical house, but one of the lowest of the sort, where I first acquired a taste—or rather a passion—for stage-amusements, and became acquainted, by the introduction of her brother, with a young actress, whose name, whether she

is dead or alive, will not be benefited by an association with mine. My appearance at this time, with regard to dress, was respectable, and my manners probably intimated an acquaintance with better society than that enjoyed by my companions. The reception I met with from the lady was favourable; and young, beautiful, amiable, and, I am convinced, innocent, she made an impression on my heart, which is the only part of my London history I am not ashamed of acknowledging.

'I debated with myself whether, on finding a situation, I should not remove her from a mode of life at least dangerous, if not disgraceful, by making her my wife, or, by attaching myself to her profession, serve as a protector from its danger, and derive from it the means of our mutual subsistence. My debate, however, was speedily cut short; no situation turned up; I was pursued by means of summonses for several small debts; my landlord refused me even a night's lodging without the money in advance; and I was compelled to make my retreat to another quarter of the town. It would be disgusting to pursue, step by step, the path of my decline, which was now fearfully precipitous. From the parlour, I sank to the tap-room; from the society of masters, to that of journeymen; from the shabby surtout, to the tattered jacket. My place of refuge was in Barlow Court, a narrow lane in the neighbourhood of Wells Street; and having some slight knowledge of the upholstery and cabinet-making business, I received employment accidentally in fitting up the Brunswick Theatre.

'My earnings were very small, but I contrived to cheat my hunger out of sufficient to enable me to drown, almost every night in intoxication, the sense of my degradation and my despair.

'The theatre was at length opened, although the internal work was not all finished. I was in attendance at the fatal rehearsal of the 28th of February, in the course of my duty. *As I was passing* across the stage, I was arrested *by the voice of a* new actress—a voice that had lingered *in my ear in spite of* everything. The earnestness of my

gaze was observed by one of my fellow-workmen, who informed me that the lady whom I seemed to admire so much was Mrs ——. Mrs—— ! She was married! I forgot at the moment my situation, my dress, the proprieties of time and place, and I rushed forward to demand from her own lips a confirmation or a denial of the truth of what I had heard. That motion saved my life. There was heard at the instant a sound which I cannot describe by crash, or roar, or any other imitative word in the language ; it was not loud, nor shrill, nor hollow : perhaps its associations in my memory with what followed may have fixed its peculiar character in my mind—but I can only describe it to the imagination by likening it to one's conception of the harsh, grating, sullen, yet abrupt noise of the grave-stone, when it shall be suddenly raised from its sandy, clammy bed, at the sounding of the last trumpet. One of the actors rushed across the stage, and darted out by the side-door. Of the rest, those who were speaking stopped in the middle of a word; the hand raised in mimic passion was not dropped ; the moving crowd of human beings stood still, as if by one impulse ; there was a pause of two or three seconds. Some, whose mind was more present, raised their eyes to the roof; but the rest were motionless, even in the vagrant organs of vision, and stood mute and still like a gallery of statues. I cannot even attempt to describe the sound which awoke the scene from this appearance of death only to give it the reality. I would liken it to thunder, if you could mingle the idea of the explosion with that of its effects— or to the rush of a mighty torrent, if you could fancy amalgamated, as it were, in its roar the typical voices of pain, and horror, and confusion, and struggling, and death. I staggered back, and nearly fell into an abyss that was cloven into the floor by a fragment of the iron roof on the very spot where I had stood but a moment before. While *rushing* up the side of the newly-formed precipice to *regain* my footing, by the single terrified glance I had *time* and light to cast behind, I saw that the iron and *wood* were wet with blood and brains, and the other

horrible mysteries of man's inner body, and that the "living soul" I had just talked to was not to be recognised by the sight as having ever borne the external characteristics of a human being.

'The light was suddenly shut out—and yet so slowly as to inflict upon my sight that which will ever stand between it and the sun. Fragment after fragment rushed furiously from the roof, but yet so thickly intermingled, that I cannot at this moment say whether or not the mass of roof was disunited at all in its descent. Then the bursting of the walls—the grating of the stones and bricks as they were ground into powder—the rending of the planks and wooden partitions—the hissing sound of the lamp and brass-work—the damp crush of human bodies—and the yells of mortal agony from a hundred hearts, which seemed wilder and stronger even than the inanimate sounds that had called them into being—to choke, conquer, and silence them for ever!

'All was dark. A weight was upon my shoulders which an Atlas could not have moved; my left leg was fixed between two planks, and, as I discovered by feeling with my hand before the pain announced it, it was broken and distorted; the side outline of the narrow chamber in which I sat would have nearly described a right-angled triangle, the hypothenuse leaning on my back; above, I could extend my hand to its full length without obstacle, but the aperture could not have admitted anything thicker than the arm; before me, was a wall apparently of solid iron; and below, and at the sides, the surface, consisting of iron, brick, stones, and wood, was broken into narrow interstices.

'When the united sounds I have described had subsided into a distant hum, a single voice rose upon my ear: it was the voice of the lady mentioned above; it was one wild, shrill, unbroken scream. I do not know how long it lasted; I do not even know whether it was a human voice at *all; it did not* stop for breath; its way was not *impeded, like that of the* rest, by the intervention of the *ruins; minute after minute* it continued, and every minute

it became wilder and shriller, piercing like an arrow through my head and heart, till my tortured senses found temporary relief in insensibility.

'My fainting-fit probably lasted a considerable time; for, when I recovered, it was long before I could understand my situation, or recall anything that had happened to my memory. At length, piece by piece, the truth came before me, and I could feel the cold sweat trickling down my brow. The voice I had heard existed probably only in imagination, for it was now silent. A low deep sound was humming in my ears, which I could at length distinguish to be the simultaneous groans of human beings, separated from me either by distance or some thick and deadening barrier. My ear endeavoured in vain to divide it into its component parts, and to recognise the voices of those I knew: and there was something more horrible in this vague mysterious monotony, than if it had been distinctly fraught with the dying accents of the one I loved best on earth. I felt as if my lot must be bitterer than that of the rest. I was alone—I was cut off even from communion of suffering; while they, I imagined, were together, within the sound of one another's voices, and the touch, even, of one another's clothes, received some relief from the idea of total abandonment, of agony unimagined and unshared.

'My senses, I believe, began to totter, for I complained aloud of my lonely fate: I knew that I was behaving absurdly, but I could not help it; I beat the iron walls of my dungeon with my clenched hands till they were wet with blood, and shrieked aloud with a voice rendered terrific by the fury of despair. The voices of the rest appeared to be startled into silence at the sound, or perhaps it fell upon their ears like a cry of comfort and hope—an answer to their groans from the surface of the earth. After a pause, I heard another dull, heavy sound, like that *produced* by a muffled drum; it was in reality a drum, *and probably* beat by one of the band, as a more powerful *means of* awakening attention than his own voice. The *sound, in* such circumstances, was inexpressibly awful;

and when the hand that smote the instrument in so unaccustomed a scene wandered by habit into a regular tune, my sensations were exaggerated into a species of horror which I can liken only to that which might be supposed to visit a religious mind on witnessing some shocking act of impiety.

It may seem a species of insanity to mention it; but when the roll of the drum, and the sound of human voices had ceased, and after I had been left for a considerable time, as it were, to myself, even in these circumstances of terror, and loneliness, and mystery, I possessed a species of knowledge which the denizens of the surface would have deemed equally useless and unattainable to those underground: I knew the hour of the night. Like the idiot who mimicked, at the proper intervals, the audible measurement of time, after the clock was removed which had taught him the practice, my inclination for drinking, which had been converted by habit into an almost unconquerable passion, returned at the accustomed time of its gratification. In spite of surrounding circumstances, I fancied myself in the midst of my dissolute companions, in the scene of our coarse and vulgar revels. I afterwards sank by degrees into a sort of stupor, from which I was awakened by the light of heaven streaming full in my face, through an aperture made in the ruins by my deliverers. The apparent apathy, or, as some term it, philosophy, which I displayed, has been attributed to wrong causes. The truth is, that although at first my body was awake, my mind was almost wholly insensible; it recovered its consciousness by very slow degrees, and it was not until I was left alone at night, that I became completely sensible of my deliverance.'

[It may be gratifying to our readers to be informed, that the young man, who was thus saved from the ruins of the theatre, afterwards recovered from the injuries he had *sustained. His* most constant attendant during his *confinement in the* hospital was the young female whom *he alludes to in his* narrative, who had been dug out of

the ruins almost unhurt, and who had not been married, as he had been led to suppose at the time that the accident happened.]

ANECDOTES OF THE ORIGIN OF WORDS.

LADY is a word which gives us a most pleasing idea of the customs of our Saxon ancestors. The term is compounded of two Saxon words, *leaf* or *laf*, signifying a loaf of bread, and *dian*, to give or to serve. Now, it must be known, that it was the fashion in times of old for those families whom Heaven had blessed with affluence, to give away regularly a portion of bread to those poor neighbours who might stand in need of assistance, and on such occasions, the mistress of the household herself officiated, distributing with her own hands the daily or weekly dole. Hence was she called the *laf-dy*, or the bread-giver; and in course of time, the word was abbreviated to its present form. A writer of the last century, in reference to this derivation of lady, observes that 'the meaning is now as little known as the practice which gave rise to it; yet it is from that hospitable custom that, to this day, the ladies, in this kingdom alone, serve the meat at their own tables.' It is to be feared that, in the great manorial families referred to, even this remnant of the old custom is not now very general. It was certainly so, however, in Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's time, for we are informed by her late noble editor, that, in her youth, she received regular instructions in the art of carving or serving meat. And Lady Mary was a duke's daughter. But, changed as such fashions may now be, there are still, we are happy to *think*, many true *ladies* in this much-abused world of *ours*—many generous bread-givers—many who feed the *hungry* and befriend the friendless.

It has always puzzled us very much to tell why the

e in certain words should have the sound of *o*, or
, why the words in question were not spelt with
st of these letters instead of the first. One of the
to which we refer is *sew*. Etymology supports us
r suggestion, that this word should properly be
with an *o*, for it is actually derived from the word
a swine, a pig, a grunter. The thing came about in
ay:—*sus* (in the second case *suis*) is the Latin for
, and the bristles of this animal being formerly
or sewing instead of needles—as they are by shoe-
rs in our days—the word *suo*, to sew, was founded
sus. Of course, our English *sew* came from the
n *suo*, with which it is identical in meaning. Is it
ld to think that the term designative of the elegant,
ot less useful than elegant employment of ladies'
s, should be derived from the name or rather the
es of a hog?

have now to notice two words of very curious
logy, and of very similar meaning. These are,
ite and *sycophant*—terms descriptive severally of
cters of a very contemptible kind. Parasite is com-
ed of the Greek words *para*, near, and *sitos*, corn;
Potter, in his *Antiquities of Greece*, presents the
ing account of the way in which the compound
acquired its present signification. After telling us
he name of *parasiti* at first denoted simply those
ns who held the honourable office of collectors of
rn allotted for public sacrifices, 'the public store-
,' he continues, 'where they kept the grain, was
parasition. Diodorus, the Sinopesian, says, that in
village of the Athenians, they maintained at the
charge certain parasiti or grain-collectors, in
r of Hercules; but afterwards, to ease the common-
n of this burden, the magistrates obliged some of
wealthier inhabitants to take them to their tables,
ntertain them at their own cost; whence this word
in later ages to have signified a trencherman, a
r, *or one that* for the sake of a dinner conforms
to every man's humour.' This is a very rational

account of the manner in which gentlemen *who looked after the corn of the gods* came to have their designation of *parasites* changed in meaning, so as to signify toad-eaters, as we call gentry of the parasitical order now-a-days. The mode, however, in which the word *sycophant* acquired its odious meaning, is much more simple and clear. But we defy our unclassical readers to guess from its *etymology* how sycophant came to bear the sense of a flattering tale-bearer. It is compounded of two words—*sukon*, a fig, and *phaino*, to shew. From this pair of roots, one might expect sycophant to have meant a *grocer*, for he is your true *fig-exhibitor*. Nevertheless, mark how simple and appropriate the origin of the present signification is! It was forbidden by law to export figs from Athens. Man, however, has always been a smuggling animal; and as the Athenians did not like the restrictive enactment in question, they were apt now and then to try to evade it in a quiet way. But wherever smugglers are, there will be found *informers* also; and accordingly, the poor fig-exporters were sometimes caught. The only revenge they could take, was to fix on these informers the title of *sycophants*, or *fig-showers*, in a contemptuous sense; and by and by, the word was applied to denote all contemptible tale-bearers and flatterers whatever.

The next word that occurs to us is *cardinal*, which is derived from the Latin *cardo* (in the second case *cardinis*), a hinge. Certain virtues are called cardinal, because all others *hinge* on them; and the highest dignitaries of the Church of Rome received the same appellation, because the possession of these virtues was supposed to constitute their title to that lofty ecclesiastical grade. In like manner, the simple numbers (up to 10) are termed cardinal, because all others hinge on and are compounded of them. The appellation of *dauphin*, borne by the eldest son of the king of France for many centuries, is very *generally* believed to arise from the province of *Dauphiné, in France*. But in reality, the title of dauphin, as borne *by a prince*, would appear to have given the province its *name*. The title is said to have originated in the circum-

of one of the lords of that district, who flourished
ninth century, having caused a *dolphin* to be
d on his shield, as an emblem of the mildness of
ign, these animals being reputed by the ancients
tremely friendly to man; and his successors, in
r of his memory, adopted the animal's name—cor-
l through time to *dauphin*—as a title of dignity.
f the chain of dauphins, however, in the fourteenth
ry, becoming disgusted with life through the loss
only son, whom he let fall into the river Isere, as
s playing with him at an open window, transferred
minions to Charles, Duke of Normandy, grandson
ilip of Valois, king of France, upon condition that
le of dauphin should be, in all time coming, borne
e eldest son of France. In memory of the true
of the term, the crown of the French heir-appa-
s composed of four *dolphins*. The Latin form of
in is *delphinus*, and hence the term Delphin Classics,
denotes a splendid edition of the ancient authors,
led, for the use of the dauphin, by the best French
rs of the reign of Louis XIV. The Delphin Classics
been frequently republished in this country, and
orks certainly of great value and utility. Not their
est recommendation, is the very valuable series of
s appended to them. These times of ours have made,
ier for good or for evil, such sweeping changes on
rms, that the Delphin Classics are likely to be the
risible memorial that such a title as dauphin was
orne by the youthful majesties of France.

e appellations of kings and courts are things akin
h other, and we may, without harsh transition,
n to our readers the title of (Sublime) Porte, which
may often have seen applied to the court of the
sh Empire. The principal gate at the entrance of
eraglio at Constantinople, is a noble structure of
e, built by Mohammed II., as recorded thereon by
cription in *gold* and azure. This gate is called, by
eminence, the Porte, from the Latin porta, a gate;
m this, one of the most prominent objects about

the royal residence of the Grand Turk, does his court derive its common name. Formerly, the gate in question was guarded by fifty mutes, who conversed in signs, and the inmates of the dwelling within were as fettered captives. But, in this respect at least, our age has seen a great and good reformation. The chains of prejudice have been thrown off, and the women of Turkey are in progress of being restored to the freedom which has been so long withheld from them. The prince, it is said, has set the example by opening the *porte*, and permitting those within to enjoy, at their will, the blessed air of heaven.

END OF VOL. XVII.

CHAMBERS'S

ɔKET MISCELLANY.

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CHAMBERS'S

'OCKET MISCELLANY.

DISGUISED FEMALES.

[EN are, in general, so much under the influence of great principles of their nature—timidity and deli—that the protection of their ordinary dress must, neral, be too much appreciated to be rashly thrown . Accordingly, that a female should ever, in any mstances, dismiss her proper apparel, may well ar to us as something like a phenomenon. Yet nces of this being done are by no means infrequent, in modern times. In some instances, the moving e is to be found in circumstances: a young female, example, falls in love with a sailor, and not being red to follow him in her natural and recognised acter, puts on jacket and trousers, and becomes, to arance, a brother of his mess. But in the most of , a pure masculinity of character seems to lead les to take on the guise of men. Apparently ng themselves misplaced and misrepresented by the le dress, they take up with that of men, simply that may be allowed to employ themselves in those manly tions for which their nature and taste are fitted.

The case of Mary East, which made some noise about eighty or ninety years ago, was one in which the motive was of a beautiful and romantic nature. She was born in the year 1715, in one of the eastern counties of England. On reaching womanhood, she formed a strong attachment to a young man, who afterwards fell into evil habits, and was condemned to death for a robbery. His sentence, however, was commuted to transportation. Unworthy as this person was of her love, Mary East was so deeply affected by his fate, that she resolved ever to remain in a single state, and meeting with another young woman whom a similar disappointment had driven to the same resolution, the two determined to pass their lives together. In order to form a sort of protection for both, it was agreed that one of them should assume the male habit, and on casting lots to decide the matter, this metamorphosis fell to the share of Mary East, then only sixteen years of age, and a year younger than her associate. For the execution of their views, it was of course necessary for them to remove to a place where they were unknown. With L.30 in their possession, they accordingly went to Epping, in Essex, where Mary East, after purchasing a man's attire, and assuming the name of James How, took a small inn, which was accidentally found vacant.

We have thus, in Mary East's case, a plain and intelligible reason for the assumption of the male habit, which we will find scarcely to be the case in other instances. In the little inn at Epping, Mary East lived for some time with her companion, in the character of man and wife, until a fortunate accident enabled them to shift to better quarters. The seeming husband, James How, quarrelled with a young gentleman, and entering an action at law against him, obtained damages to the amount of L.500. With this sum, the associated couple removed to Limehouse-Hole, where they took a larger inn, and, by good management, soon began to lay up money. As their circumstances improved, they took a still more respectable house of entertainment—the White

se, at the village of Poplar. In these various situa-
s, they had spent more than twenty years, and had
chased considerable property, when an event occurred
ch gave the pair a great deal of annoyance. A
nan who, from knowing Mary East in her youth,
discovered the secret of her disguise, suddenly
ılved to turn that discovery to the purpose of extort-
money. Accordingly, she wrote to Mr (or James)
w, demanding L.10, and threatening, in case of a
ial, to disclose the truth relative to Mr How's sex.
rful lest such a disclosure would have put a stop
heir profitable business, besides causing other incon-
iences, Mr and Mrs How at once sent the money
ıanded.

'or a number of years afterwards, this annoyance was
repeated, and James How and his partner continued
thrive in the world. The disguised female served
eatedly in Poplar as foreman on juries, and filled
ious parochial offices, with great credit, though it was
ın remarked, that there was a sort of effeminacy about
. The maintenance of the secret was perhaps greatly
ng to the circumstance of the pair keeping no maid-
vants about the house, but doing nearly all the neces-
y business themselves. At length, at the close of the
r 1764, the woman who had extorted money pre-
ısly, renewed her attacks. She first demanded,
. got, L.10. In a fortnight, she repeated the demand,
l received L.5. Just about this period, the sup-
ed wife of James How fell ill, and after going to
brother's at some distance, died there. She had sent
How before her decease, but as How could not con-
iently come to her, she told her brother all the
umstances: that she had lived, not with a man, but
h a woman; that they had been partners in business,
. had amassed more than L.4000 sterling. As soon
his sister died, the brother went to Poplar, and
uired How to give up the deceased's share of the
erty. This was at once complied with. The bro-
kept the secret of How's sex, but it came out

immediately afterwards, in consequence of the extortioner, already mentioned, carrying her demands anew to excess. This woman took two accomplices to assist her, and forced the supposed How to give her a draft for L.100. On presenting this draft, the parties were taken up, and How, seeing that the secret could be kept no longer, attended, and bore witness against them before the magistrates, in the character of Mary East, and in the proper habit of her sex. In this attire, she behaved at first so awkwardly, as to excite much laughter. The extortioners were convicted and punished.

Immediately afterwards, Mary East sold off her stock and effects, and retired to a private dwelling in Poplar, to enjoy the fruits of her honest industry. She was fifty years of age when she resumed the habit of her sex, and laid down the borrowed one she had borne for thirty-four years. She lived till June 6, 1780, being sixty-five years old when she died.

The heroine of the preceding narrative can scarcely be said to have laid aside much of her feminine nature with her dress. Not so, however, Hannah Snell, the next personage to whom we have to advert. Hannah Snell was born on the 23d of April 1723, in the city of Worcester. Her father was a hosier, and had a family of three sons and six daughters, of whom Hannah was the youngest. It is said, that in her youth this girl shewed a bold spirit and even a martial turn. However this may be, after the death of her parents she came, in 1740, to London, to reside with a sister, married to a ship-carpenter, at Wapping. About two years afterwards, Hannah married a Dutch seaman, who proved a very bad husband. After using her shamefully, he finally ran off, leaving her on the eve of bringing her first child into the world. This child survived only seven months, and, some time after its decease, Hannah, finding herself alone and unencumbered, formed the romantic notion of setting out in search of her cloped spouse, for whom *she still* appears to have entertained a strong affection. *The best* way of finding him, she thought, was to enter

e army. Accordingly, secretly assuming her brother
-law's dress, and also borrowing his name, which was
mes Gray, Hannah set out, in November 1745, for
oventry, where she enlisted in the corps of General
nise. The main body of this regiment was then at
arlisle, and Hannah was sent thither with other recruits.
disagreeable incident soon after befell her here. A
rgeant of the corps pitched upon Hannah to assist him
some base views which he entertained relative to a
oung female in Carlisle. Though in man's attire, Hannah,
her credit, had so much regard for the honour of her
wn sex, as to put the intended victim on her guard.
inding himself repulsed, the sergeant imagined Hannah
have supplanted him; and the consequence was, that
ur female soldier was soon after artfully accused by him
f some dereliction of duty, and was sentenced to receive
00 lashes. Five hundred of these she did receive at
arlisle gate. Her secret, nevertheless, was not dis-
vered—in consequence, it is related, of her using a
ndkerchief as a partial covering. Shortly after this, a
cruit, who had before known her, joined the regiment,
d Hannah, afraid of exposure, besides being already
gusted with her situation, resolved to desert. She did
and got in safety to Portsmouth, where she enlisted
the marines, and was speedily drafted on board the
llow sloop of war, destined to join Admiral Boscawen's
; in the East Indies.

annah's sex remained undetected on board of the
low, though she did not scruple to shew a degree of
anly skill in washing and in cooking, which caused
o be much beloved by her comrades. She, however,
through all ordinary duties at the same time—such
ing her turn on the watch, exercising, and the like.
the Bay of Biscay, the *Swallow* fell into great
s; and after much severe work at the pumps, in
Hannah took her full share, as she did in all the
ying duties, the sloop put into Lisbon, and after-
succeeded in joining the rest of the fleet, which
miral led against the Mauritius. Hannah made

herself noted by her extreme bravery in the attack on this island, which proved unsuccessful. From the Mauritius, the fleet sailed to Fort St David, on the Coromandel Coast, where the marines were put on shore to join the army in that country. The siege of Areacopong was the first enterprise in which our heroic heroine was here engaged, and she gained so much applause for her soldierly conduct, that she was chosen as one of a select band—a sort of forlorn-hope—ordered upon the dangerous service of bringing stores from the shore at a particular point. This service was successfully effected, and Hannah distinguished herself by revenging a comrade's death—killing the author of it with her own hands. The siege of Pondicherry followed these events, and here Hannah underwent the most severe toil. She was on guard seven nights successively, and stood a great part of the time up to the breast in water, exposed continually to the enemy's shot. She herself fired thirty-seven rounds, and when the place was taken, she came off with six wounds in one leg, five in the other, and a ball in her groin. The other wounds were submitted to the care of the surgeon, but she was under the necessity of concealing the last mentioned. However, with surprising fortitude, she herself contrived to extract the ball, though deeply lodged. By the connivance of a kindly black woman in the hospital, she got dressings applied to the wound, and it was healed at the end of three months, when her other injuries also were cured.

On leaving the hospital, the brave soldier, James Gray, as she was called, was put on board of the *Tartar Pink*, and afterwards of the *Eltham* man-of-war. While in this vessel, having refused to sing at the wish of a domineering lieutenant, she was doomed to a dozen lashes, and to four days' confinement in irons, on the pretext of her having *stolen* a shirt, though the spite of the officer was the real *cause*. The shirt was afterwards found in the owner's *trunk*, and her innocence established. Hannah was *at length* sent in the *Eltham* to England. Being called *Molly Gray* by her comrades, on account of her smoot

chin, every frolic that could help to conceal her true character was joined in by her whenever the ship touched at any port, and she thus succeeded in getting her appellation changed to that of *Hearty Jemmy*. At Lisbon, she heard, by mere accident, that her husband had perished by the hands of the public executioner at Genoa, for murdering a native of that city. Thus was Hannah's original reason for donning man's attire done away with. On reaching England, in 1750, Hannah had the honour to receive two offers of marriage—one in her character of a man, and the other in her real character. The first came from the young woman whose honour she had saved in Carlisle, and whom she met in Portsmouth. Hannah of course declined the connection. The other matrimonial offer took place in London, when, having received her pay, and being about to part with her comrades, Hannah disclosed to them the secret which she had previously been so assiduous to preserve. One of them offered her his hand on the spot. Her wounds, and the remarkable nature of her adventures, now attracted the attention of the Duke of York, who ultimately settled on her a pension of L.30. Before this grant was made, Hannah, having assumed the habit of a woman, and taken up her abode with her sister, was induced, in consequence of the attention which her story excited, to appear on the boards of Goodman's-Field's Theatre, and to sing some songs, and to perform the sword-exercise. The pension placed her above the necessity of resorting to such public exhibitions of herself for subsistence. She lived till the year 1779, and died in the fifty-sixth year of her age. From the portraits given of her, she appears to have been stoutly formed, and not ill-looking.

In Caulfield's *Portraits of Remarkable Persons*, a curious record of human oddities, we find a portrait of Anne Mills, another of those females who have chosen *not only to lay* aside the habit of their sex, but have *also cast off with it* seemingly their feminine nature. In *the engraving* alluded to, Anne Mills, styled the Ferna

Sailor, is represented as standing on what appears to be the end of a pier—having the sea beyond it, with a vessel in the distance—and in one hand she holds a human head, while the other bears a sword, the instrument, doubtless, with which the decapitation was effected. The painter or artist seems to have been somewhat of a wag, and has indicated the head to be that of a Frenchman, by a truly Hogarthian touch. Though Anne Mills holds the head nearly as high as her own, yet the tie of the former reaches to the ground, and even trails on it. This, perhaps, was no exaggeration of the French hair-dressing at the time when Anne Mills flourished, which was about the middle of last century. In 1740, she was serving on board the *Maidstone* frigate; and in an action between that vessel and the enemy, she exhibited such desperate and daring valour, as to be particularly noticed by the whole crew. In the plate, she appears in something of a mongrel dress, having a sailor's jacket superiorly, and inferiorly a petticoat—a little of the shortest, too—but this must have arisen from the artist's wish to make the true character of the personage more plain and intelligible, as at the time Anne Mills was engaged in the pleasurable occupation of whacking off the heads of the pig-tailed Mounseers, she was believed by all to have a full right to wear that plural article of man's attire which cannot be mentioned.

Excepting that she served her country as a man-of-war's *man*, and served it well and bravely, about the period referred to, little is known of the history of Anne Mills. Her motives for assuming the male habit do not appear to have transpired, nor do we know whether her secret was detected by accident or disclosed by herself. We have a good deal more to tell to the reader, fortunately, respecting the next Amazonian fair one whom we have to introduce to his notice. Mary Anne Talbot was *the youngest* of sixteen illegitimate children, whom her *mother* bore to one of the heads of the noble house of *Talbot*. With such a descent as this, it was perhaps *not* unnatural after all for Mary to exhibit, as she did,

valiant spirit, as she could claim for an ancestor the nowned Talbot—

——'The scourge of France,
With whose dread name her mothers still'd their babes.'

r, to give him all his titles, as Shakspeare enables us do—

'Valiant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury,
Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great Earl of Washford, Waterford, and Valence,
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchingfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdun of Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Furnival of Sheffield,
The thrice victorious Lord of Falconbridge,
Knight of the noble order of St George,
Worthy St Michael, and the Golden Fleece,
Great Mareschal to Henry the Sixth,
Of all his wars within the realm of France.'

ere was a progenitor, our readers will admit, well cal-ılated to send a martial ardour through a hundred ıerations. The descendant with whom we have at ·esent to do, was born on the 2d of February 1778, in ɔndon, but was in her childhood removed to Chester, here she was respectably educated beneath the eye of married sister. At this sister's death, Mary Anne fell ıder the care of a gentleman named Sucker, who treated ·r with great severity, and who appears to have taken lvantage of her friendless situation in order to transfer ·r, for the vilest of purposes, to the hands of a Captain ɔwen, whom he directed her to look upon as her future ıardian. Captain Bowen took the girl, then barely urteen years of age, to London, and soon made his ıargo his mistress. He treated her tyrannically after-ards, and being ordered to join his regiment at St omingo, compelled Mary Anne to go with him in the sguise of a footboy, and under the name of John Taylor. his was the beginning of her masculine career, and, ough at first compulsory, she subsequently shewed that ıe had a spirit not uncongenial to her dress. On the ıssage *outwards,* the ship suffered great distress, and *ary Anne bore* her share in every kind of hard work *l privation,* concealing her sex carefully all the while.

Captain Bowen had scarcely reached St Domingo, when he was remanded with his regiment to Europe, to join the Duke of York's Flanders expedition. He again forced Mary Anne to accompany him, and she had to enrol herself as a drummer in the corps. When she arrived in Europe, she was in several skirmishes, and was wounded, once by a ball which struck one of her ribs, and another time by a sabre stroke on the side. She suffered dreadfully from being obliged to conceal these injuries, yet she healed them herself in time, and kept her secret. Her tyrant, for such Captain Bowen had proved himself, was killed at Valenciennes; and as she had acted as footboy to him besides being a drummer, Mary Anne had an opportunity of finding among his effects several letters relating to herself, which proved that she had been defrauded through Sucker and Bowen of money left to her. This made her resolve to leave the regiment, and endeavour to return to England. She set out, in the dress of a sailor-boy, and got to a seaport, where she was stopped, the town being in possession of the French. She was not, however, confined; and in order to get away from the place, she hired herself to the commander of a French lugger, which turned out to be a privateer. On board of this vessel, she was subjected to severe drudgery; but when the privateer fell in with some of Lord Howe's vessels in the Channel, she would not assist in fighting against her countrymen, notwithstanding all the blows and menaces the French captain could use. The privateer was taken, and our heroine was carried before Lord Howe, to whom she told candidly all that had recently happened to her, saying nothing, however, about her sex.

Mary Anne Talbot, or John Taylor, was then placed on board of the *Brunswick*, Captain Harvey, where she was appointed to the post of *powder-monkey*, as it is called. *This was in* 1794, and she was yet but sixteen years of *age. Her* neatness and civil manners attracted the notice *of Captain* Harvey, who behaved kindly to her, and made *her principal* cabin-boy. He inquired into her story, and

she told all of it that did not involve her secret. Soon after, coming on board the *Brunswick*, she witnessed Howe's great victory of the 1st of June, and was actively engaged in it. The consequence of her daring conduct was, that her left leg was struck a little above the knee by a musket-ball, and broken and smashed severely, lower down, by a grape-shot. Incapable of rising after these injuries, she lay on deck until the action was over, when she was taken to the cock-pit. Afterwards, on the *Brunswick* reaching England, Mary Anne was conveyed to Haslar Hospital, where she remained four months, until a partial cure was effected. All the while no suspicion was ever entertained of her being a woman.

Notwithstanding her sufferings, she was no sooner out of hospital, than she again entered a man-of-war, the *Vesuvius*, commanded by Captain Tomlinson. The motive for still keeping up her disguise is not very easily seen, unless it were a liking for the trade of war, or the necessity for doing something for her maintenance, which she might think it more difficult to accomplish as a female. However this may be, the *Vesuvius* was doomed not long to be the scene of her career. The vessel was captured by two French ships, and Mary Anne was sent to the prisons of Dunkirk. There she was incarcerated for eighteen months, and underwent the harshest treatment, aggravated by severe bodily illness. Having formed a plan of escape, along with a young midshipman named Richards, it was discovered, and she was confined in a pitch-dark dungeon for eleven weeks, on a diet of bread and water. Her Dunkirk imprisonment was in so far useful, as it gave her an opportunity of acquiring the art of making various trinkets from goldwire, which she learned from a German fellow-prisoner, and which she subsequently turned to account. An exchange of prisoners set Mary Anne at liberty, but she did not go to England when this took place. Hearing accidentally an American *merchant-captain* inquiring in the streets of Dunkirk for *lad to go to New* York as ship's-steward, she offered *er services,* and was accepted. In August 1796, she

sailed with Captain Field on this voyage, and arrived safely soon after at Rhode Island, where she resided with the captain's family. Here an odd adventure befell her. A niece of the captain fell deeply in love with the seeming John Taylor, and went so far as to propose marriage. Mary Anne did her best to escape civilly from this dilemma, but on her departure from Rhode Island, the young lady fell into such alarming fits, that Mary Anne, after sailing two miles, was called back by a boat, and was compelled to promise a speedy return to the enamoured fair one. Mary Anne then went to London in the same vessel, along with Captain Field, to whom she still acted as steward. Whilst the vessel was taking in a new cargo in London, she shewed her courage on one occasion, by rising in the night on hearing a noise at her cabin-door, and opposing with a sword the entrance of some person, who afterwards was detected by the wound then received, and confessed an intention to rob our heroine's cabin.

At this period it chanced that Mary Anne, being on shore with some of her comrades, was assailed and seized by a press-gang. She could get off, she found, in no other way than by *revealing her sex*, and this she did. Her story soon spread abroad, and made a great noise. From this time forth she never went to sea again. She made repeated applications for money due to her, but at first found it difficult to prove her claims at the Navy Pay-Office. She had acquired, it would appear, a genuine sailorly freedom of address by this time, for she spoke so sharply on one occasion at this office, that she was sent to Bow Street. Here her story attracted the notice of some influential persons, who raised a subscription for her, and placed her in a lodging, the mistress of which was enjoined to break her, if possible, off her masculine dress and habits. About this period she went and worked for a time with a jeweller, but in the beginning of 1797, *her leg*, which had never been altogether healed since the *fracture of the* 1st of June, grew so bad as to drive her *into St Bartholomew's* Hospital. Several exfoliations of *bone were here* extracted.

On learning her history, the Duke of York gave her a pension of L.20. This did a great deal to maintain her during the remaining part of her life, which was passed in the attire natural to her sex, and into the particulars of which it is unnecessary to enter. It may only be observed, that her masculine career seems, for a time at least, to have nearly incapacitated her for playing the character of a woman. Though not given to excess as a man, she smoked and drank grog too much to be quite orderly as a woman. These tastes appear, however, to have worn away, as we find her, in the beginning of this century (1807), to have been quietly living in service with a bookseller, Mr Kirby, who wrote a memoir of her. This is the last notice that we have of her, and it is quite possible she may be yet alive. She would be seventy-five years of age were this the case.

The next example of disguised womanhood to be noticed at present, is remarkable as having taken place in the instance of a young female of rank, fortune, and high accomplishments. Frances Scanagatti was born of a good family at Milan, in the year 1781. In her childhood, she was put under the educational charge of the Nuns of Visitation, and obtained a high character for talents and amiability. On her attaining the age of thirteen, her father resolved to send her to board and complete her education at Vienna. Accordingly, she set out for that city, dressed in boy's clothes, to avoid trouble and impertinence on the journey, and accompanied by one of her brothers, who was to stop by the way at the famous military academy of Neustadt. They had not gone far, when this youth fell sick, and owned to his sister that the idea of a military life was hateful to him. Frances, on hearing this, urged and persuaded him to return home, for the re-establishment of his health. At the same time she procured from him the recommendatory letter he was bearing to M. Haller, the staff-surgeon at Neustadt. *With this letter she* went on to Neustadt, and presented *herself in the* character of the expected boy—a step of *the boldest and most* extraordinary kind, certainly, in a

girl of thirteen. M. Haller received her kindly and unsuspiciously, and she was placed at the academy.

Such were her talents and industry, that, in the course of the ensuing two years, she bore away the principal prizes of the institution, and made herself a proficient in fencing, military tactics, mathematics, and the English, French, and German languages. It would seem that her family, though they importuned her to change her course, yet did not openly interfere with her proceedings, strange as they were. In 1797, she carried her masculine tendencies so far, as to petition for a commission from the Austrian Military Council; and her character stood so high, that she at once obtained an ensigncy in the regiment of St George. There was at this period a hostile army on the Rhine, and thither, after first visiting Vienna, Frances Scanagatti was sent to join her battalion. She campaigned here for sixteen months, till the peace of Campo-Formio took place, when she went with her corps to the town of Sandomir. In this place, she was annoyed by the ladies, whose inquisitive eyes discovered something odd about her speech, look, or figure, and declared her to be a woman. The young ensign was secretly distressed on hearing of this, but by her free and extra-gallant manner, contrived afterwards to wipe away the impression.

Being removed from Poland, she joined the army acting against the French in Italy, in the year 1799. Here she was engaged in various encounters, and was on one occasion the first to enter the enemy's intrenched redoubts, sword in hand. She won the name of a brave and active officer. In 1800, her battalion was sent into quarters at Leghorn, and Lieutenant Scanagatti, being sent on regimental business to Milan, had the satisfaction of seeing her parents and family. She stopped with them a day and two nights, and during all this time, the mother never suffered her extraordinary daughter to be out of her sight, looking on her ever with a mixture of fondness, sorrow, and pride. In order the better to disguise herself, Frances used to lace her chest tightly; and it did no

scape the tender parent's eyes, that this had produced ividity and apparent injury to her child's person. On his account, as well as on others, Frances was entreated o return to the bosom of her family; and she gave her romise to do so as soon as a peace was concluded, ntil which time, she said, she could not leave the service vith honour. Frances again joined the army after this; ut her father, fearful for the health of his daughter, rote to Vienna, told the whole story to his Excellency aron Melas, and Lieutenant Scanagatti received a omplimentary discharge.

Recognising in this the doing of her parents, Frances ubmitted to their will with a filial patience, and in the utumn of 1800, returned to her family. This remarkable irl resumed the dress of her sex, and ever afterwards onducted herself with so much sweetness and mildness f disposition, as to render her voluntary assumption of an nfeminine character still more wonderful. Her military areer was not without its usefulness, as it was ultimately he cause of various benefits being conferred on her rothers in the same service.

HANGIES!

OST striking testimony to the great improvement h has taken place of late years in the mode of con- g letters or mail-bags, is to be found in the details occurrence which took place at the beginning of the nt century, on one of the roads immediately to the of Edinburgh. At the epoch referred to, the only e passing to and fro between the Scottish capital e town of Peebles, twenty-two miles distant, was an *nbering carriage*, of the common or private make, *held three* persons, and was termed the Fly—a *be interpreted*, like dreams, by contraries, seeing

that never was there a leathern conveniency less flighty in its movements than the Fly. Twenty miles being too enormous a distance to be gone over twice in a day, the Fly ran only three times a week, or to and from the capital on alternate days. In addition to the worthy burgesses, who, after making their wills, and taking a solemn and tearful leave of their friends, might venture upon this momentous journey, the vehicle we have described carried also the mail-bag to and from Peebles. The manner in which it was conveyed, was by popping it into one of the little pockets which hung inside of the window or door of the Fly, and there it lay, whoever might be seated inside. There were no officials about the vehicle but the driver; and he, after putting the packet in its place, paid no more heed to it from one end of the journey to the other.

Such was the state of mail-conveyance on this road half a century ago. Small as the extent of the Fly's accommodation was, there was still too much for the purpose. The vehicle was more often empty than full, which led the driver, in order to procure an occasional gratuity for himself, to indulge very much in the system of taking in 'hangies.' If there be any one to whom this expressive and extremely poetical word be unintelligible, we beg to inform him that a hangie, in the vocabulary of the road, signifies a person who, from inability or unwillingness to pay the full hire, hangs about the wayside, in the hope of getting for a trifle a spare seat in any passing coach. To such contraband travellers, the driver of the Fly was often obliged to have recourse, in order to procure the means of bracing himself against the cold by a dram. On one unfortunate day, when all was empty inside, three hangies were found by the driver loitering along the road at a short distance from Peebles. Two of these were decent, plain personages, belonging to that *town*, and the third was a youngish man, dressed in *the garb* of a labourer. All hopes of a regular fare *were now* over; and the driver seeing the hangies, *was natural*, in a state of anxious suspense, was moved

to open the Fly door, and let them enter—for a 'consideration.'

At the speed of about four and a half miles an hour, the three hangies were jolted into Edinburgh. It is one of the grievances consequent upon the position of a hangie, that he must leave the vehicle to which he has been indebted for a ride, before it reaches its customary halting-place, lest certain proprietary parties should either blame the driver, or claim a share in the 'consideration.' Neither of these alternatives being agreeable, the hangie is expected by coachee to make himself scarce in time. On the occasion referred to, two of the hangies of the ancient Fly got out of the vehicle at the entrance to the southern side of Edinburgh. The person now left alone in the Fly was the young man in the labourer's garb, and he asked to be driven a little further; to which the driver consented. After reaching the foot of the Candlemaker Row, which was then the common access from the south side, the young man called out to the driver that he now wished to get out. The driver stopped, let out his passenger, mounted the box, and drove down the Grassmarket to the White Hart Inn, which was the Fly's usual resting-place. According to custom, one of the first things done by the driver was to open the door of the carriage, to take out the letter-bag. He dipped his hand into the pocket, but no bag was there! He looked and groped again, but it was all to no purpose; neither his hand nor eye could reveal the presence of the unlucky bag, which it was but too evident was a fugitive from its accustomed place of deposit. In plain unpoetic language—the mail was robbed!

The hue-and-cry was immediately raised. All that passed on the road was at once related by the driver; and as he knew well by name and character the two men who had first left the coach, it was instantly concluded that the bag had been stolen by the man who had left the *Fly but a few minutes* before. A number of persons *set out without* delay in search of him, and it was soon *learned, as the* driver himself imagined, that the thief had

gone up the West Bow. But though the searching-party were on that spot within a few minutes after him, and though they continued their hunt over the city in all directions, no person at all answering to the driver's description was any where observed. Nor were any tidings heard of the abstracted property or the abstractor for a considerable time. Fortunately, it proved that no person had sustained any loss of consequence, the mail-bag chancing, on the day of the robbery, to carry no enclosures of money.

The pilferer, however, though he eluded the notice of those who pursued him, was not permitted long to enjoy his stolen bag. He had scarcely left the Fly for a few minutes, when, just as he had reached the head of the West Bow, he was seized by two men, and taken into custody on suspicion of being a deserter from some of the corps then in Edinburgh. He was first lodged in jail—the old Heart of Mid-Lothian—until preparations were made for his examination before the military authorities of the castle. He does not appear to have been searched at the time by his captors, otherwise the bag would have been found upon him, and must have excited notice. But it was as a deserter simply that he was taken up; and, accordingly, the bag, which was small enough to be easily concealed about his person, remained undiscovered. For one night the deserter remained in the Old Tolbooth, and during that time he was not idle, as was subsequently made apparent. On the day following his seizure, he was taken to the castle, to undergo the consequences awaiting him as a deserter from his majesty's service.

Within a day or two, after his departure from the Tolbooth, it chanced that some of the officials, in arranging the room, probably for some new unfortunate, found beneath the mattress on which the deserter had lain, a great bundle of letters, all opened, and stuffed here and there among the straw. The head-turnkey was sent for on the occasion, but with a degree of carelessness, for which he afterwards suffered seriously, this person took the letters, and tossed the greater number of them into

e, almost without looking at them. This he did
the hasty impression that they were merely the
ings of a prisoner who had formerly occupied
ll, and who had given a deal of annoyance by
veterate propensity to the writing of letters and
ns. The leather mail-bag had been cut to chips by
serter, otherwise the discovery of it might have
e excited suspicion as to the true state of the
One letter, however, which escaped the flames,
hich was addressed to the sheriff of Peeblesshire,
Murray, Esq. (afterwards Lord Cringletie), was
ntally glanced at by one of the officials of the jail,
suspicion arose that there was something more in
atter than had been at first believed. The conse-
e was, that the letter was sent to the sheriff; and
ng fully aware of the robbery of the Fly, at once
ded, from the date and other circumstances, that
ter was one that had been in the stolen bag. He
instantly, as might be expected, to the jail, and
inquiries into the matter. The people of the jail
ed him of the letter having been one of a bundle,
so told him who had been the last occupant of the
This made the sheriff immediately aware that the
er must have been the purloiner of the mail-bag,
e sent for the driver of the Fly, with whom he
o the castle, and had the deserter identified as the
who had come from Peebles in the Fly on the day
theft.

other two parties who had been hangies along
he deserter, were of course called upon, in order
ak to the man's identity. A trial took place, and
nviction of the offender was the result. He was
o Botany Bay, and may now, for anything we know,
ll alive, and a respectable member of society of
istant colony.

CHAPTAL.

About the close of last century, France possessed a number of men who had obtained celebrity from their knowledge of chemical science. Among the number were Berthollet, Lavoisier, Fourcroy, Gay Lussac, and Chaptal. Some of these were distinguished as theoretic or experimental chemists, others as practical laborateurs. Of the latter class, none obtained such eminence, or was so well rewarded for his services, as Chaptal. Lavoisier perished in the revolutionary troubles, when the Reign of Terror was at its height. An insane idea arose in the public mind, that all the tobacco which was sold in Paris had been poisoned by certain chemists, for political purposes, and, in the midst of the panic, poor Lavoisier was seized, and accused of the heinous offence of poisoning the people. Notwithstanding all representations to the contrary, he was ordered for execution; and though he begged his judges to spare him for only three days, in order that he might complete certain chemical experiments in which he was engaged, his petition was refused. 'The French Republic has no need for chemists,' said Robespierre, and so Lavoisier was hurried off to the guillotine.

Chaptal was more fortunate than Lavoisier. When Robespierre said, that the nation did not require chemists, he committed an egregious blunder, for the nation was very soon put to its last shifts for want of chemists. The Republic was carrying on a desperate war, both internal and external, and the consumption of gunpowder was so immense, that the supply could not be kept up. France was almost at its last cartridge. Hitherto, the gunpowder manufactories had been kept going by means of supplies of saltpetre or nitre brought from the East Indies, and imported in some indirect way through England. These supplies were now entirely cut off by the

British government. No nitre was to be had. Money could not procure it. In this critical dilemma, the republican authorities looked about to see if any good chemist had escaped the guillotine, and by great good-luck they discovered Chaptal, who was at that very moment included in a list of proscribed victims of the ruling faction. He was immediately applied to, and his life was promised to be spared, provided he could furnish the government with saltpetre. An ignorant man must have perished in such circumstances. Mark, therefore, the value of a knowledge of chemistry! The proposition was most welcome to Chaptal—his life was safe. He knew that nitre could be formed from the nitrate of lime in the limestone caverns and cellars of Paris, and that it could also be produced from the earthy matter in which animal substances are decomposed. He forthwith ordered a general excavation of the numerous burying-grounds of Paris; the sepulchral repose of remote generations was invaded; old monastic buildings, which for ages had been imbibing animal effluvia, and generating nitre, were erased; the owners of ancient buildings were compelled to consent to their demolition, in order that the ground beneath them might be collected and analysed; the walls of the subterraneous caves and cellars were scraped, and the earth of the floors dug up, all of which, to the Republic, was more precious than gold. The graves of 2,000,000 of bodies were opened; and after removing the skulls, and other bones which were in a state of preservation, to the subterraneous quarries of the Barrière d'Enfer, which gave existence to the celebrated catacombs, Chaptal, by his chemical art, extracted from the various materials he had thus obtained an abundant supply of saltpetre, and thus France and himself were saved.

By the various governments that succeeded, Chaptal was always honoured and regarded as one of the greatest *benefactors to his* country. Bonaparte having, in accordance *with his famous* Milan decree, prohibited the *importation of colonial* produce through England, Chaptal

was the first to suggest and carry into operation the extraction of sugar from the beet-root. For this the Emperor created Chaptal a count and peer of France, and for many years he was a member of the cabinet as minister of the interior. In 1816, after the accession of the house of Bourbon, he still remained in favour, and was appointed a member of the Academy of Sciences by Louis XVIII. His works on practical chemistry stand in the foremost rank in the present day, and are particularly applicable to France, which, by its tariff of trade, voluntarily cuts itself off from the importation of certain articles required by the nation. For example, besides the saltpetre and sugar above mentioned, which Chaptal produced from materials within the country, he invented several kinds of cement and artificial Puzzolanas, by means of native calcined ochre, without the aid of foreign matters; new varnishes for earthenware, without the use of lead ores and plumbago, which are so often destructive of health and life; extended the application of chemical agents to bleaching; the application of old wool instead of oil, in the preparation of soap; and the mode of dyeing cotton with Turkey-red. In short, Chaptal was one of the most illustrious examples of how much good may often be done by one enterprising mind, when that mind is properly directed and encouraged in its efforts for the benefit of mankind.

ADVENTURE OF A QUAKER VESSEL.

THE principle upheld by the Society of Friends, that armed violence must upon no account be employed, is usually looked upon as well enough for a profession *among* a few, who are protected in most matters by the *opposite* system upheld by the many, but as totally unfit *to* be acted upon in practical affairs. We daresay the common opinion is right in the main; yet it is a doctrine

to which we have a warm side, and we therefore have been much pleased to find that it was, at least on one occasion, acted upon beneficially. In the reign of Charles II., a Quaker merchant-vessel, with a master and mate of that persuasion, but manned by ordinary persons, was returning from Venice, when it was taken by a band of Turkish pirates. To pursue a narrative, quoted in Mr Hunt's *Indicator* from Sewell's History of the Quakers :—

The second night after, the captain of the Turks and one of his company, being gone to sleep in the cabin with the master, the mate—whose name was Thomas Lurting—persuaded one to lie in his cabin, and about an hour after another in another cabin; and at last, it raining very much, he persuaded them all to lie down and sleep; and when they were all asleep, he coming to them, fairly got their arms into his possession. This being done, he told his men: 'Now we have the Turks at our command, no man shall hurt any of them, for if ye do, I will be against you; but this we will do, now they are under deck, we will keep them so, and go for Majorca.' Now, having ordered some to keep the doors, they steered their course to Majorca, and they had such a strong gale, that in the morning they were near it. Then he ordered his men, if any offered to come out, not to let above one or two at a time; and when one came out, expecting to have seen his own country, he was not a little astonished instead thereof to see Majorca. Then the mate said to his men: 'Be careful of the door, for when he goes in we shall see what they will do; but have a care not to spill blood.' The Turk being gone down, and telling his comrades what he had seen, and how they were going to Majorca, they, instead of rising, all fell a crying, for their courage was quite sunk; and they begged that they might not be sold. This the mate promised them, and said they should not. And when he had appeased them, he went *into the cabin to* the master, who knew nothing of what *was done, and gave* him an account of the sudden change, *and how they* had overcome the Turks. Which, when

he understood, he told their captain: 'That the was now no more in their possession, but in his and that they were going for Majorca.' At this pected news, the captain wept, and desired the not to sell him; which he promised he would not. they told him, also, they would make a place t them in, that the Spaniards* coming aboard shou find them. And so they did accordingly, at whi Turks were very glad. Being come into the p Majorca, the master, with four men, went ashore, a the mate on board with ten Turks. The master finished his business, returned on board, not taking li lest the Spaniards should come and see the Turk another English master, being an acquaintance, there also with his ship, came at night on boar after some discourse, they told him what they had under promise of silence, lest the Spaniards should and take away the Turks. But he broke his pr and would have had two or three of the Turks, t brought them to England. His design then being his demand was denied; and seeing he could not p he said to Pattison and his mate: 'That they were because they would not sell the Turks, which wer worth two or three hundred pieces of eight.' Bu told him: 'That if they would give many thousand should not have one, for they hoped to send them again; and to sell them,' the mate said, 'he wou have done for the whole island.' The other maste coming ashore, told the Spaniards what he knew o who then threatened to take away the Turks. Pattison and his mate having heard this, called o Turks, and said to them: 'Ye must help us, o Spaniards will take you from us.' To this the as one may easily guess, were very ready, and s quickly got out to sea: and the English, to save the *put themselves* to the hazard of being overcome *for they* continued hovering several days, becaus

* Majorca was inhabited by Spaniards.

would not put into any port of Spain, for fear of losing the Turks, to whom they gave liberty for four or five days, until they made an attempt to rise; which the mate perceiving, he prevented, without hurting any of them, though he once laid hold of one. Yet, generally, he was so kind to them, that some of his men grumbled, and said: 'He had more care for the Turks than for them.' To which his answer was: 'They were strangers, and therefore he must treat them well.' At length, after several occurrences, the mate told the master: 'That he thought it best to go to the coast of Barbary, because they were then likely to miss their men-of-war.' To this the master consented. However, to deceive the Turks, they sailed to and fro for several days; for in the daytime they were for going to Algiers, but when night came they steered the contrary way, and went back again, by which means they kept the Turks in ignorance, so as to be quiet.

But on the ninth day, being all upon deck, when none of the English were there but the master, his mate, and the man at the helm, they began to be so untoward and haughty, that it rose in the mate's mind: 'What if they should lay hold on the master, and cast him overboard!' for they were ten lusty men, and he but a little man. This thought struck him with terror; but recollecting himself, he stamped with his foot, and the men coming up, one asked for the crow, and another for the axe, to fall on the Turks; but the mate bade them not to hurt the Turks, and said: 'I will lay hold on their captain;' which he did: for having heard them threaten the master, he stepped forward, and laying hold of the captain, said he must go down, which he did very quietly, and all the rest followed him. Two days after, being come on the coast of Barbary, they were, according to what the Turks said, about fifty miles from Algiers, and six from land; and in the afternoon it fell calm. But how to set the *Turks on shore* was yet not resolved upon. The mate *saw well enough*, that he being the man who had begun *this business*, it would be his lot also to bring it to a

end. He then acquainted the master, that he was willing to carry the Turks on shore; but how to do this safely, he as yet knew not certainly; for to give them the boat was too dangerous, for then they might get men and arms, and so come and retake the ship with its own boat; and to carry them on shore with two or three of the ship's men, was also a great hazard, because the Turks were ten in number: and to put one-half on shore was no less dangerous; for then they might raise the country, and so surprise the English when they came with the other half. In this great strait, the mate said to the master: 'If he would let him have the boat and three men to go with him, he would venture to put the Turks on shore.' The master, relying perhaps on his mate's conduct, consented to the proposal, though not without some tears dropped on both sides. Yet the mate taking courage, said to the master: 'I believe the Lord will preserve me, for I have nothing but good-will in venturing my life; and I have not the least fear upon me, but trust that all will do well.' The master having consented, the mate called up the Turks, and going with two men and a boy in the boat, took in these ten Turks, all loose and unbound. Perhaps somebody will think this to be a very inconsiderate act of the mate, and that it would have been more prudent to have tied the Turks' hands, the rather because he had made the men promise that they should do nothing to the Turks until he said, 'he could do no more;' for then he gave them liberty to act for their lives so as they judged convenient. Now, since he knew not how near he should bring the Turks ashore, and whether they should not have been necessitated to swim a little, it seemed not prudent to do anything which might have exasperated them; for if it had fallen out so that they must have swam, then of necessity they must have been untied, which would have been dangerous. Yet the mate did not omit to be as careful as possible. For, calling in the captain of the Turks, he placed him first in the boat's stern; then calling for another, he placed him in his lap, and one on each side, and two more in their laps, until h

d placed them all, which he did to prevent a sudden
ing. He himself sat with a boat-hook in his hand on
ɜ bow of the boat, having next to him one of the ship-
ɜn, and two that rowed, having one a carpenter's adze,
d the other a cooper's heading-knife. These were all the
ms besides what belonged to the Turks which they had
their command. Thus the boat went off, and stood for
ɜ shore. But as they came near it, the men growing
ɜaid, one of them cried out of a sudden: 'Lord have
ɜrcy on us, there are Turks in the bushes on shore!'
ıe Turks in the boat, perceiving the English to be
ɜaid, all rose at once. But the mate, who in this
eat strait continued to be hearty, shewed himself now
be a man of courage, and bid the men to take
such arms as they had, but do nothing with them
til he gave them leave. And then seeing that there
ɜre no men in the bushes, and that it was only an
agination, all fear was taken away from him; and his
urage increasing, he thought with himself, it is better
strike a man than to cleave his head, and turning
e boat-hook in his hand, he struck the captain a smart
ɔw, and bid him sit down, which he did instantly, and
did all the rest. After the boat was come so near the
ore that they could easily wade, the mate bade the
ırks jump out, and so they did; and because they said
ey were about four miles from a town, he then gave
em some loaves and other necessaries. They would fain
ve persuaded the English to go with them ashore to a
wn, promising to treat them with wine, and other good
ings, but the mate was not so careless as freely to
ter into an apparent danger, without being necessitated
ereto; for though he had some thoughts that the Turks
ɔuld not have done him any evil, yet it was too hazard-
s thus to have yielded to the mercy of those that lived
ere; and therefore he very prudently rejected their
vitation. The Turks, seeing they could not persuade
m, took their leave with signs of great kindness, and so
nt on shore. The English then putting the boat closer
threw them all their arms on shore, being unwillin

to keep anything of theirs. And when the Turks got up the hill, they waved their caps at the English, and so joyfully took their last farewell. And as soon as the boat came again on board, they had a fair wind, which they had not all the while the Turks were on board. Thus Thomas Lurting saved the ship and its men; which being thus wonderfully preserved, returned to England with a prosperous wind. Now, before the vessel arrived at London, the news of this extraordinary case was come thither; and when she was coming up the Thames, the king, with the Duke of York and several lords, being at Greenwich, it was told him there was a Quaker's ketch coming up the river that had been taken by the Turks, and redeemed themselves without fighting. The king hearing this, came with his barge to the ship's side, and, holding the entering-rope in his hand, he understood from the mate's own mouth how the thing had happened. But when he heard him say, how they had let the Turks go free, he said to the master: 'You have done like a fool, for you might have had good gain for them:' and to the mate he said: 'You should have brought the Turks to me.' But the mate answered: 'I thought it better for them to be in their own country.'

INUNDATION OF A COAL-PIT IN BELGIUM.

On the 28th of February 1812, about half-past ten in the morning, 127 men and boys were at work in the Marias seam of the Beaujone Colliery, which is situated about a mile and a quarter from the city of Liege, on the western side. A *seam* of coal, it is scarcely necessary to say, is one of those thin layers, alternating regularly with layers of sandstone, into which all coal-beds are arranged. As usual, the access to the Marias seam, or rather to the Beaujone coal-pit generally, was by a large

ounded shaft or bure-pit, resembling an oblong well, nd 180 yards in depth from the surface or open air. his pit having been long wrought, there were a great umber of excavated seams, or those from which coal ad been taken, leading off from the shaft at various epths above the Marias one. One of these excavated eams, called the Petsay seam, chanced to have, at a part f it distant more than 100 yards from the shaft, a com- unication with the seam of a neighbouring coal-pit, here there was a large collection of water, kept from reaking out by a frame-dam or wooden dike.

This was the condition of things on the morning ientioned, when the workers, 127 in number, were in ie Marias seam. Unhappily, the water alluded to then roke out, and flowed into the Petsay seam, by which found a direct passage into the shaft of the Beaujonc it, at the bottom of which was the Marias seam. he latter seam being eighty-five yards lower in the haft than the Petsay seam, the water accordingly had fall of that extent. When it first broke into the shaft, ie corf, or strong square box in which the coal and orkmen are carried up and down, and which was moved y means of chains—by ten horses working above-ground —was just drawn up. The man who filled the corf first bserved the influx, and believed, as did several other orkmen, that something had gone wrong with the pipes f the steam-pump. The overseer, Hubert Goffin, was nmediately called to the spot, and as soon as he arrived, e perceived some dangerous mischance to have taken lace, from the quantity of the falling water. Almost ll the men then in the Marias seam, were speedily ssembled at the bottom of the shaft, when the corf, fter being emptied above, again came down. Of course, ll were eager to save themselves by entering it; and ie overseer, Goffin, whose son, a boy of twelve years, as with him, had also put his foot into the corf to *scend, when he again* withdrew it, exclaiming: 'If I *cend, my workmen* will be lost; I am determined to *ve this place the* last—to save them all, or perish with

them!' He then put a blind man into his place, and the corf went up with about a dozen men in it—the number it could carry. Being suspended by only two of its four chains, it fell, in its ascent, to one side, and some of the men tumbled out of it into the rapidly collecting water, from which they were extricated by Goffin and his son. When the corf came down again, the men rushed to it in a crowd, but the force of the falling water threw a part of them down, some of whom only were saved. Filled with men, the corf again went up, and by the time it came down again, the water stood breast-high at the bottom of the shaft. As the people above were whipping the horses rapidly round, there was but a moment's time to lay hold of the corf, but the men clung to it, in spite of Goffin's warning, and, in consequence, the most of those who tried to ascend on this third occasion fell in their ascent, and perished in the pit. This was the last time that the corf carried up any of the workmen. There were ladders standing in the shaft for the use of the fire-engine, and some of the men attempted to attain safety by means of them, but the violence of the waterfall speedily struck down these unfortunates.

Escape by the pit now became impracticable, the water having nearly reached the roof of the under-galleries. Not a moment was now to be lost by those below in taking up a position of temporary safety. Hubert Goffin remained collected. He had ordered one of the men with him, to make an opening in the air-shaft—a narrow bore rising to the open air, with a long chimney upon its top—through which opening they could gain the rise-boards or galleries on the ascending part of the strata from the pit, every other way of escaping death being impossible. Accordingly, all the assembled workmen, only thirty-three of whom had been saved by the corf, were led by Goffin to one of these galleries, with *the exception* of a few men, who, deaf to the overseer's *entreaties*, remained in the filling place, near the shaft, *in hopes* of reaching the corf, and perished. The corf *descended*, indeed, but no man could reach it. The men

and boys, drawn together in the gallery around Goffin, were in a deplorable condition—buried in the bowels of the earth at the depth of 185 yards—grouped together in a narrow space—deprived of food, and almost of vital air—with little hope of relief, and fearing to be drowned in the water which they saw increasing. The boys, crying bitterly, crowded about Goffin, exclaiming: 'Dear master, how shall we escape?'

We hope the reader understands the position in which this unhappy band was placed. They had got through the Marias seam, out of the shaft altogether, and had risen into certain galleries, which placed them above the water. The intrepid overseer encouraged the men repeatedly, saying: 'Lambert Colson [one of the chief proprietors] will not abandon us: if we cannot escape by our own shaft, we shall by Mamonster.' Mamonster pit was one close by that of Beaujonc, and Goffin judiciously concluded, that, as it was impossible to remove the water—which rose twenty-eight yards in the shaft—in time to save them, the people above would try to make a way from the Mamonster pit, the mouth of which was about 190 yards from the Beaujonc shaft. Under this impression, Goffin resolved to do something to aid in the liberation of his comrades and himself. Guessing the proper direction, he set some of the workmen to commence drifts in the four rise-boards or galleries—called the 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th—with which he had a communication by what is termed a headway. The stoutest men he set to work in the 7th, which he thought the most hopeful. Two men could only work at a time, but they constantly relieved each other, and others carried away the excavated matters. After toiling more than two long days—from Friday to Sunday evening—by the light of candles and without food, and with only dirty water to drink, in the drift of the 7th rise-board, the picks began to return a sound which told the experienced listeners that an excavation was nigh. On this, the work went on with fresh vigour; but when they did break through, a sad disappointment awaited them. A gust o

inflammable air came through the opening with a horrible noise, indicating the cavity beyond to be an old disused pit. Had not Goffin instantly stopped the hole, they would all have been destroyed by the foul air. This disappointment seemed to take away all chance of relief, and despair began to seize on the men. They uttered the saddest cries, declaring death to be inevitable, and bewailing the fate of their wives, children, and parents. In their desperation, they demanded of their master what was to become of them. Goffin told them, there was yet a resource in the 5th board, and would have led them to it. No man would move. 'Well,' said the overseer, 'since you refuse to obey me, we can die!' He then took his son, and embraced his friends, and all exertion seemed to be at an end, when Goffin's son, a feeble child, as if inspired, exclaimed: 'You act like children; follow the orders of my father. We must persevere in our work, and shew to those who shall survive us, that we had courage even in death.'

This speech from a mere child reanimated the men, and they went and began a drift in the 5th board, which they had scarcely done, when they heard the joyful sounds of people boring and blasting in the strata before them. Notwithstanding this announcement, that people were straining every nerve to relieve them, Goffin's men were so exhausted on the Sunday night, that they again refused to work, saying, that they had as soon die one way as another. Goffin entreated, menaced, and compelled, and but for him most certainly all would have perished.

On the Sunday night, the candles went out from want of oxygen in the air—a sad index of what the captives must have suffered from the same cause. The darkness added to the gloom of the men, as they had to work in the dark. Two orphan boys flattered themselves they should not perish, because their father prayed for them in *heaven*. The boy Goffin shewed the most remarkable *heroism*. He frequently came to his father, clapped *him* on the back, and exclaimed: 'Courage, father! *all goes* well.' While others bewailed their own fate,

is boy thought only of his mother, and his six brothers nd sisters. 'Father,' said he, 'you and I only earned oney; how are they to live? Must they beg? Dear ther, I know you have hid some money in the w-house—how will my mother be able to find it?'

'And you, my boy,' said the parent, 'where have you id yours?' The child congratulated himself that his nly crown was in the hands of his sister.

Between the Sunday and Wednesday, the sounds of eople working were heard, approaching always nearer nd nearer. The confined men also continued their xcavation, but most of them were incapable of doing nything. The only aliment they could find was the fected water, which they got in the darkness by creeping to the edge of the flood; but some of them also went here, in the hope of finding a drowned comrade's body o serve as food. In preference to taking the water, ome drank their own urine; and a few candles which hey had, served as food to others. Delirium attacked everal; they asked their way home, and sought salad nd cabbage from Goffin. That intrepid man never lost is courage or care for them. He called over their ames frequently, and calmed them always with assurnces of coming relief. And much he had to bear, for ome of them, in their madness, taunted him with being he cause of their sufferings. The most of them, however, lung to him as their hope, protector, and preserver.

Five days and nights of misery had been now passed, artly in darkness, by the imprisoned miners, when relief ame. We must advert, however, before describing this eliverance, to the steps used above-ground to effect it. he intelligence of the inundation threw the families of he unfortunate colliers into the most terrible agony, and xcited the most profound sensation and sympathy in he whole neighbourhood of Liege. M. Matthieu and I. Migneron, the engineer and deputy-engineer of the oal-works of Beaujonc, were on the spot immediately fter the occurrence of the accident, and took the anagement of the measures, instantly resolved upon,

for attempting the rescue of those held captive in th bowels of the earth. To their honour, all the coal-pro prietors and others around offered horses, engines, an men, for the undertaking. Though it was seen to b impossible to clear the shaft of water in time to do good yet, to prevent it rising so as to inundate the galleries 100 horses were set to work on the fire-pump, and muc water taken out; but it rose faster than it was evacuate and the source was not closed up till Sunday. Howeve it was on another scheme that the chance of relief hun M. Migneron, at the head of a body of strong men, entere the headway—dilapidated unluckily—of the Mamonste pit; and after crawling through a dangerous passag 131 yards long, arrived at the spot nearest to wher the confined men were supposed to be in the Beaujo pit. A bore, or drift, was then commenced in the dire tion that seemed most likely to do good; but all wa sad uncertainty on this point. Only two men at a tim lying upon their sides, could work in the drift, but the were often relieved. The seam of coal, besides, was har and cost about three hours to make eighty inches of wa While this drift was going on, every scheme was trie to direct the confined men's attention to the spot, b firing small cannon, and making other noises. No appea ance, however, of succeeding in this respect, presente itself till Saturday, when some slight noises were hear Nevertheless, no distinct indication of the quarter which the men were was given till the Monday, whe it was found that the drift was going as nearly right possible. On the Tuesday, after almost incredible labou a passage fifty-one yards long was made, and a boring-r passed through into the cavity where the captives wer but in so indirect a manner as to permit of no oth communication with them than by speech. But ev this was a great satisfaction, as it enabled Goffin announce the existence of most of the workmen. T hole mentioned had to be stopped up, as the prisone could not bear the pressure of the air, which rush in impetuously.

ı the 4th of March (the Wednesday), at twelve
:k noon, the miners broke through into the passage
n, and carried to the length of twelve yards, by
a and his companions. This made a passage in
' sixty-three yards. When the barrier was broken
, the air rushing in caused a report like thunder.
did the captives press to the hole, and crawl out
by man, Goffin and his son being the last. Seventy
ın beings were thus restored to this world in a
ure; twenty-four men had perished in all. Every
ıration that kindness and skill could suggest had
previously made for giving food and other neces-
s, in a proper way, to the liberated workmen. Such
the crowds continually in waiting near the spot
arn the result, that the military had to be kept
ys on guard at the place, lest the workers should
terfered with. The air was rent with acclamations
ı the liberation was announced to the multitude.
who can describe the joy of the families of the
ered, or the sorrow of others for the lost?
ıbert Goffin, to whom the merit of saving these
from this terrible calamity is chiefly to be ascribed,
rewarded by the king of the Netherlands with
decoration of the Legion of Honour. But he
ved a far higher remuneration in the profound
tude of the saved, as well as of their wives, parents,
:hildren.

THE TALE OF THE FALCON.

[The following tale is one of the most admired pieces in one of the most popular books ever published—the *Decameron* of Boccaccio. As the *Decameron* is little read by the British public, and, as a whole, were as well less read than it is, it seems proper thus to select the really fine passages of it for the amusement of our readers.]

At Florence dwelt a young gentleman named Frederick, son of Philip Albergi, who, in feats of arms and gentility, surpassed all the youth in Tuscany. This gentleman was in love with a lady called Madam Giovanna, one of the most agreeable women in Florence; and to gain her affection, used to be continually making tilts, balls, and such diversions; lavishing away his money in rich presents, and everything that was extravagant. But she, as just and reputable as she was fair, made no account either of what he did for her sake or of himself. Living in this manner, his wealth soon began to waste, till at last he had nothing left but a very small farm, the income of which was a most slender maintenance, and a single hawk, one of the best in the world. Yet loving still more than ever, and finding he could subsist no longer in the city, in the manner he would choose to live, he retired to his farm, where he went out a fowling as often as the weather would permit, and bore his distress patiently, and without ever making his necessity known to anybody. Now, one day it happened, that as he was reduced to the last extremity, the husband to this lady chanced to fall sick, who, being very rich, left all his substance to an only son, who was almost grown up, and if he should die without issue, he then ordered that it should revert to his lady, whom he was extremely fond of; and when he had disposed thus of his fortune, he died. She now, being left a widow, retired, as our ladies usually do during the summer season, to a house of hers in the country near to that of Frederick; whence it happened that her son soon became acquainted with him,

and they used to divert themselves together with dogs and hawks; when he, having often seen Frederick's hawk fly, and being strangely taken with it, was desirous of having it, though the other valued it to that degree, that he knew not how to ask for it. This being so, the young man soon fell sick, which gave his mother great concern, as he was her only child, and she ceased not to attend on and comfort him; often requesting, if there was any particular thing which he fancied, to let her know it, and promising to procure it for him if it was possible. The young gentleman, after many offers of this kind, at last said: 'Madam, if you could contrive for me to have Frederick's hawk, I should soon be well.'

She was in some suspense at this, and began to consider how best to act. She knew that Frederick had long entertained a liking for her, without the least encouragement on her part; therefore she said to herself: 'How can I send or go to ask for this hawk, which I hear is the very best of the kind, and what alone maintains him in the world? Or how can I offer to take away from a gentleman all the pleasure that he has in life?' Being in this perplexity, though she was very sure of having it for a word, she stood without making any reply; till at last the love of her son so far prevailed, that she resolved at all events to make him easy, and not send, but go herself to bring it. She then replied: 'Son, set your heart at rest, and think only of your recovery, for I promise you that I will go to-morrow for it the first thing I do.'

This afforded him such joy, that he immediately shewed signs of amendment.

The next morning she went, by way of a walk, with another lady in company, to his little cottage to inquire for him. At that time, as it was too early to go out upon his diversion, he was at work in his garden. Hearing, *therefore, that his mistress* inquired for him at the door, *he ran thither, surprised* and full of joy; whilst she, with *a great deal of* complaisance, went to meet him; an

after the usual compliments, she said: 'Good-morning to you, sir; I am come to make you some amends for what you have formerly done on my account. What I mean is, that I have brought a companion to take a neighbourly dinner with you to-day.'

He replied, with a great deal of humility: 'Madam, I do not remember ever to have received any harm by your means, but rather so much good, that if I was worth anything at any time, it was due to your singular merit, and the love I had for you: and most assuredly, this courteous visit is more welcome to me than if I had all that I have wasted returned to me to spend over again; but you are come to a very poor host.'

With these words, he shewed her into his house, seeming much out of countenance, and from thence they went into the garden, when, having no company for her, he said: 'Madam, as I have nobody else, please to admit this honest woman, a labourer's wife, to be with you, whilst I set forth the table.'

He, although his poverty was extreme, was never so sensible of his having been extravagant as now; but finding nothing to entertain the lady with, he was in the utmost perplexity, lamenting his evil fortune, and running up and down like one out of his wits; at length, having neither money nor anything he could pawn, and being willing to give her something, at the same time that he would not make his case known, even so much as to his own labourer, he espied his hawk upon the perch, which he seized, and finding it very fat, judged it might make a dish not unworthy of such a lady. Without further thought, then, he pulled his head off, and gave him to a girl to dress and roast carefully, whilst he laid the cloth, having a small quantity of linen yet left, and then he returned, with a smile on his countenance, into the garden to her, telling her that what little dinner he was able to provide was now ready.

She and her friend, therefore, entered and sat down with him, he serving them all the time with great respect, when they ate the hawk. After dinner was over, and

d sat chatting a little while together, she thought
time to tell her errand, and she spoke to him
usly in this manner: 'Sir, if you call to mind
ast life, and my resolution, which perhaps you
ll cruelty, I doubt not but you will wonder at my
ption, when you know what I am come for: but
ad children of your own, to know how strong our
affection is towards them, I am very sure you
excuse me. Now, my having a son forces me,
my own inclination, and all reason whatsoever, to
a thing of you, which I know you value extremely,
have no other comfort or diversion left in your
circumstances; I mean your hawk, which he has
such a fancy to, that unless I bring him back with
very much fear that he will die of his disorder.
ore I entreat you, not for any regard you have for
r in that respect you are in noway obliged to
it for that generosity with which you have always
nished yourself, that you would please to let me have
mal I speak of, by which means you will save my
life, and lay him under perpetual obligations.'
ooner did Frederick hear the lady's request, and
g it was out of his power to serve her, than he
to weep before he was able to make a word of
This she first thought was his great concern to
ith his favourite bird, and that he was going to
r a flat denial; but after she had waited a little
answer, he said: 'Madam, ever since I have
ny affections upon you, fortune has been contrary
in many things; but all the rest is nothing to
as now come to pass. You are here to visit me
my poor mansion, and whither in my prosperity
uld never deign to come; you also entreat a small
from me, which it is noway in my power to give,
m going briefly to tell you. As soon as I was
ted with the great favour you designed me, I
it proper, considering your superior merit and
cy, to treat you, according to my ability, with
g more nice and valuable than is usually given to

other persons, when, calling to mind my hawk, which you now request, and his goodness, I judged him a fit repast for you, and you have had him roasted. Nor could I have thought him better bestowed, had you not now desired him in a different manner, which is such a grief to me, that I shall never be at peace as long as I live'—and upon saying this, he produced his feathers, feet, and talons.

The lady began now to blame him for killing such a bird to entertain any woman with, secretly, however, praising the goodness of his heart, which poverty had no power to abase. Thus, having no further hopes of obtaining the hawk, she thanked him for the respect and good-will he had shewed towards her, and returned full of concern to her son; who, either out of grief for the disappointment, or through the violence of his disorder, died in a few days.

Madam Giovanna continued sorrowful for some time; but being left rich and young, her brothers pressed her to marry again, which, though against her inclinations, yet finding them still importunate, and remembering Frederick's great worth, and the late instance of his generosity in killing such a bird for her entertainment, she said: 'I should rather choose to continue as I am: but since it is your desire that I take a husband, I will have only Frederick Albergi.'

They smiled contemptuously at this, and said: 'You simple woman, what are you talking of? He is not worth one farthing in the world.'

She replied: 'I believe it, brothers, to be as you say; but know, that I would sooner have a man who stands in need of riches, than riches without a man.'

They hearing her resolution, and well knowing his generous temper, gave her to him with all her wealth; and he, seeing himself possessed of a lady whom he had so dearly loved, and such a vast fortune, lived in all true happiness *with her*, and was a better manager of his affairs for the *time to* come.

ILS OF THE SOLWAY.

is well known to be a bay which deeply
est side of our island, between the county
d on the one side, and those of Dumfries
right on the other. This is a remarkable
a, as its waters, owing to the great shallow-
channel, recede, at every ebb of the tide,
less than forty miles, leaving a waste of
that length, and eight miles at an average
hrough this far-spreading tract, the channels
ers, as the Eden, the Esk, the Kirtle, the
he Nith, are continued from the land-part
es, forming, with some large pools, the only
eatures by which the uniformity of the
ken. When the tide is in ebb, and the
dry, it is possible to walk or ride over them
er; but when there is any water on the
ver little, the sands are apt to give way
et, and allow those who may be upon them
a stratum of soft marl or clay which lies
from which it is scarcely possible to
s self. In many places, the sands are much
in others, and these thin places are con-
ng with the tide; so that it is not easy for
most experienced persons to avoid them.
e is so unfortunate as to get upon a place
him to sink into the marl, he usually finds
sible to extricate himself, but sinks deeper
very moment, till, after beating for some
ace of the water with his extended arms,
mes immersed, and he dies by suffocation.
ding themselves on a quicksand, have a
ping, by putting their steeds to full speed,
the sand does not open quickly enough
animals' feet. Having companions also

affords a chance of escape in case of danger. The usual plan of rescue for a sinking friend is to *tread him out!*—which is thus performed: a layer of straw or brushwood is laid round him, or if nothing better is at hand, a greatcoat or two; upon this some person must tread nimbly, either in a circle or backward and forward, and the ground, being pressed by the weight, will gradually squeeze up the sinking man till he can get on the artificial stratum, when both must run for their lives.

Owing to the shallowness of the Solway, it is scarcely a fit place for a ferry communication even at high-tide; at low-tide, on the other hand, the sands are open to travellers, but are known to be dangerous. Yet for fifteen miles from the head of the estuary, it is quite common for travellers to take the latter mode of crossing between Cumberland and Dumfriesshire, especially in clear weather, and when the tide has chanced to recede during daylight. The only alternative is to go round by the bridges on the Eden and Esk, which, in some instances, implies an addition of between twenty and thirty miles to the length of what might otherwise be a short journey. When we consider the general disinclination to roundabout ways, it is not surprising that the sands are so much travelled, even although we have not yet reckoned up all the perils of the passage. The tide, as might be expected, makes very rapidly in a channel so extremely shallow. Even in clear weather, and in otherwise favourable circumstances, this is a source of great danger; but when the wind blows strong from the west, the sea comes with more than its usual rapidity, and usually in one lofty wave, like a wall. The swiftest horse is then unable to bear off the traveller. A reminiscence, communicated by the late Dr Currie to the editor of the *Border Minstrelsy*, may be quoted with reference to this danger. 'I once,' says he, 'in my early *days heard*—for it was night, and I could not see—a *traveller* drowning in the Firth of Solway. The influx *of the tide* had unhorsed him, in the night, as he was *passing* the sands from Cumberland. The west wind

blew a tempest, and, according to the common expression, brought in the water *three foot abreast*. The traveller got upon a standing-net, a little way from the shore. There he lashed himself to the post, shouting for half an hour for assistance—till the tide rose over his head! In the darkness of the night, and amid the pauses of the hurricane, his voice, heard at intervals, was exquisitely mournful. No one could go to his assistance—no one knew where he was—the sound seemed to proceed from the spirit of the waters. But morning rose—the tide had ebbed—and the poor traveller was found lashed to the pole of the net, and bleaching in the wind.'

The following anecdote also communicates a striking idea of the dangers of the journey across Solway Sands:—In the month of February 1825, a party, consisting of thirty well-mounted Dumfriesians, who had been at the horse-fair of Wigton, in Cumberland, and wished in the evening to return, resolved to do so by an established route across the sands between the fishing-town of Bowness, and a point at Whinnyrigg, near Annan, the breadth of the waste being there above two miles. They left Bowness about nine at night, accompanied, as is usual, by a guide; the night was calm, clear, and starry. 'No thought of danger occurred to them,' says a chronicle of the day, 'until they had proceeded nearly a mile on their way, and were about to ford the united waters of the Esk and Eden. And here a thick mist obscured the sky, and gradually became so dense and opaque, that they literally knew not which way they were moving, and could scarcely see a yard before them. On getting through the water, the party halted, and held a hasty council of war; but their opinions were various and jarring in the extreme. While some were for putting to the right-about, others were for pushing straight forward; but these words had lost their meaning, as no one could tell how the direct path lay, whether he was *bound for England* or Scotland. Amidst their bewilderment, many would not believe that they had crossed the Esk, and plunged and replunged into the bed of the

river, some going up, others down, and describing over and over again the same narrow circle of ground. In this emergency, Mr Thomas Johnston, Thornywaite, and Mr Hetherington, Lochmaben, kept closely together, and by recollecting that the water runs from east to west, and observing how the foam fell from their horses' feet, they rightly conceived how the shore lay, and moved on in the direction of Annan. But this clue was soon lost, and after wandering about for nearly an hour, they appeared to be just as far from their object as ever. At every little interval they paused to listen to the incessant cries, of distress and encouragement, that reached the ear in all directions—from England, Scotland, the middle of the Firth—from every point, in short, of the compass. But where there was no system whatever in the signals, the stoutest callers only seemed to be mocked by the mournful echoings of their own voices. Amidst this confusion, horns were sounded from the Bowness side, and anon the solemn peals of a church-bell added not a little to the interest of a scene which, abstracting from its danger, was truly impressive, if not sublime. The rising tide was gradually narrowing the dry land; and should it come roaring up two feet abreast before they escaped from their present perils, where was the power on earth that could save them? The two individuals named above, after pushing on quite at random, fortunately rejoined nine of their companions. And now the joyful cry was raised, that they had found a guide in the person of Mr Brough, of Whinnyrigg, who, hearing their cries, and knowing their danger, had, even at the risk of his own life, traversed the sands in the hope of being useful. But greatly as they rejoiced at his presence, the danger was not yet over. In a little time, even the generous guide got bewildered, and literally knew not which hand to turn to. Still his *advice* was, that the tide was coming—that they had not *a moment* to lose—that everything depended on decision *and speed*. At times he dismounted, and groped about *until* he came to some object or spot of ground which

he fancied he knew, and then galloped off at full speed to some other point, and by reckoning the time it required to get thither, and repeating the experiment eight or ten times, he succeeded in rescuing fourteen fellow-creatures from the imminent danger in which they were placed. A friend reports, that when wholly at a loss what to do, he accidentally stumbled over the trunk of a tree, which some former flood had left indented in the sand, and that, by accurately examining the position of an object he had frequently seen in daylight, he knew at once the bearings of the coast, and thus facilitated the almost miraculous escape of the party. Be this as it may, his presence was of the greatest possible use: his local knowledge inspired a confidence that was previously wanting; and, as the event proved, everything depended on the decision and speed he so strictly enjoined. Though, under ordinary circumstances, twenty minutes may suffice to trot across the sands, nearly three hours had been consumed in zig-zagging to and fro; and within a quarter of an hour or less from the time the party touched the beach, the tide ascended with a degree of force which must soon have proved fatal to the boldest rider and the stoutest horse which the treacherous Solway ever insnared. The fog that occasioned all the danger was one of the densest ever known. We should here mention the meritorious conduct of Mr Lewis Bell, residing near Dornock, and two other farmers, whose names we have not yet heard. By crossing a few minutes earlier, these individuals had *weathered* the mist; but on hearing repeated cries of distress, they very humanely retraced their steps, and joined the wanderers on the Scotch side, much about the same time as Mr Brough. But in place of guiding, they required to be guided, and actually shared all the perils of those to whose assistance they had so promptly hastened.

'And here we must return to the other half of the *travellers, who,* after the hasty council of war, replunged *through the river* with the view of returning to the *village of Bowness.* The guide was amongst them; but

what with the ringing of bells, the blowing of horns, and the shouts of distress that were everywhere raised, he became, it is said, as deaf as a post, and the most bewildered man of the whole. Different routes were tried and abandoned; and so little was known of their real situation, that some of them followed as closely the course of the stream as if they had been anxious to meet, rather than flee from the coming tide. But the church-bell at last proved a sort of beacon; and after different persons had ventured with lights to the river's edge, the whole party were attracted to the spot, and conveyed to a comfortable home for the night.'

The lively journalist who recorded these circumstances —need we tell his name?—recommended, in conclusion, that the guides would do well to carry a pocket-compass on all occasions, so that they, and those intrusted to them, might at least be under no danger from want of a knowledge of the direction in which they ought to go. We trust this recommendation has been attended to. A sixpenny-compass would be better for such a duty than twenty church-bells.

WOMAN.

In infancy, from woman's breast,
We draw the food by Nature given;
She lulls our childish pangs to rest,
And cheers us as a beam from heaven!
When woman smiles, she has the power
To heal our grief, and calm our fears;
Should sickness wound, should fortune lour,
She shares our sorrows, dries our tears.

And she can soothe the cares of age,
As rolls time's furrowing course along;
Can cheer us with the classic page,
Or charm us with the magic song.

When stretched upon the bed of death,
Departing nature struggling lies,
At that dread pause—when the next breath
May waft our spirit to the skies:

When the soul views the narrow verge,
Close on the confines of the grave,
And now it longs its flight to urge—
Nor wishes for an arm to save.
Who cheers that dreary scene of wo?
Who speaks of peace, and joy, and love?
Who wipes the tear-drops as they flow?—
'Tis woman, sent from Heaven above.

'Tis she receives our parting sigh,
'Tis she who hears our latest breath,
'Tis she who seals the closing eye,
And whispers peace and hope in death!
And when the mournful scene is past,
'Tis woman weeps upon our bier;
Silent, yet long, her sorrows last,
Unseen she sheds affection's tear.

On earth she is the truest friend
That is to man in mercy given;
And when this fleeting life shall end,
She'll live for purer bliss in heaven.
O woman! woman! thou wert made,
Like heaven's own pure and lovely light,
To cheer life's dark and desert shade,
And guide man's erring footsteps right!

American Paper.

LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

THIS event being alluded to by a gentleman in presence of his children, he found that none of them had ever heard of it. Accustomed in his own early years frequently to hear it not only alluded to, but detailed, he was at first surprised to find that a few grown-up young people were ignorant of it; but the circumstance is not, in reality, surprising. The generation to whom last-century events were familiar, is passing away; and the bulk of the community now date their births from years subsequent to 1800. Nay, however startling it may be to some, even the last war is already becoming so remote an event, that a very great number of persons, now acting their parts on the stage of life as heads of families, have no recollection of it. Under these considerations, and being of opinion that the loss of the *Royal George* was a remarkable incident in itself, we have caused the following brief account of it to be drawn up from authentic sources:—

The year 1782 saw Britain in a more humbled condition than any former one for a century. The attempt to coerce the American colonies, and the war with France, Spain, and Holland, which resulted from that attempt, had completely exhausted the national resources; and the people witnessed the unwonted spectacle of a French fleet defying the coasts of England with impunity. It was at this juncture that the special calamity of the accidental loss of the first ship in the navy took place.

A fleet was in preparation at Portsmouth for the relief of a brave garrison which had long held out Gibraltar against the fleets of Spain. Amongst the vessels destined to sail on this expedition, was the *Royal George*, fitted to carry 100 guns, but in reality mounting 108. A contemporary document states—'She was the oldest first-rate in the service, her keel having been laid down in

1751. She was rather short and high than agreeing with the rules of proportion at present laid down, yet so good a sailer, that she has had more flags on board than any vessel in the service. Lord Anson, Admiral Boscawen, Lord Rodney, and several other principal officers, had repeatedly commanded in her. Lord Hawke commanded the squadron in her which fought the French under Conflans, when the *Superbe* of seventy guns was sunk by her cannon, and the *Soleil Royal*, of eighty-four, driven on shore and burned. She carried the tallest masts and squarest canvas of any English-built ship in the navy, and originally the heaviest metal—namely, fifty-two, forty, and twenty-eight pounders; but they were lately changed, on account of her age, to forty, thirty-two, and eighteen pounders.'

Before the *Royal George* could sail, it was deemed necessary, on account of the age and unsoundness of her timbers, that she should receive a *careening*—namely, an inspection, and repair of the parts usually under water. If time had not pressed, she would have been towed for this purpose into dock. As the case stood, it was resolved that she should be laid over on her side, as usual when a slight careening is required, in calm weather and in smooth water. So little difficulty or danger was apprehended, that the admiral, captain, officers, and crew—amounting to about 900 persons—continued on board; neither guns, stores, water, nor provisions were removed; and fully 300 women and children, mostly relatives of the seamen, were on board from the neighbouring harbour.

Early in the morning of the 29th August, the work was commenced by a gang of carpenters. The vessel received what is called a *parliament heel*, or, in ordinary language, was caused to incline in the water, so as to expose her lower timbers. It was afterwards stated, that the workmen, finding it necessary to strip off more of the sheathing than was expected, in order to come at a certain leak, *heeled her a little more over than was intended, and than possibly the commanders knew. About ten in the morning, while* Admiral Kempenfelt was writing in

his cabin, and the larger number of the people were between decks, no one dreading any harm, a sudden and unexpected squall threw the vessel entirely over on her side, when, her port-holes being open, she filled and sunk so very quickly, that, as one of the survivors declared, he had only time to cry to his brother that she was going down, *when down she went!* A victualler, which lay alongside, was swallowed up in the whirlpool which the sudden plunge of so vast a body occasioned, and several small craft, though at a considerable distance, were in imminent danger of sharing the same fate.

The admiral, with a number of brave officers, and most of those who were between decks, perished. The guard, and most of the other people upon deck, were more fortunate, being picked up by the boats of the fleet. About 300 in all, chiefly persons belonging to the ship's company, were saved; while from 900 to 1000 were drowned. The captain (Waghorne) was picked up in a much injured condition; but his son, a lieutenant, having been below, perished. The whole of the women and children, having been between decks at the moment of the accident, were lost.

This incident was universally bewailed, not so much for the loss of an aged vessel, as for the destruction of life which attended it. Admiral Kempenfelt, though seventy years of age, was peculiarly lamented. 'He was held,' says a contemporary record, 'to be, in point of professional science, knowledge, and judgment, one of the first naval officers in the world: particularly in the art of manœuvring a fleet, he was considered by our greatest commanders as unrivalled, and his excellent qualities as a man at least equalled his professional merits as an officer. His father was a Swedish gentleman, who, coming early into the English service, generously followed the fortunes of his master, James II. Being recalled by Queen Anne, after the death of that unfortunate monarch, and serving with distinction in her wars, he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and was, at the time of his death, lieutenant-governor of the island of Jersey. That

gentleman's character was so admirable, as to be depicted and immortalised by Addison in the *Spectator*, under the well-known appellation of Captain Sentry.'

The same authority adds, that a large sum of money was immediately raised, by subscription, in London, for the relief of the widows, children, and other depending relations, of those who had perished by this accident. A court-martial was held, a few days after, on Captain Waghorne, who was honourably acquitted.

The diving-bell, the improvements of which were then recent, was brought into operation for the recovery of property in the *Royal George*, which was the more practicable, as she had not sunk in deep water. In the ensuing November, by this means sixteen guns and some cordage were fished up, and brought into Portsmouth. In the ensuing summer, by the same means, the beer-hoy, which sunk with the *Royal George*, was brought up. An endeavour was made, by great cables round the body of the *Royal George*, to draw her up also; but every effort failed, in consequence of the snapping of the cables. In the summer of 1784, the anchor was recovered—an immense mass of iron, weighing nearly five tons. Since then, by the employment of the diving-bell at various times, other articles have been raised from the lost vessel, and some of the guns which had lain several years in the water, and become curiously oxydated, are shewn to the public in London. On investigation, some years ago, the mass of the vessel was found to be nearly buried in sludge. Portions of it have since been raised.

SAMUEL WINGRAVE, THE TOBACCONIST.

ONE important cause of breach of trust in servants and others is rarely adverted to—want of sufficient vigilance and superintendence in masters. A young person, of unestablished principles, put into a situation of trust, where the conduct of his employer shews plainly that there is scarce a possibility of his being detected if he should make a trespass, is not done justice to; and his error, if he do err, is in large part to be ascribed to his superior. Not that we would have the culprit too easily excused, but that we would have masters do *their* duty in watchfulness, do we make this remark. The master is bound in duty to exercise a proper degree of care over his concerns, in order that all hope of safe criminality may be forbidden in his subordinates; and if he fails in this duty, we hold that he is himself guilty of a very great offence against society—that of leading its members into temptation, and perilling their best interests, in a business from which he is to be the chief profiter. Some years ago, there occurred a singular case of this nature, which we shall detail, in the hope of impressing the more forcibly the principle here laid down.

Mr Samuel Wingrave was a respectable tobacconist in a large town, the name of which need not be specified. He had advanced to middle life, and had been in business for considerably more than thirty years, when an important incident signalised his career. For the greater period of his shop-keeping life, he had in his employment but one person, who had grown as necessary to him as his daily food, and who was, in fact, the chief manager of the business. Mr Wingrave himself was decidedly an industrious man, but, from constitutional indolence, and early defects of training, he was incapable of conducting his affairs in that systematic way which is almost indispensable to success. All the system which the tobacconist's

establishment displayed was ascribable to the trusty shopman, Richard or Dick Jackson, as his master styled him, though Dick was scarcely a younger man than his superior.

'Dick,' said Mr Wingrave one day to his shopman, in the confidential way in which he was always wont to treat the latter—'Dick, I am growing old, and I begin to have uneasy thoughts that didn't use to trouble me before. What is the reason, think you, that I have never been able to lay up money like my neighbours?' Mr Jackson appeared posed by this question, but, after a pause, he replied: 'You have brought up a pretty large family.' 'True,' said the tobacconist, 'but so have some of my neighbours, who have not appeared to do more business than I, and yet *they* have laid up money, although living more expensively than I have ever done. Ah, Dick, I have been too indolent and heedless—that, I suppose, is the true state of the case. And now I am getting old, without having made a purse for any of my boys and girls.' So ended this conversation, but the feeling expressed was not so easily removed from Mr Wingrave's mind.

Mr Wingrave and his shopman Jackson had long managed the business alone, and of course, during the master's necessary terms of absence, the other had been left by himself in the shop. But on attaining a fit age, the tobacconist's eldest boy was taken in as a sharer in the toils of tobacco-selling, and by this means the shop was seldom left to the sole management of either master or man. The boy in question, as it chanced, was intelligent, active, and quick-eyed; and shortly after the occurrence of the brief dialogue just recorded, he noticed an incident which forcibly struck and surprised his youthful perceptions. Having received a crown-piece of a new coinage, or at least fresh from the Mint, he examined it attentively ere he deposited it in the till. On returning soon after from some call of duty, he again felt a desire to look at the glittering piece, and sought it for this purpose. To his great surprise, it was not to be

seen. Being certain that no one had been in the shop in the interval excepting Jackson, the boy naturally inquired of him: 'If he had seen the pretty crown-piece they got a little ago?' The old shopman replied in the negative, and remarked that it would probably have been given away in change. But the youth was almost confident that such could not have been the case. He was, as has been said, quick-eyed for his years, and the conclusion which he could not but form was, that Jackson alone could have touched the missing coin after it was laid in the drawer.

Young Wingrave did as very few boys of fourteen would have done under the circumstances. Assured that a boy's observation would never have been put in the balance against Jackson's long-sustained credit, he did not inform his father of the crown-piece incident, but set himself assiduously to the task of discovering whether such disappearances of silver were of common occurrence. He secretly marked different coins in such a way as to be readily distinguishable again by himself, though not by others, and watched their fate after their consignment to the till. It was long ere the boy attained to a satisfactory result, and it was amazing how much perseverance and secretiveness he displayed in pursuing his object. But, in the end, without having yet communicated with a human being on the point, he became perfectly assured that Jackson was in the regular habit of abstracting money from the drawer in small quantities at a time!

Knowing that Jackson had no claim or authority to do this, being paid a quarterly salary, the boy refrained no longer from informing his father of what he had observed. At first, the old tobacconist laughed outright at the intelligence, and declared the whole to be an absurdity. 'What! Dick Jackson *steal*, and steal from *me!* Impossible!' But the persevering assertions of the boy, and his distinct account of the close watchings which had led him to the conclusion, staggered the tobacconist's faith at last, although absolute conviction might not be produced. The son proposed secretly and cautiously to repeat his coin-

markings with the father's cognizance, and to this course of proceeding the latter agreed. The issue was, that Mr Wingrave was brought in a week or two to the clear and firm assurance, that the man whom he had so long trusted was in the regular practice of pilfering from the contents of the till. This conviction caused much pain to Mr Wingrave, and it also excited much doubt and conjecture as to the past; seeing that no one could determine at what time the system of peculation had begun, and to what extent it had proceeded. One thing was obvious —that Jackson's course required to be brought to a close.

Being a man of little penetration or activity of mind, it was perhaps well for the tobacconist that he thought of consulting an intimate friend and relative, a person 'learned in the law,' and still more deeply versed in the learning of common-sense, upon the subject of Jackson's delinquencies. By this friend's advice the matter was kept secret, and Jackson was privately sent for to the presence of the only three parties acquainted with the discovery—namely, Wingrave, his son, and the lawyer. It would have been hard for any spectator of this interview, to say whether the tobacconist or his faithless servant exhibited most distress in entering on the subject of the meeting. Suffice it to say, that Jackson, at the outset, denied his guilt, though with a guilty bearing and countenance. But when Wingrave and the boy went over the proofs of his crime, which they had severally and conjunctly collected, and the lawyer at the same time declared that they would be recognised as full and decisive criminatory evidence by the law, the treacherous shopman fell upon his knees in an agony of fear, and prayed in the most abject manner for mercy. This of course the tobacconist would not consent to without a full confession of the length of time he had carried on his peculations, and the extent, if it could be told, to which they had gone. In the terrors of the moment, Jackson confessed all. His thefts had begun almost with his entrance to Wingrave's service, and had since continued

without intermission, the wretched old man declaring that, in the end, he had lost all sense of guilt, and had come to regard whatever he took as fairly his own. 'But let me go home,' exclaimed he, 'and for pardon and concealment, I will give up all I possess in the world.' The simple tobacconist would at once have consented to this, but the lawyer, who knew human nature better, and put little confidence in compulsory repentance, required Jackson to give up the keys of his repositories, and to inform them where his money was placed. The hesitation with which the criminal complied with this demand, though it might partly arise from the *involuntary* strugglings of that avarice by which he had been drawn into guilt, justified the lawyer's caution. The shopman, however, gave up his keys, and stated that the fruits of his thefts would be found in one escritoire, in the shape of bank-receipts. Having received proper authority from its miserable proprietor, the lawyer then sent to Jackson's lodgings for the escritoire in question.

When this article was brought, it was found to contain a number of receipts from different banks, among which, to avoid suspicion, Jackson had distributed his stolen funds. On seeing the very large amount of the sums for which these papers were the vouchers, the tobacconist experienced mingled feelings. He was shocked to think that he had been so long at the mercy of a man who was capable of robberies to such an extent, and he could not but feel pleasure at the thought that these large sums were undeniably his own. Jackson sat with his self-dishonoured gray head bent to the ground, while his secret repository was undergoing examination. A question from his master made him raise his eyes and speak. 'All is there,' said he huskily, 'and more than all. My own small savings are in these bills also. I have enjoyed nothing, either from my own means, or—or yours, but *the* pleasure of hoarding.' The melancholy or rather *despairing* tone in which these words were uttered, *softened* the heart of the simple tobacconist; and had *he not* been restrained by the presence of others, he

would have done and said more at the moment than prudence or a just liberality could have sanctioned.

We are not aware that Mr Wingrave reflected as he ought to have done on his own share of blame; but he was so far just towards one whom we cannot but look on as in some measure the victim of his carelessness, that he returned to Jackson his own savings, amounting to a sum by no means inconsiderable, and allowed him to withdraw from the country. He did not for many years disclose the circumstances; but not having heard what became of the culprit afterwards, we cannot say whether this tenderness was of any service to him. The sum recovered by Wingrave, amounting to several thousand pounds, became a fair endowment to his family at his death.

ASCENT OF ARARAT.

THE mountain of Ararat, situated in the north-eastern corner of Lesser Asia, in the province of Armenia, is remarkable as being the spot on which the ark of Noah rested during the subsidence of the flood. It is a mountain extraordinary for its magnitude, being, at its highest point, 17,260 feet above the level of the sea—an elevation considerably higher than that of Mont Blanc. It stands nearly midway betwixt the southern extremities of the Black and the Caspian seas, in 39° 42′ of north latitude, and 44° 30′ of east longitude. Though placed close on the line of the immense chain of Taurus, which extends from the eastern shores of the Black Sea far into the centre of Asia, Mount Ararat stands in a measure alone, and has a very grand appearance, the other hills in the neighbourhood being too insignificant in size to hide its proportions or impair the majesty of its aspect. This great mountain is divided into two heads, respectively named the Great and Little Ararat, which form distinct

cones, separated from each other by a wide chasm or glen. The two cones are about 12,000 yards apart at their summits. The peak of the Great Ararat is perpetually covered with snow, but the Lesser Ararat, which is nearly 4000 feet lower, is clear of snow in summer. The plain in which Ararat stands is watered by the Araxes (the Raksi of the natives), and at no great distance stands the large and populous city of Kars.

The people of Armenia, who have long been followers of the Christian faith, regard Mount Ararat with the most intense veneration, and have many religious establishments in its vicinity. They firmly believe, to a man, that *the ark is still preserved* on the summit of the mountain; and that, in order to preserve it, the ascent of Ararat has been prohibited to mortals, by a divine decree, since the time of Noah. The origin of this traditionary belief, which is sanctioned by the Church, and has almost become an article of Armenian faith, is said to be as follows:—A monk in former times, who was anxious to settle some doubts relative to the scriptural account of Noah, resolved for this purpose to ascend to the top of Ararat, to satisfy himself whether or not the ark was there. On the declivity of the mountain, however, he had several times fallen asleep from exhaustion, and, on awaking, found himself always carried back to the very spot from which he first started. At length, out of pity, an angel was sent to him with the information that he had entered on an impracticable task; but, at the same time, his zeal was rewarded by a divine present of a piece of the ark. This piece is to this day preserved as the most valuable relic in the neighbouring convent of Etschmiadsin, the seat of the patriarch or primate of the Church of Armenia.

Numerous other traditionary stories are current respecting failures in attempts to ascend Mount Ararat, and punishments befalling the presumptuous adventurers. Nevertheless, few persons, we believe, excepting the Armenian people, will be inclined to doubt the veracity of the Russian professor, Dr Friedrich Parrot, w

describes his having ascended the mountain in the year 1829, and whose narrative of the adventure supplies the subjoined particulars.

On approaching Mount Ararat from the convent of Etschmiadsin, where he had been most hospitably entertained, Professor Parrot seems to have been impressed with emotions similar to those which the Holy Land never fails to call up in the minds of Christian travellers. A thunder-storm enveloped Ararat at the moment, but 'the rolling of the thunder,' says the professor, 'did not disturb me; I enthusiastically indulged now in the contemplation of the country spread before me, the longed-for goal of my undertaking; now in deep reflections on an ancient period, replete with the most interesting historical events. How could it be otherwise? I was at the foot of Mount Ararat, the mountain of the patriarch Noah.' At the Convent of St James, and the village of Arguri, situated on the sloping base of the mountain, Professor Parrot received a kindly welcome from the hospitable priests, and there made preparations for the ascent. The difficulties of the task, he was aware, were great, as Ararat, in addition to its height, is remarkably steep. Though the priests expected no good issue to such an undertaking, they threw no obstacles in the way.

'On the 12th of September 1829, at seven o'clock in the morning,' says Dr Parrot, 'I set out on my journey, accompanied by M. Schiemaun. We took with us one of our Cossacks, and a peasant of Arguri, who was a good huntsman, and our route was first in the bottom of the valley—intermediate between the great and little cones—then up its right acclivity towards a spot where there are two small stone-houses standing close to each other; the one formerly a chapel, and the other built as a protection for a spring which is considered sacred.' There is a tradition attached to this spring. The country of Armenia is subject to incursions from locusts, which come in immense swarms, and in one day will lay waste whole tracts of land. These creatures can neither be

dispersed nor destroyed except by one bird, which also visits the country in large flocks, and is an inveterate enemy to the locusts. Now, to entice this useful bird, it is necessary to fill a vessel from the spring of Ararat, and carry it to the place infested by the locusts, when the birds immediately arrive, and annihilate the pest. From the spring which possesses these marvellous qualities, Parrot and his companions proceeded on their journey up the acclivity of the Great Ararat. The day was very hot, and the fatigue of the ascent excessive; so much so, that the Cossack was forced to return. About six o'clock in the evening, the others had almost reached the snowy region, and stopped for the night in the clefts of the rocks, at an altitude of about 10,000 feet above the level of the sea. The night was cold, and the peasant, or Jager, Schak of Arguri, who had come in his summer clothing, had to be wrapped for comfort in some sheets of blotting-paper brought for drying plants. 'At daybreak,' continues the professor, 'we pursued our journey towards the eastern side of the mountain, and soon reached the declivity which runs immediately from the summit of the great peak; it consists entirely of pointed rocky ridges coming down from above, and leaving between them ravines of considerable depth, in which the icy mantle of the summit loses itself, and glaciers of great extent.' Before they got round to the east side—the side easiest of ascent near the summit—they had several rocky crests or ridges to get over; and before this was half accomplished, the Jager came to a stand-still, and was left behind by Parrot and Schiemaun. These two gentlemen successfully surmounted one by one the rocky crests, by making deep holes with their ice-poles in the glacier, until they reached the extreme upper edge of the rocky ice. They had now attained an elevation equal to that of Mont Blanc, being *15,666 feet*, yet the summit of Ararat lay far above them, *like a smooth cone of snow*. The afternoon, however, was far advanced, and 'to spend the few remaining hours of daylight in reaching this point, would have been worse

dness, as we had not seen any rock on the summit uld have afforded us protection during the night; which, our stock of provisions was not calculated so long.' The adventurers were therefore com- o content themselves with the thought, that the plainly was accessible, and to return. 'In de- ;' continues the narrative of Parrot, 'we met danger we had not anticipated; for if in the of every mountain you tread less firmly than oing up, it is still more difficult to tread firmly, u look down upon such a surface of ice and snow over which we had to travel, and where, if we and fell, there was nothing to stop us but the inted masses of stone in which the region al ice loses itself. My young friend, whose had probably been proof against severer trials, presence of mind here; his foot slipped, and but as he was about twenty paces behind me, ime to thrust my pole firmly into the ice, to ure footing in my capital snow-shoes, and, while e pole in my right hand, to catch him in passing r left. My position was well chosen, but the hich fastened my ice-shoes broke, and instead able to stop my friend, I was carried with him ll. He was so fortunate as to be stopped by nes, but I rolled on for about 1700 feet, till d some fragments of lava, near the lower glacier. e of my barometer was dashed to pieces, my eter burst open, and everything had fallen out ockets, but I escaped without severe injury. As we had recovered from our fright, we collected t important of our effects, and continued our downwards.' Soon afterwards they came to r Schak, who had lighted a fire for them, and y passed the night. Next day—the third since tset—they reached the convent, but took care *ay anything* about their accident, as the good *ost certainly* would have called it a judgment *ven on* their presumption.

Having satisfied himself, however, by this trial, that the summit of Ararat was accessible, Professor Parrot was not long in making a second attempt. This also failed, under very similar circumstances as the preceding. But the professor was indefatigable. He made a third attempt on the 25th of September, and on this occasion took such means as experience pointed out as most likely to obviate the difficulties which had formerly rendered his toils nugatory. Being convinced that everything depended on passing the first night as near to the boundary-line of snow as possible, in order to permit the ascent and descent of the summit in one day, he took horses with his party—consisting on this occasion of several peasants and soldiers—as far as the nature of the ground would allow these animals to go. The professor was thus enabled to spend the night much nearer to the line of snow than formerly. The cold was severe at their resting-place on this night, as they were nearly 14,000 feet above the level of the sea; but a good fire and a warm supper made the party pretty comfortable. 'I had some onion-broth,' says Dr Parrot, 'a dish which I would recommend to all mountain-travellers in preference to meat-broth, as being extremely warm and invigorating. It was a magnificent evening, and with my eye fixed on the clear sky, and the lofty summit which projected against it, and then again on the dark night which was gathering far below and around me, I experienced all those delightful sensations of tranquillity, love, and devotion, that silent reminiscence of the past, that subdued glance into the future, which a traveller never fails to experience when on lofty elevations and under pleasing circumstances.

'At daybreak we arose, and began our journey at half-past six. We crossed the last broken declivities in half-an-hour, and entered the boundary of eternal snow nearly at the same place as in our preceding ascent. In consequence of changes in the temperature of the weather, the new-fallen snow, which had facilitated our progress on our previous ascent, had melted away, and again frozen; so that, in spite of the still inconsiderable slope, we were

o cut steps in the ice. This very much em-
ır advance, and added greatly to our fatigue.
peasants had remained behind in our resting-
felt unwell; two others became exhausted
the side of the glacier. They at first lay
on retreated to our night-quarters. Without
artened by these difficulties, we proceeded,
ached a great cleft which marks the upper
leclivity of the large glacier, and at ten o'clock
at the great plain of snow, which indicates the
n the icy head of Ararat. At the distance of
paces or so, we saw the cross which we had
ıe 19th of September (second attempt); but it
me so extremely small, probably on account
colour, that I almost doubted whether I should
perceive it again with an ordinary telescope
ain of the Araxes. In the direction towards
, a shorter, but at the same time a steeper
an the one we had past, now lay before us;
ı this and the extreme summit there appeared
ne small hill. After a short repose, we passed
cipice, which was the steepest of all, by hewing
the rocks; and, after this the next elevation.
ıstead of seeing the ultimate goal of all our
immediately before us appeared a series of
which even concealed the summit from our
rather abated our courage, which had never
ı moment so long as we had all our difficulties
ıd our strength, exhausted by the labour of
ice, seemed scarcely commensurate with the
of the now invisible object of our wishes.
v of what had already been accomplished, and
h might still remain to be done, the proximity
s of projecting elevations, and a glance at my
anions, banished my fears, and we boldly
We crossed two more hills, and the cold
ıe summit blew toward us. I stepped from
f *the glaciers*, and the extreme cone of Ararat
before my enraptured eyes. Only one other

icy plain was to be ascended, and at a quarter past three, on the 27th of September, O. S., 1829, we stood on the summit of Mount Ararat!'

It is scarcely necessary to say, that, independently of other considerations, the indurated and eternal snows, covering the summit, would have rendered futile any hopes which the Armenians of the party might entertain relative to the remains of the ark of Noah. Yet the feeling in the minds of the successful adventurers must have been one of deep gratification. The summit of Mount Ararat is a slightly convex and almost circular platform, above 200 feet in diameter, from the edges of which there is a steep declivity on all sides, forming the silver crest of Ararat, composed of enduring ice, unbroken by a rock or stone. The view of the valleys and regions around the base of Ararat was obscured by a gray mist, and the hills in the neighbourhood appeared like dark spots shot up through it. About thirty feet below the summit, where there was a better chance of its being seen from the valley than on the top, a cross was planted, to indicate to all who might accomplish the ascent afterwards, that others had been before them.

Professor Parrot and his companions returned to the snowless part of the mountain, and passed a second night there. On the ensuing morning, they returned in safety to the convent of St James, where they offered their grateful thanks to Heaven for the success of their arduous enterprise—not far from the place, perhaps, where Noah also offered thanks, and 'built an altar to the Lord.' After what has been said regarding the traditionary prejudices of the country, it will scarcely excite surprise that many orthodox Armenians were found erelong to express their disbelief in the successful performance of Parrot's undertaking. What was scarcely so pardonable, however, some scientific persons in Europe, after the professor's *return* to St Petersburg, expressed a similar doubt, on *the ground* of the physical difficulties of the enterprise. *To set the* question at rest, Dr Parrot took the trouble to *get the* oaths of his five companions on the journey taken

by a magistrate; and these certifications, if his own word ould be justly questioned, are sufficient to terminate all cepticism. The very doubts referred to, however, constitute a striking testimony to the obstacles which Professor 'arrot overcame in ascending the mountain of Ararat, on which the ark rested.'

THE CREOLE VILLAGE:

A SKETCH FROM A STEAM-BOAT.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

N travelling about our motley country, I am often eminded of Ariosto's account of the moon, in which he good paladin Astolpho found everything garnered p that had been lost on earth. So I am apt to imagine hat many things lost in the old world are treasured up nd perpetuated in the new; having been continued rom generation to generation, since the early days of he colonies. A European antiquary, therefore, curious n his researches after the ancient and almost obliterated customs and usages of his country, would do well o put himself upon the track of some early band of migrants, follow them across the Atlantic, and rummage mong their descendants on our shores.

In no part of our country are the customs and peculirities imported from the old world by the earlier settlers, ept up with more fidelity than in the little poverty-tricken villages of Spanish and French origin, that order the rivers of ancient Louisiana. Their population s generally made up of the descendants of those nations, narried and *interwoven* together, and occasionally crossed *ith a slight dash* of the Indian. The French character, *wever, floats on* top, as, from its buoyant qualities, it

is sure to do whenever it forms a particle, however small, of an intermixture.

In these serene and dilapidated villages, art and nature seem to stand still, and the world forgets to turn round. The revolutions that distract other parts of this unstable planet, reach not here, or pass over without leaving any trace. The inhabitants are deficient in that public spirit which extends its cares beyond its horizon, and imports trouble and perplexity from all quarters in newspapers. In fact, newspapers are almost unknown in these villages; and as French is the current language, the inhabitants have little community of opinion with their republican neighbours. They retain, therefore, their old habits of passive obedience to the decrees of government, as though they still lived under the absolute sway of colonial commandments, instead of being part and parcel of the sovereign people, and having a voice in public legislation.

A few aged men, who have grown gray on their hereditary acres, and are of the good old colonial stock, exert a kind of patriarchal sway in all matters of public and private import; their opinions are considered oracular, and their word is law.

The inhabitants, moreover, have none of that eagerness for gain, and rage for improvement, which keep our people continually on the move, and our country towns incessantly in a state of transition. There the magic phrases 'town-lots,' 'water-privileges,' 'railroads,' and other comprehensive and soul-stirring words, from the speculator's vocabulary, are never heard. The residents dwell in the same houses in which their forefathers dwelt, without thinking of enlarging or modernising them, or pulling them down and turning them into granite stores. They suffer the trees, under which they have been born, and have played in infancy, to flourish undisturbed; though, by cutting them down, they might *open* new streets, and put money in their pockets. In a word, the almighty dollar, that great object of universal *devotion* throughout our land, seems to have no genuine *devotees* in these peculiar villages; and unless there

of its missionaries penetrate there, and erect banking-houses and other pious shrines, there is no knowing how long the inhabitants may remain in their present state of contented poverty.

In descending one of our great western rivers in a steam-boat, I met with two worthies from one of these villages, who had been on a distant excursion, the longest they had ever made, as they seldom ventured far from home. One was the great man, or grand signior of the village: not that he enjoyed any legal privileges or power there, everything of the kind having been done away when the province was ceded by France to the United States. His sway over his neighbours was merely one of custom and conviction, out of deference to his family. Besides, he was worth full 50,000 dollars, an amount almost equal, in the imagination of the villagers, to the treasures of King Solomon.

This very substantial old gentleman, though of the fourth or fifth generation in this country, retained the true Gallic stamp of feature and peculiarity of deportment, and reminded me of one of those provincial potentates—the important man of a petty arrondissement—that are to be met with in the remote parts of France. He was of a large frame, a gingerbread complexion, strong features, eyes that stood out like glass knobs, and a prominent nose, which he frequently regaled from a gold snuff-box, and occasionally blew with a coloured handkerchief, until it sounded like a trumpet.

He was attended by an old negro, as black as ebony, with a huge mouth, in a continual grin. This was evidently a privileged and favourite servant, and one that had grown up and grown old with him. He was dressed in Creole style—with white jacket and trousers; a stiff shirt-collar, that threatened to cut off his ears; a bright Madras handkerchief tied round his head; and large gold earrings. He was the politest negro I met with in a wide western *tour*, and that is saying a great deal; for, *excepting the Indians*, the negroes are the most gentlemanlike *personages* one meets with in those parts. It

is true, they differ from the Indians in being a little extra polite and complimentary. He was also one of the merriest; and here, too, the negroes, however we may deplore their unhappy condition, have the advantage of their masters. The whites are, in general, too free and prosperous to be merry. The cares of maintaining their rights and liberties, and of adding to their wealth, engross all their thoughts, and dry up all the moisture of their souls. If you hear a broad, hearty laugh, be assured it is a negro's.

Besides this African domestic, the signior of the village had another no less cherished and privileged attendant. This was a huge dog, of the mastiff breed, with a deep hanging mouth, that gave an air of surly gravity to his physiognomy. He walked about the cabin with the air of a dog perfectly at home, and who had paid for his passage. At dinner-time, he took his seat beside his master, giving him a glance now and then out of a corner of his eye, that bespoke perfect confidence that he would not be forgotten. Nor was he: every now and then a huge morsel would be thrown to him, peradventure the half-picked leg of a fowl, which he would receive with a snap that sounded like the springing of a steel-trap—one gulp, and all was down; and a glance of the eye told his master that he was ready for another consignment.

The other village-worthy travelling in company with this signior, was of a totally different stamp. He was small, thin, and weazen-faced, such as Frenchmen are apt to be represented in caricature, with a bright squirrel-like eye, and a gold ring in his ear. His dress was flimsy, and sat loosely on his frame, and he had altogether the look of one with but little coin in his pocket. Yet, though one of the poorest, I was assured he was one of the merriest and most popular personages in his native village.

Compere Martin, as he was commonly called, was the *factotum* of the place—sportsman, schoolmaster, and land-*surveyor*. He could sing, dance, and, above all, play *on the* fiddle—an invaluable accomplishment in one of

these old French Creole villages, for the inhabitants have a hereditary love for balls and fêtes; if they work but little, they dance a great deal, and a fiddle is the joy of their heart.

What had sent Compere Martin travelling with the grand-signior, I could not learn: he evidently looked up to him with great deference, and was assiduous in rendering him petty attentions; from which I concluded that he lived at home upon the crumbs which fell from his table. He was gayest when out of his sight, and had his song and his joke when forward among the deck-passengers; but altogether Compere Martin was out of his element on board a steam-boat. He was quite another being, I am told, when at home, in his own village.

Like his opulent fellow-traveller, he, too, had his canine follower and retainer—and one suited to his different fortunes—one of the civilest, homebred, most unoffending little dogs in the world. Unlike the lordly mastiff, he seemed to think he had no right on board the steam-boat! if you did but look hard at him, he would throw himself upon his back, and lift up his legs, as if imploring mercy.

At table, he took his seat at a little distance from his master; not with the bluff confident air of the mastiff, but quietly and diffidently; his head on one side, with one ear dubiously slouched, the other hopefully cocked up; his under-teeth projecting beyond his black nose, and his eye wistfully following each morsel that went into his master's mouth.

If Compere Martin now and then should venture to abstract a morsel from his plate, to give to his humble companion, it was edifying to see with what diffidence the exemplary little animal would take hold of it, with the very tip of his teeth, as if he would almost rather not, or was fearful of taking too great a liberty. And then with what decorum would he eat it! How many efforts would he make in swallowing it, as if it stuck in his throat; with *what daintiness* would he lick his lips; and then *with what an air of* thankfulness would he resume his *seat, with his teeth* once more projecting beyond his

nose, and an eye of humble expectation fixe master!

It was late in the afternoon when the steam-b at the village which was the residence of voyagers. It stood on the high bank of the bore traces of having been a frontier trading-p were the remains of the stockades that once from the Indians, and the houses were in Spanish and French colonial taste, the place l successively under the domination of both th prior to the cession of Louisiana to the Unite

The arrival of the signior of 50,000 dolls humble companion, Compere Martin, had evi looked forward to as an event in the village of men, women, and children, white, yellow, were collected on the river-bank; most of t old-fashioned French garments, and their hea with coloured handkerchiefs, or white night moment the steam-boat came within sight a there commenced a waving of handkerch screaming and bawling of greetings, and and felicitations, that baffle all description.

The old gentleman of 50,000 dollars was re train of relatives and friends, and children children, whom he kissed on each cheek, and a procession in his rear, with a legion of dom ages, following him to a large old-fashioned F that domineered over the village.

His black valet-de-chambre, in white jack sers, and gold earrings, was met on the shor though rustic companion—a tall negro fellow, good-humoured horse-face, which stood ou relief from beneath a narrow-rimmed stra on the back of his head. The explosions of *these* two varlets on first meeting with each *exchanging* compliments, were enough to e *whole* country round.

The most hearty reception, however, was *Compere* Martin. Everybody, young and

ore he got to land. Everybody had a joke for Compere rtin, and Compere Martin had a joke for everybody. n his little dog appeared, to partake of his popularity, l to be caressed by every hand. Indeed he was quite lifferent animal the moment he touched the land. re he was at home; here he was of consequence. barked, he leaped, he frisked about his old friends, l then would skim round the place in a wide circle, as nad.

: traced Compere Martin and his little dog to their ne. It was an old ruinous Spanish house, of large di- nsions, with verandas overshadowed by ancient elms. e house had probably been the residence, in old times, the Spanish commandant. In one wing of this crazy ; aristocratical abode, was nestled the family of my low-traveller; for poor devils are apt to be magnificently d and lodged in the cast-off clothes, and abandoned aces of the great and wealthy.

The arrival of Compere Martin was welcomed by a ion of women, children, and mongrel curs; and, as rerty and gaiety generally go hand and hand among French and their descendants, the crazy mansion soon ounded with loud gossip and light-hearted laughter.

As the steam-boat paused a short time at the village, ook occasion to stroll about the place. Most of the ises were in the French taste, with casements and kety verandas, but most of them in flimsy and ruinous idition. All the wagons, ploughs, and other utensils out the place, were of ancient and inconvenient Gallic istruction, such as had been brought from France in primitive days of the colony. The very looks of the ople reminded me of the villages of France.

As I passed by one of the houses, the hum of a spinning- eel came issuing forth, accompanied by a scrap of a g, which a girl was singing as she sat at her labour. was an old French chanson, that I have heard many a *e among the* peasantry of Languedoc; and the sound *t brought* many a bright and happy scene to my *embrance.* It was doubtless an old traditional song

brought over by the French emigrants, and handed down from generation to generation.

Half-a-dozen young lasses emerged from the adjacent dwellings, reminding me, by their light step and gay costume, of scenes in ancient France, where taste in dress comes natural to every class of females. The trim bodice, and coloured petticoat, and little apron, with its pockets to receive the hands when in an attitude for conversation, the coloured kerchief wound tastefully round the head, with a coquettish knot perking above one ear; and then the neat slipper and tight-drawn stocking, with its braid of narrow ribbond embracing the ankle where it peeps from its mysterious curtain. It is from this ambush that Cupid sends his most inciting arrows.

While I was musing upon the recollections thus accidentally summoned up, I heard the sound of a fiddle from the mansion of Compere Martin, the signal, no doubt, for a joyous gathering. I was disposed to turn my steps thither, and witness the festivities of one of the very few villages that I had met with in my wide tour that was yet poor enough to be merry; but the bell of the steam-boat summoned me to re-embark.

As we swept away from the shore, I cast back a wistful eye upon the moss-grown roofs and ancient elms of the village, and prayed that the inhabitants might long retain their happy ignorance, their absence of all enterprise and improvement, their respect for the fiddle, and their contempt for the almighty dollar. I fear, however, my prayer is doomed to be of no avail. In a little while, the steam-boat whirled me to an American town, just springing into bustling and prosperous existence.

The surrounding forest had been laid out in town-lots; frames of wooden buildings were rising from among stumps and burned trees. The place already boasted a court-house, a jail, and two banks, all built of pine-boards, *on the* model of Grecian temples. There were rival hotels, *rival churches*, and rival newspapers; together with the *usual number* of judges, and generals, and governors; not *to speak* of doctors by the dozen, and lawyers by the score.

place, I was told, was in an astonishing career of
ement, with a canal and two railways in embryo.
ubled in price every week; everybody was specu-
in land; everybody was rich, and everybody was
g richer. The community, however, was torn to
by new doctrines in religion, and in political eco-
; there were camp-meetings and agrarian-meetings;
n election was at hand, which, it was expected, would
the whole country into a paroxysm.
as! with such an enterprising neighbour, what is to
me of the poor little Creole village?

ORATOR HENLEY.

'Imbrowned with native bronze, lo! Henley stands,
Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands.
How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue!
How sweet the periods, neither said nor sung!
O great restorer of the good old stage,
Preacher at once and zany of thy age!
O worthy thou of Egypt's blest abodes,
A decent priest where monkeys were the gods!'—&c.
POPE.

HESE verses refer to a man who was perhaps the most
torious in London during the reigns of the two first
eorges, though now nearly forgotten for all but the
tice taken of him by Pope. John Henley, descended of
race of clergymen of the Established Church, was born
Melton Mowbray, in Leicestershire, in 1692. He
ceived a regular clerical education at St John's College,
ambridge, whence, in 1712, he addressed a whimsical
tter to the *Spectator*, with the signature of Peter de Quir,
hich was printed in the 396th number of that work.
e was distinguished among his companions for lively
lents, and took the degrees of bachelor and master
's; but, even at this early period of his life, he she
ptoms of that insubordination to established sy

which marked his future career. According to the report of a friend, 'he began to be uneasy that the art of thinking regularly on all subjects, and for all functions, was not the prevailing instruction. He was impatient that systems of all kinds were put into his hands, ready carved out for him, and that he incurred the danger of losing his interest, as well as incurring the scandal of heterodoxy and ill principles, if, as his genius led him, he freely disputed all propositions, and called all points to account, in order to satisfy and convince his own reason. It shocked him to find that he was commanded to believe against his judgment, in points of logic, philosophy, and metaphysics, as well as religion; and that a course of mathematics was the least, if any part of the usual academical education. He was always impatient under the fetters of the free-born mind, and privately resolved, some time or other, to enter his protest against any person being bred like a slave who is born an Englishman.'

He also complained, with what justice we cannot say, that, 'though brought up for a clergyman, he was not instructed to preach, pray, or read prayers, or speak, or catechise, or confer, or resolve a case of conscience, or understand the Scriptures, or form any natural or clear ideas of the Christian religion'—certainly a pretty liberal list of deficiencies.

On quitting the university, he was appointed master of the school at Melton, of which parish his father was vicar, and he is said to have displayed eminent abilities as a teacher, particularly in the department of elocution. His powers of oratory were here exemplified in public readings of the classics, and his learning and industry in the composition of a grammar of ten languages, afterwards published. About the same time he published a poem founded on the story of Queen Esther, which was well received, and contains, indeed, many spirited and highly-wrought passages. A preface to this work shewed considerable attainments in Oriental literature and antiquities.

While thus regarded as a respectable and promising

man, he was ordained as a deacon by Wake, Bishop of Lincoln, and afterwards as priest by Dr Gibson, the successor of Dr Wake. He then became curate of his native parish, and was much admired as a preacher. Soon tiring of the limited field which the country afforded for the display of his talents, he resigned his duties at Melton, and proceeded to London, furnished with recommendatory letters from some of the most considerable persons in Leicestershire, both of clergy and laity, and with a sum of money which he had saved from his income. He first obtained the situation of an assistant-preacher, and then the living of Chelmondiston, which was worth L.80 a year, while the duties could be performed by a curate at L.20. He also acquired reputation from some learned publications.

Henley startled the audiences which he addressed in London by a style of oratory to which they had not been accustomed. At this tame period of the history of the English Church, it was considered indecorous to use the least action in preaching. Henley thought otherwise, or, if he did not sincerely think so, his consciousness of possessing abilities for a different style of oratory, and his love of displaying those abilities, led him to make that profession. His manner, to use an expressive phrase, *took*. It was remarked that he could draw three times more money for a charity than any ordinary clergyman. People followed him to the different churches where he occasionally preached. He was, in short, the *Irving* of his day. But this success could not fail to draw invidious remarks. His style of preaching was stigmatised by his brethren as theatrical, and he, in reply, did not scruple to speak of humdrum drones. Insinuations were then made, probably with little foundation, against his private character, and these had the effect of losing for him a superior living which had been promised. In a contention of such a nature, it is easy to see which party must be *victorious*. Henley was ordered by his diocesan to *retire to his* country charge.

The orator, confident in his abilities and popularity

answered, that 'it was beneath him to hold what it was in the complainant's power to take away,' and instantly resigned both his city lectureship and his country rectory. This happened in 1725.

Thrown entirely on his own resources, he fitted up a building in Newport Market as a place of public worship, under the name of an Oratory, and licensed it, under the Toleration Act, as a dissenting meeting-house. This conventicle was highly ornamented, according to the taste of the orator. The pulpit, celebrated by Pope as 'Henley's gilt tub,' was covered with scarlet velvet, richly fringed with gold. Over the altar-piece was written, in letters of gold, 'THE PRIMITIVE EUCHARIST.' The emoluments of the preacher were principally derived from the sum yearly paid by annual subscribers; to each of whom was delivered a medal, the device of which was a star rising to the meridian, with the motto, 'AD SUMMA' (To the highest things), and below, 'INVENIAM VIAM AUT FACIAM' (I will find out the way or make it). From casual auditors he levied an admission-fee of one shilling. He made no attempt to join any of the dissenting bodies of the day, nor to establish a new one: his whole object was to gain a livelihood by the exercise of his own peculiar talents. In form of service and doctrine he departed little from the English Church; and what little departure he made was in favour of forms and professions which he considered as more consistent with those of the primitive Christians, though it would appear that, in respect of doctrine, the difference was such as to subject him to at least a suspicion of Arianism.

The style of his discourses, keeping out of view their eloquence, was moral and rational; and here, certainly, he did not take the method best adapted for attracting large religious audiences. What, however, was wanting in appeals to the feelings of his congregation, he endeavoured to supply by animadversions on public events and characters, and by every peculiarity of manner that was likely to amuse. The hostility of the established clergy was of course more than ever directed against

him; but he received it all coolly, denying every charge against his private conduct, and, with regard to his manner of preaching, remarking that, as there were so many religious dormitories in the metropolis, surely there was no harm in providing a place where people were kept awake. He did not confine his views to religious instruction, but established lectures for the Wednesdays on subjects in literature, morals, and the sciences in general. He even projected the establishment of a university in London, where a more liberal course of education should be pursued than at the existing institutions; and thus, according to a writer in the *Retrospective Review*, prefigured that which was afterwards accomplished by Lord Brougham and Sir James Mackintosh. That he should have ever conceived that men were to take any such institution from his hands, affords a striking proof that there must have been some craze in the mental constitution of Henley. We may make the same surmise from his having been sincerely of opinion, that he had made a great stroke for his own honour and the improvement of mankind, in the establishment of his gilt tub in Newport Market. 'That he should have the assurance,' he somewhere says, 'to frame a plan which no mortal ever thought of; that he should singly execute what would sprain a dozen of modern doctors of the tribe of Issachar; that he should have success against all opposition; challenge his adversaries to fair disputations, without any offering to dispute with him (!); write, read, and study twelve hours a day, and yet appear as untouched by the yoke as if he never wore it; compose three dissertations each week, on all subjects, however uncommon; treated in all lights and manners by himself, without assistance, as some would detract from him; teach in one year what schools and universities teach in five; not to be terrified by cabals, or menaces, or insults, or the grave nonsense of one, or the frothy satire of another; but he should still proceed and mature this bold scheme, and put the Church, *and all that, in* danger;' to do all this, he conceives, *certainly* redounds greatly to his credit!

Every discourse of Henley was trumpeted beforehand by advertisements in the newspapers, stating the text or subject, and generally conceived in a style of the most ridiculous self-applause. His whole life became such an eccentricity, that he could not fail to attract much notice, and to be a theme of perpetual merriment and abuse in the public prints. We obtain from scattered notices in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1731, some idea of the relation on which he stood towards those organs of opinion, as well as of some of his own practices. The *Grubb-street Journal* mentions: 'We hear that the Oratory subject for to-morrow evening will be Henley's apology for wit, and that Mr H. expects there one Dr Mitchell, who called him *impudent* in print, to a dispute on that problem.' The same paper afterwards related that Henley, some years before, having an ambition to be a public writer, offered his services in one morning to two great men of opposite opinions, and that his rejection by both determined him to set up the Oratory. At a subsequent period, the *Grub-street Journal* defends itself for having formerly made Mr Henley the hero of an essay upon Impudence—is surprised to find that he takes it ill—and sees no reason why he should be angry, impudence being almost the only recommendation to preferment. 'Was that steady face of his, that goodly bronze, that more than English or Welsh copper in his dun and dusky countenance, given him for nothing? Is not the most consummate impudence exerted in all his words, actions, and gestures, and diffused over his whole person? Could anything but the height of impudence make him promise to perform impossibilities, and pretend to correct the whole learned world, proving them all to be in the wrong, and himself in the right? His medals, though of three different metals, are all *brass*,' &c. Henley seems to have now given up the controversy good-humouredly, for *his* advertisement of 21st August was concluded with, '*N. B.*—If anything ill be said of me, I am not the person. J. HENLEY.'

We also obtain a striking sense of the unhappy

predicament into which this man had brought himself by his interchange of Billingsgate with mean antagonists, from a paper in a journal called *Common Sense*, in 1738, in which the death of his wife is employed as a means of turning a stream of farcical ridicule against him.

In time he removed from Newport Market to a spot between Lincoln's Inn Fields and Clare Market, 'where,' to quote the reminiscences of a correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1786, 'a large room (now a carpet-warehouse) lying backwards, and up a considerable flight of steps, proved a convenient situation for him; and here he remained till his death, confining the display of his talents to Sundays only. The Sardinian ambassador's house was, and still is, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, within a few doors of Henley's Oratory; the evening-service of his excellency's chapel was over soon after four, and Henley began at five: now it should seem that, to draw this congregation towards himself as far as he could, he for some years called his Oratory the little Catholic Chapel, and no doubt many of the younger and less serious caught the bait.' The same writer states that, falling into company with a Catholic gentleman, the orator squeezed his hand, saying emphatically: 'God bless you! I love you all; I love you all.' It has been elsewhere mentioned, that, having once taken part with an Independent clergyman named Guyse against Dr Chandler in a controversy, he was encouraged to apply to that person's congregation for the privilege of communion, but was refused upon full deliberation in the vestry, whereupon he made the parties a grave bow, and departed with the apostolical valediction: 'Finally, brethren, farewell.' It may be argued from these circumstances, that Henley's ideas in religion were, after all, of a latitudinarian kind—and that, in the words of Garrick:

'His first great ruling passion was—to eat.'

The most absurd and undignified act of his life seems to have been his advertising that he intended in next lecture to teach an art by which a pair of shoes could be

made in ten minutes; and then, when a crowd of shoemakers and others had collected, his taking a pair of boots, and cutting them down into shoes. On the other hand, there were occasions when Henley shewed that he possessed some genuine wit. Another correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in 1786, relates the following circumstance as having occurred in his presence:—

'About thirty years since, I dined one day at a chop-house opposite to the end of Palsgrave-Head Court, in the Strand: at my entrance, I found there no other guests than the Orator and an attorney of Clement's Inn, between whom I heard the ensuing discourse:—

Attorney. I remember the man well, but I don't know what became of him. I think they say he went to the West Indies, and settled at Ceylon, or somewhere thereabouts; in one of our islands, however.

Orator. In the first place, Ceylon is no island of ours; and in the second place, it is not in the West Indies, but in the East.

Attor. I deny that.

Orator. The more shame to you. I'll bring a boy of ten years old, who shall prove it to you.

Attor. Well, I thank God I know nothing about East or West either. I am no great geographer.

Orator. So, then, you thank God for your ignorance—do you?

Attor. (*Looking very angry.*) Yes, I do, sir.

Orator. (*Making him a low bow.*) Than, sir, you have much to be thankful for.'

The general protection which the two first kings of the house of Hanover were obliged to give to dissenters of all kinds, as a balance against a somewhat unfriendly church, kept Henley clear of all state trouble till the touching time of the Rebellion of 1745, when, probably from a mere spirit of opposition, he allowed himself to speak *unfavourably* of the government. It was said at that time, though untruly, that Herring, Archbishop of York, in his zeal against the rebels, appeared before his clergy in regimentals. This was a capital subject for the Orator,

who concluded a sarcastic discourse upon it with the remark, that 'there could be no treason in squinting at a *red herring!*' Incensed at these liberties, 'some adherents of the ministers repaired one Sunday evening to the Oratory, where they interrupted the preacher with contumelious language, drew their swords upon those who attempted to turn them out, and forcibly put an end to the service; thus, as Henley pointedly observed, 'breaking the laws to preserve the state.' Illegal proceedings like these are attended with little peril to those who break the peace on the side of power. In such cases, the never-failing recipe is to anticipate the complaint of the injured party. In pursuance of this approved method, the rioters circulated a paper, purporting to be a record of certain seditious expressions which had been uttered by the Orator in the course of his sermons. They also lodged an information against him in the office of Lord Chesterfield, who was then secretary of state for the home department, and who forthwith issued a warrant for the seizure of the Orator and his papers (December, 1746); but after a short detention, Henley was set at liberty, and his papers were restored to him.'* For some time after, he seems to have been under suspicion from the government, for, in 1748, he published a pamphlet, calling upon jurors to take 'rational preachers' under their protection, and asserting the right of every man to discuss the doings of human, and, consequently, fallible sovereigns. Much of the sentiment of this pamphlet is unanswerably just; but, Henley in writing it, appeared in the odious character of an apostate, as he had once supported the ministry in a periodical named the *Hyp-Doctor*, for which he was said to have received an annual stipend from the secret-service money.

Hogarth is said to have twice made Henley the subject of his satiric pencil. In one print, entitled 'The Oratory,' he is represented on a scaffold, with a monkey by his side, *a box of pills*, and the *Hyp*-Doctor lying beside him,

* *Retrospective Review*, xiv. 221.

a parson receiving the money for admission, a butcher acting as porter, Modesty in a cloud, Folly in a coach, and a gibbet preparing for Merit—people laughing, and underneath this inscription:

> 'O Orator, with brazen face and lungs,
> Whose jargon's formed of ten unlearned tongues,
> Why stand'st thou there a whole hour haranguing,
> When half the time fits better men for hanging?'

In another print, he is represented in the act of christening a child, and of this a copy is given in Caulfield's *Portraits of Remarkable Persons.*

Henley died in 1756, at the age of about sixty-four. Besides the works already noticed, he published translations of Pliny's Epistles, several works of Vertot, and Montfaucon's *Travels in Italy;* he also wrote a history of Sweden, a volume of Sermons, a version of Addison's Latin Poems, and some other productions of less importance. Some considerations of a useful character arise from the narrative of his degraded life. 'From the materials which lie before us,' says the writer in the *Retrospective Review* already quoted, 'we are convinced that Henley was a man of learning; that he entertained just notions of the extent to which religious liberty ought to be carried; that he was sensible of the defects of the system of academical instruction; and that he is entitled to the merit of having, at an early period, pointed out the expediency of an amelioration of their constitution.' Another respectable authority speaks of him as 'a scholar of great acquirements, and of no mean genius, hardy and inventive, eloquent and witty, and capable of being an ornament to literature as well as to the pulpit.' How comes it, then, that with such merits Henley has left only the reputation of a jack-pudding or buffoon? Obviously, because of his want of prudence and self-respect. The chance which a reformer has of *being listened* to, is in ordinary times not great; but it is *diminished* to nothing when he appears as one who has *abandoned* the decorums of the world, and who, instead of *persuading*, endeavours to bully or to ridicule mankind.

In considering the lesson, it is not possible to exclude the idea of the teacher; and, accordingly, he who, while attempting to rouse men to a sense of certain errors, exhibits in himself not only a plentiful stock of the common foibles, but also an absolute want of that self-respect which is one of the first principles in the practice of virtue, is apt to be heard only with derision. There is something so *outré* in all new doctrines, that they would need to be advanced in a style of peculiar candour, plainness, and sincerity, and with even more than the usual appearance of worldly sense and prudence on the part of him who teaches them; this seems necessary, in order to overcome that impression of singularity, and even madness, which this kind of teaching is apt to convey. But when to novelty of doctrine is added something in the teacher that bespeaks a wild personal eccentricity, or perhaps some more questionable fault, then indeed are all his exertions apt to prove not only in vain for good, but positively pernicious.

A WHALE-CHASE.

On the 25th of June 1812, one of the harpooners belonging to the *Resolution*, of Whitby, under my command, struck a whale by the edge of a small floe of ice. Assistance being promptly afforded, a second boat's lines were attached to those of the fast-boat, in a few minutes after the harpoon was discharged. The remainder of the boats proceeded at some distance, in the direction the fish seemed to have taken. In about a quarter of an hour, the fast-boat, to my surprise, again made a signal for lines. As the ship was then within five minutes' sail, we *instantly steered towards* the boat, with the view of *affording assistance*, by means of a spare boat we still *retained on board*. Before we reached the place, however

we observed four oars displayed in signal order, which, by their number, indicated a most urgent necessity for assistance. Two or three men were at the same time seen seated close by the stern, which was considerably elevated, for the purpose of keeping it down, while the bow of the boat, by the force of the line, was drawn down to the level of the sea, and the harpooner, by the friction of the line round the bollard, was enveloped in smoky obscurity. At length, when the ship was scarcely a hundred yards distant, we perceived preparations for quitting the boat. The sailors' pea-jackets were cast upon the adjoining ice; the oars were thrown down; the crew leaped overboard; the bow of the boat was buried in the water; the stern rose perpendicular, and then majestically disappeared. The harpooner having caused the end of the line to be fastened to the iron ring at the boat's stern was the means of its loss;* and a tongue of the ice, on which was a depth of several feet of water, kept the boat by the pressure of the line against it, at such a considerable distance as prevented the crew from leaping upon the floe. Some of them were, therefore, put to the necessity of swimming for their preservation; but all of them succeeded in scrambling upon the ice, and were taken on board of the ship in a few minutes afterwards.

I may here observe, that it is an uncommon circumstance for a fish to require more than two boats' lines in such a situation; none of our harpooners, therefore, had any scruple in leaving the fast-boat, never suspecting, after it had received the assistance of one boat with six lines or upwards, that it would need any more.

Several ships being about us, there was a possibility that some person might attack and make a prize of the whale, when it had so far escaped us that we no longer retained any hold of it; we therefore set all the sail the

* 'Giving a whale the boat,' as the voluntary sacrifice of a boat *is termed*, is a scheme not unfrequently practised by the fisher when *in want of* line. By submitting to this risk, he expects to gain the *fish, and still* has the chance of recovering his boat and its materials. *It is only* practised in open ice or at fields.

ship could safely sustain, and worked through several narrow and intricate channels in the ice, in the direction I observed the fish had retreated. After a little time, it was descried by the people in the boats, at a considerable distance to the eastward: a general chase immediately commenced, and within the space of an hour three harpoons were struck. We now imagined the fish was secure, but our expectations were premature. The whale resolutely pushed beneath a large floe that had been recently broken to pieces by the swell, and soon drew all the lines out of the second fast-boat; the officer of which, not being able to get any assistance, tied the end of his line to a hummock of ice, and broke it. Soon afterwards, the other two boats, still fast, were dragged against the broken floe, when one of the harpoons drew out. The lines of only one boat, therefore, remained fast to the fish, and this, with six or eight lines out, was dragged forward into the shattered floe with astonishing force. Pieces of ice, each of which was sufficiently large to have answered the purpose of a mooring for a ship, were wheeled about by the strength of the whale; and such was the tension and elasticity of the line, that whenever it slipped clear of any mass of ice, after turning it round, into the space between any two adjoining pieces, the boat and its crew flew forward through the crack with the velocity of an arrow, and never failed to launch several feet upon the first mass of ice that it encountered.

While we scoured the sea around the broken floe with the ship, and while the ice was attempted in vain by the boats, the whale continued to press forward in an easterly direction towards the sea. At length, when fourteen lines (about 1680 fathoms) were drawn from the fourth fast-boat, a slight entanglement of the line broke it at the stem. The fish then again made its escape, taking along with it a boat and twenty-eight lines. The united length of the lines was 6720 yards, or upwards of three and a half *English miles*; value, with the boat, above L.150 *sterling.*

The obstruction of the sunken boat to the progress of

the fish must have been immense; and that of th
likewise considerable, the weight of lines alone
thirty-five hundredweights.

So long as the fourth fast-boat, through the me
its lines, retained its hold of the fish, we search
adjoining sea with the ship in vain; but in a sho
after the line was divided, we got sight of the o
pursuit, at the distance of near two miles to the e
of the ice and boats, in the open sea. One bo
with lines, and two empty boats, were reserved
ship. Having, however, fortunately, fine weather
fresh breeze of wind, we immediately gave chas
all sail; though it must be confessed, with the i
cant force by us, the distance of the fish, and the
of its flight considered, we had but very small h
success. At length, after pursuing it five or si
being at least nine miles from the place where
struck, we came up with it, and it seemed inclined
after its extraordinary exertions. The two dismas
empty boats having been furnished with two lin
(a very inadequate supply), they, together with the
good state of equipment, now made an attack u
whale. One of the harpooners made a blunder;
saw the boat, took the alarm, and again fled.
supposed it would be seen no more; neverthel
chased nearly a mile in the direction I imagined
taken, and placed the boats, to the best of my ju
in the most advantageous situations. In this case
extremely fortunate. The fish rose near one of th
and was immediately harpooned. In a few minu
more harpoons entered its back, and lances wer
against it with vigour and success. Exhausted
amazing exertions to escape, it yielded itself at le
its fate, received the piercing wounds of the lance
out resistance, and finally died without a struggle.
terminated with success an attack upon a whale
exhibited the most uncommon determination to
from its pursuers, seconded by the most amazing
of any individual whose capture I ever witness

all, it may seem surprising that it was not a particularly large individual; the largest lamina of whalebone only measuring nine feet six inches, while those affording twelve feet bone are not uncommon.* The quantity of line withdrawn from the different boats engaged in the capture was singularly great. It amounted altogether to 10,440 yards, or nearly six English miles. Of these, thirteen new lines were lost, together with the sunken boat; the harpoon connecting them to the fish having dropped out before the whale was killed.—*Captain Scoresby's Voyage.*

EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURES OF WILLIAM RINKLE.

In the London papers, some years ago, appeared a report respecting an application made by one William Rinkle to a metropolitan magistrate for advice and assistance under very extraordinary circumstances—so extraordinary, that the case appears to merit a more durable chronicling than that of the newspapers:—

'Rinkle stated that, in the month of March 1832, he sailed from the port of London in a South-sea whaler, belonging to a very respectable firm in Rotherhithe. The ship had been at sea about fourteen months, when the crew were fortunate enough to meet with two whales. After the whales had been killed, all hands were busily employed in securing the blubber, when an accident happened to him of a very serious nature. The spade he was using slipped, and cut one of his feet very severely. One main artery was severed, and he bled so profusely, that he was obliged to leave off work. He was conveyed

* *It has been* frequently observed, that whales of this size are the *most active of* the species; and that those of very large growth are *in general* captured with less trouble.

below, and the captain and mate soon afterwards came to him, and accused him of cutting himself, to escape his share of the labour. He indignantly repelled the accusation, and displayed his foot, which was in such a state that he could not stand. Some words arose, and the mate gave him a severe blow on the head, which stunned him. On recovering his senses, he was conveyed to the after-hatchway, where he was confined as a close prisoner for two months, and was fed on a scanty allowance of bread and water. During this period, he suffered the most dreadful torture from the wound in his foot, owing to improper treatment and neglect. A locked-jaw ensued, and it was necessary to force open his mouth with an iron spoon, to enable him to swallow food sufficient to sustain life; indeed, on one occasion it was requisite to cut the lower lip to accomplish this object. (The man exhibited his lip, on which a large scar was distinctly visible.) After he had in some degree recovered, the captain directed that he should beg his pardon before all the ship's company. He declined doing so, and the captain immediately gave orders for him to be put on shore on an island near the Japanese dominions, from which they were not far distant. Accordingly, signs were made to the natives, who were watching the vessel from the shore, and a great number of them speedily came alongside in canoes, but they all refused to have anything to do with putting him on shore, and threats and persuasions were alike ineffectual. At length the captain gave directions to the cooper to knock off the iron hoops from some casks, and bribed the natives of the island, called St Andrews, forming one of a numerous group, to receive him. In addition to the iron, spirits were liberally supplied to the natives, and while they were rolling about in a state of intoxication, the captain contrived to smuggle two of the poor wretches on board the vessel, with whom he sailed. When complainant was put on shore, the natives all surrounded him, and seemed lost in wonder as they examined his dress, and the colour of his skin, as they had never seen a white man on the island before. He

was stripped of his clothes, which the natives tore into numberless pieces, and divided amongst themselves, and afterwards exercised their agility by dancing in a very grotesque manner around him. Rinkle remained on this island nine months, and, upon the whole, lived pretty well among the savages. Their principal food was cocoa-nuts and fish. On two or three occasions, the natives suffered much from a scarcity of food. They were not cannibals, but, thinking he might have a taste for human flesh, they once offered him a portion of the bodies of a woman and child who had died suddenly. He refused the proffered food with disgust, and made the natives to understand, that white men never ate human flesh. They appeared much surprised at this, and asked why the captain of the big canoe should take away two of their countrymen. He had been on this island about nine months or moons, when one day he perceived a ship in the offing, and made signals of distress, which, to his great joy, were perceived, and the ship hove-to. A boat was sent ashore to receive him, but the savages endeavoured to prevent him leaving the island. He, however, managed to swim to the boat amidst a shower of arrows, and was safely taken up by the crew. The vessel turned out to be the *Clementina*, a schooner, bound to Batavia. The captain was a Frenchman, but the rest of the crew were Malays. During the voyage, the Malay crew murdered the captain and mate, and seemed inclined to murder him, but they changed their minds, and put him ashore on Ascension Island, where he found five Europeans. Shortly afterwards, a launch or boat which had been dropped from an American ship drifted on shore. In this frail bark they went out to sea, and after suffering very great privation, and being buffeted about for four months, they reached the Sandwich Islands. They were taken on board the *Mable* schooner, and afterwards transferred to Her Majesty's sloop of war *Imogene*, in which they reached this country. He had been away for seven years, and had endured very great privations and sufferings. His friends had long since thought him dead, and

great was their surprise and joy when he presented himself amongst them.'

A respectable person gave testimony to the credit-worthiness of this strange history, and some steps were ordered by the magistrate to be taken for the redress of the very great hardships suffered by Rinkle.

STORY OF SIR ROBERT INNES.

EARLY in the past century, a young gentleman, Robert Innes, fell heir to the baronetcy of Orton—a title of some standing in his name and family. By a concurrence of adverse circumstances, not one rood of land, nor any property whatever, followed the destination of the titular honours. This was particularly hard in his case, as he had received a liberal education, and such a general training, in short, as is usually bestowed on heirs-presumptive or apparent to titles that have a substantial amount of acres appended to them. After this statement, it is scarcely necessary to say that Robert Innes was brought up to no useful art or profession by which a livelihood might be won.

Few situations could be more painful than that in which the young baronet found himself, when he acquired the right to place before his name the important monosyllable which entitled him to hold a prominent place in society, while, at the same time, he was totally devoid of the means of maintaining that place with fitting credit and respectability. It is true that, having enjoyed various opportunities of viewing the ways of high life, he knew very well that many needy fashionables, and *even* men of title, contrive to pass their lives in apparent *ease* and splendour, by clinging tenaciously to the skirts *of* wealthy relatives and friends, or by preying on *strangers* not sufficiently experienced or sage to b

secure against the toils of the high-bred sharper or jockey. Sir Robert Innes knew that men in the like circumstances with himself lived, nay flourished, after this manner and fashion; but he was endowed with a spirit too honourable and manly not to revolt at the thought of eating the bread either of swindling or of servility. He therefore felt his position to be one of extreme difficulty, and was for a time altogether at a loss how to procure his maintenance, in a manner consistent with the preservation, not of his rank and dignity, but simply of honesty and independence of character. It may well be believed that he envied the craftsmanship even of the humblest artisan, who had learned to look to his hands, and his hands alone, for subsistence. But all trades, arts, and professions seemed in a measure closed against Sir Robert, since he possessed not the necessary means to train himself for any particular employment, even if that could have been effectively done at the comparatively advanced period of life which he had attained. One profession only, if it may be properly so called, remained open to him—namely, that of arms; and to this the young baronet naturally turned his attention. Had he besieged the doors of those who had known his family in better days, he might possibly have at once entered the military service in a station corresponding with his social rank; but the risk of encountering scornful refusals, and other such-like fears and feelings, caused the indigent baronet to shrink from becoming a petitioner, desirable as it would have been to attain the object in question. He therefore preserved the independence which he loved, by entering the British army in the capacity of a private soldier. The —— dragoons was the body in which he enrolled himself, retaining his own name, but dropping of course the title which had descended to him from his ancestors.

In this condition Sir Robert Innes remained for a considerable time, fulfilling regularly and peacefully the *duties imposed* upon him, and giving no expression to *the regrets which* could not but occasionally arise in the

breast of one moving in a sphere so far below that to which he was suited by birth and education. The monotonous tenor of his life was at length broken in upon in an unexpected and remarkable way. While standing sentry one evening at the quarters of Colonel Winram, the commander of the regiment, he was accosted by a stranger, apparently an officer of another regiment, who inquired if the colonel was at that moment engaged. The sentinel courteously answered that he believed he was, but probably would soon be at leisure, and then recommenced his short perambulations. The stranger followed, and continued the conversation, in order, ostensibly, to while away the time until the colonel should be at liberty to receive him, but in reality to satisfy himself on a point of curiosity which had sprung up in his mind. We shall not say more respecting this conversation, than that it served, by its tenor, as far as correct expression and judicious remark on the part of the young soldier were concerned, to confirm the stranger in the suspicion to which some glimmering recollection of features had given rise. When the gentleman who had been in conference with Colonel Winram was seen to depart, the stranger took leave of the sentinel, and entered the commandant's quarters.

'Colonel,' said the officer, after paying his respects on entrance, 'you are at present more highly honoured in one point than many crowned heads, though you may not be aware of it.'

'How may this be, my good friend?' asked the veteran.

'In respect of your attendant sentry,' said the officer; 'few princes can boast of a more honourable guard than the one now pacing backwards and forwards in front of your quarters.'

The old colonel was surprised at the grave assertion of his visitor. 'What mean you?' said he; 'you seem serious, and yet there can be nobody now on duty as sentry but one of the common soldiers of the corps, who have all been here ten times over already.'

'This may be,' returned the visitor; 'but I still assure you, that you have a rare and remarkable guard of honour at present, in as far as you have a Scottish knight-baronet, of old creation, standing sentry at your threshold.'

'Bless my heart, do you really say so?' exclaimed Colonel Winram, who, though a worthy man, and an approved soldier, carried his veneration for titles and family honours somewhat to excess. 'A man of title doing duty in the ranks of my corps!' continued the veteran; 'how, in the name of wonder, came this about; and how did you discover it?'

'I had seen Sir Robert Innes several years ago, before he came to the title, and while its late possessor still retained enough of the family property to keep himself and his heir in tolerable condition as far as appearances went. When it was discovered, on the accession of this young gentleman, that his ancestral possessions had long been in the deceptive condition of a husk with the kernel gone, many individuals who had known Robert Innes, and had admired his manly and virtuous character, were anxious to aid and befriend him; but the youth disappeared suddenly from society, and the rumour went that he had entered the army. Having heard of this report, I was much struck to-night by the look and bearing of the sentry whom I saw at your porch, and a closer examination satisfied me, that the soldier was indeed no other than Sir Robert Innes of Orton.'

'Gracious powers! can this be true?' exclaimed the veteran, and moved hastily to a window from which he could command a view of his titled sentinel.

Being over and over again assured by his friend that the young soldier was no other than the person who had been described, he immediately gave orders to have another private brought on duty, and the hero of our tale ushered into his presence. When the young man appeared before his commander, the latter plainly and candidly stated what had been communicated to him, and asked if it was true that he really addressed Sir Robert Innes.

[illegible] from surprise, and [illegible] owned that the [illegible] was correct, and that [illegible]

[illegible] few moments, and [illegible] gentleman, when I ask you [illegible] motives which induced [illegible] a sincere wish to serve [illegible] mere curiosity.'

[illegible] by simply stating, [illegible] without any of [illegible] creditably, he had [illegible] the society of his [illegible] of fortune. 'I [illegible] honourable pride, [illegible] circumstance condition of a [illegible] attempt at gaining [illegible] by drawing on the [illegible] must have been, at [illegible]

[illegible] of the old [illegible] admire [illegible] honour your [illegible] your proper [illegible] were born, Sir [illegible] and an orna- [illegible] enough, I think, [illegible] country of British [illegible] most noble [illegible]

[illegible] a great [illegible] seriously [illegible] active and [illegible]

[illegible] to [illegible] on applica- [illegible] procure your [illegible] ways.'

[illegible] further the colonel gave

ıere a temporary release from regimental duty, and
ed him to dinner on the following day, offering him
ıis purpose the use of a spare suit of plain clothes
his own wardrobe. Sir Robert joyfully accepted
ıvitation, but declined the use of the colonel's ward-
as he had chanced to retain a suit of his own, which
ıtill capable of making a respectable appearance.
e young baronet dined with his commanding-officer,
nce, but again and again; for the cornetcy of horse
ıbtained for Sir Robert Innes, and he became daily
ıater and greater favourite with Colonel Winram,
ound his protégé fulfil all the high promise that had
ıred in him at their first interview. Handsome,
ored, and accomplished in all the qualifications of a
ıman, Sir Robert was indeed very generally esteemed
s brother-officers, and all who met him in society.
s barely possible, however, for any one to view him
the measureless partiality of the old colonel, and of
he following conclusive occurrence will give ample
. After the new cornet had held his station for
months, the veteran asked his youthful friend to
ıim in an excursion to the country. The request
ıf course cheerfully complied with, and the pair set
n the colonel's carriage. After they had gone a
lerable way, the colonel told Sir Robert that his
ıter and only child was then, for the completion of
ducation, residing at a neighbouring boarding-school,
hat he was going to visit her. The boarding-school
ccordingly reached, and Sir Robert in due time had
ıonour of being introduced to the only child of his
actor. She was a young lady in the very spring of
ınhood, and beautiful in countenance, though the
races of her person were scarcely yet developed.
Scottish baronet thought to himself that he had
ely ever seen filial affection under a more captivating
t than when Miss Winram, unconscious of a stranger's
nce, ran into the room to welcome her father, whose
ge she had seen at a little distance. In short, Sir
Innes thought the daughter of his old friend the

most charming girl he had yet seen, and the impression was not decreased by her modest, yet lively and intelligent conversation. When the visit drew to an end, he was even a little discomposed, while the veteran exhibited a more open degree of parting sadness. The young lady also looked regretful, but that of course was accounted for as relating to the departure of her father.

The colonel and his young friend were not very communicative for some space. At length the colonel half unconsciously exclaimed: 'She is much improved;' to which the other, with equal absence of mind, replied: 'She is quite lovely.'

The easy manner in which the stream of talk from the lips of each, thus set in motion, ran into one channel, shewed on what subject their thoughts had been bent. 'Do you really like her?' said the colonel abruptly, turning to his companion.

Sir Robert blushed, and stammered a little as he replied: 'I—I admire her much—it is impossible for any one not to do so, even on seeing Miss Winram for so short a time as I did.'

The colonel no doubt heard this answer, but he pursued his own train of thought and reasoning. 'Because,' said he, 'if you *do* like her, I think she might do worse than take you for a husband.'

The young man was completely stunned for the moment by this most unlooked-for overture. He could not believe that the veteran meant to sport with his feelings, yet some such notion suggested in part the answer which he gave to the colonel, after a pretty lengthened pause. 'Colonel Winram,' said he, 'I am poor—penniless—and you are wealthy. All I have I owe to you, but'——

The veteran somewhat impatiently interrupted the baronet. 'Well, well, that is exactly what I am thinking *of*. Margery happens to have a neat enough little fortune *of her* own, the bequest of a deceased aunt, and you have *a title*—a fair equivalent. I have always honoured *ancestral* dignities, at least when borne by such as you-

self, whom I already love as a son. My girl has been a good—a very good daughter, and will be a good wife. So again I say, if you like her'——

While the words were yet on his lips, fortune, or chance, or Farmer Thorpe of the Grange's boy Giles, suddenly gave an unexpected turn to affairs, by sending a troop of yearling cattle scampering into the highway, from the open gate of a park. The horses of the colonel's carriage were startled, and by their sudden bound aside, the reins were twitched from the coachman's hands. Feeling no control, the alarmed horses sprang forward at full speed; but they went no great way, ere their divergence from the mid-line caused a violent overturn of the vehicle into a shallow side-ditch. The inmates, who had travelled in barouche fashion, were thrown clear out upon one side of the road—which, fortunately, was a grass common. The coachman and Sir Robert Innes, being both of light frames, were very little injured, but the poor veteran's fall was a heavy and severe one. He lay at first perfectly insensible, with his usual ruddy complexion changed to an ashy whiteness. In a few minutes, however, he regained his consciousness, and in some degree his bodily strength, but complained much of pain in his chest and shoulder. Sir Robert, as may be supposed, was greatly agitated, and at a loss how to get his kind friend within reach of immediate advice and assistance. But the coachman was able, happily, to get the horses quieted and the coach raised with the baronet's assistance, and it was resolved to move slowly backward to the boarding-school, from which they were only a mile and a half distant.

The distress of Miss Winram, on seeing her kind-hearted father return so unexpectedly and in such a condition, was extreme, and her solicitude was fully participated by her instructress, Mrs Batty, who instantly despatched a messenger for the surgeon of the district. This functionary soon arrived, and relieved a material portion of the pain suffered by the veteran, who, however, continued to be very feeble, and was, besides, discovered

to have fractured one of his ribs. He occupied a sick-bed for several weeks. In that time, he had such a nurse in his daughter, as often made him weep tears of gratitude to heaven for its kindness in giving her to him. Our readers may well imagine that such a spectacle as this was a dangerous one for our Scottish knight, who had also continued in attendance. In truth, this young gentleman surrendered his whole heart to the veteran's daughter, and did it willingly and consciously, having no allay in his hopes for the future, excepting in as far as the state of the young lady's affections was unknown to him. But in his capacity of occasional attendant upon the veteran, the young baronet appeared in almost as favourable a light to Miss Winram as she did to him, and this was soon brought to a decisive proof. One day, when the old gentleman was clearly and rapidly in a way of recovery, he insisted upon the two young people taking the recreation of a walk, of which, he said, he was sure that Margery at least was greatly in need, after so much confinement. The young lady would have hesitated, but was overpowered by her father, who, while she was putting on her bonnet in her own room, hastily said to his young favourite: 'She loves you, my dear boy; I have noticed her feelings and her looks at your goings and comings. She loves you, and you say you now adore her—is that the word? Ask her at once to marry you, then; and, what is more, persuade her to be the breaker of the matter to me. Gratify me in this, my dear fellow, though it is only a sort of whim that has come into my head.'

Sir Robert Innes found that the little heathen gentleman with the wings—whose name has been so long hackneyed and profaned in our literature, that the very mention of it now, in prose or verse, is almost to insure certain ridicule and condemnation, and whom, therefore, we shall leave our readers to name for themselves—had *made* such conclusive preparatory way in his favour, *that* he had no difficulty in winning from Margery *Winram* an acknowledgment of reciprocal regard and *affection*. It was rather more difficult to make her

ıe bearer of the news to her father. 'My dear Miss 'inram,' said the young baronet, 'I am poor—indeed, :terly penniless. I owe to your noble-hearted father y recovered station, and all that is now prized by me. he thought that he should regard me—his dependent most—as having insidiously stolen the affections of his ıughter'——

'Have you not?' interrupted Miss Winram, archly but :ushingly.

'Dearest Margery,' replied Sir Robert ardently, 'this direct confession is more delightful than the other. But, sten to me. You know what feelings I would express, ıd what are the motives that lead me most earnestly to ish you should appear, as far as possible, to be acting om your own unbiassed will and choice. Grant me, ear Miss Winram, this one request.'

The lover prevailed, and the lady took upon her the task ' hinting, at least, the state of their mutual affections ı her invalid parent.

It was after anxiously arranging his pillow, and taking er own seat a little behind the curtain of his couch, ıat Miss Winram began to her promised disclosure. Her r and looks announced perfectly to the gratified veteran ıat the time was come. He resolved to help her a ttle. 'You are now getting quite a great girl—I beg ırdon, I should have said quite a grown-up young lady, largery.'

'Yes, papa,' said the daughter eagerly, falling at once to the toils; 'I am now within two months and four ays of eighteen, and at that age—nay, seven days less—liss Tipper was married out of this very house.'

'And has she been happy?'

'O yes,' replied Miss Winram; 'very, *very* happy.'

'But you, you giddy little thing, have never been so ng serious at any time as to think of marriage, I ppose,' was the veteran's *leading* rejoinder.

'*O yes, papa,*' replied the daughter; '*I have thought it a little.*'

'*Then tell me,* to amuse me, what kind of husband you

would prefer; I mean, as to his looks and his character, and such points. Tell me your ideas, Margery, about these particulars,' said the veteran.

The daughter paused a moment ere she began. 'I should wish him, first of all, to be a person liked by you, papa.' (Well hit, thought the old colonel.) 'I should wish him to be fair in complexion, with blue eyes and brown hair; and to be handsome, good-natured, intelligent, and a soldier, like my dear papa.'

'Why, girl, you are describing Robert Innes.'

The young lady rose, and stooped till her face was near the veteran's shoulder. 'Yes, dear father, it is Sir Robert Innes who was in my mind,' said she. 'We love one another. Will you break your poor Margery's heart or not, papa?'

'No, God bless thee! my sweet and innocent one, I will not,' exclaimed the veteran, moved to tears.

Our story now draws to a close. The marriage took place as soon as the veteran could leave his couch, and the career of the young Scottish knight, whom our narrative took up in so unpromising a condition, was, by the remarkable incidents detailed, rendered one of much happiness throughout the whole of its after duration. His beautiful lady brought him one sole child and daughter, whose personal charms in time attracted the admiration of the noblest in the land. One suitor for her hand was a gentleman who afterwards acceded to the title of Duke of Roxburgh; but, eventually, Miss Innes of Orton became the wife of the sixteenth Lord Forbes. Her son succeeded to that ancient title; and of her daughters, one became Duchess of Athol, and another the wife of Sir John Hay of Hayston.

This history would be thought one of Fiction's pleasant improbabilities, if told in the pages of a novel. We assure our readers, however, that the main incidents in the narrative have been described to us, upon good authority, as being perfectly true.

ACCOUNT OF THE GREAT HURRICANE IN BARBADOES IN 1831.

I WAS staying with a friend near Bridgetown, a part of the island which suffered most dreadfully, if one part could be said to be more ruined than another. The day and evening of the 10th of August presented nothing remarkable; the sun set finely, leaving a very red glow behind. At about eight o'clock in the evening, I was walking with my friend in the open air, when we both remarked the appearance of the sky, which, even then, retained a glow as if from the reflection of an enormous fire; but the air was perfectly calm, and very warm. I remember observing to Mr Brathwaite, that 'skies such as these were said to presage wind; and if so,' I added, 'we have a regular hurricane sky to-night.' I spoke this in jest, very little dreaming of its unfortunate truth.

We soon after returned to the house, and played several rubbers at whist till about nine o'clock, when the family retired to rest. All was still perfectly calm, but (I suppose from some affection of the air) I could not sleep. I knew not what to attribute this to, except indisposition; nor did I afterwards find that any one else was similarly affected. I lay restlessly till about ten o'clock, when a dog of Mr Brathwaite's, which had followed me to my room —which he had sometimes, but not often done before— started up, and came with a violent spring upon my bed, tearing at the same time a large hole in the mosquito net. I was surprised at the circumstance, and, vexed that he should have spoiled the muslin, I being a visitor in the house, hastily drove the dog off the bed. The wind was now rising, but it was as yet nothing—nothing to excite notice. Still I could not sleep, and the gale gradually, almost imperceptibly increased. About an hour after, the dog again sprang suddenly up, and leaped again upon the bed, tearing the curtain a second time.

found it of no use trying to get rid of him, so let him lie quietly by my side; but the animal was evidently in a state of agitation, and did not sleep any more than myself. At about twelve o'clock, the wind had risen to a tremendous height, and I began to feel considerable uneasiness. Presently a copper roofing in an adjoining room was torn off by the gale, and flapped backwards and forwards, making an unpleasant noise. I now got up, and put on part of my dress, feeling very uneasy, and yet not liking to disturb the family, thinking that my fears would only be ridiculed, and that I should be laughed at in the morning for my groundless apprehensions. I therefore returned to bed, still remaining partly dressed, and listened to the storm, which increased fearfully. At length, at about three o'clock in the morning (11th August), Mr Brathwaite came into my room, and told me that he thought I had better get up. 'I hope in Heaven,' he said, 'that there is no great cause of alarm; but the hurricane increases most awfully; the hall-door has been forced in, and in case of anything occurring, it is better to be up and dressed.'

I immediately rose, and dressing in haste, I proceeded to pile up my trunk, desk, and dressing-case one upon another, on a chair, clearing the floor as much as possible, because I supposed it probable that the roof would leak considerably. I then joined Mr Brathwaite in the drawing-room. The house consisted of a ground-floor, on which this room was situated; a first floor, in which were our bedrooms; and a second floor, which contained garrets, where the wine, &c., was kept. The drawing-room was upwards of twenty feet long. Passing by one of the windows, of which the shutters were closed, I observed how strongly the wind blew through them; I was not at all aware that the glass was smashed to atoms, for the wind was so tremendous, that it completely drowned every other sound. I placed my hand against the shutter, to feel the current of air, and while I yet held it there, the gale drove the whole shutter, window-frame and all, completely into the room. I was

place it, and while I was so occupied, in came another nd another window. The hall-door had been before riven open, and soon there was not another door left hut, or a window remaining in the house. There was ne door which opened on a flight of stone-steps leading nto the garden, and which was approached by a narrow assage, terminating at the opposite end in stairs which ed to a garret; while this door was yet closed, I con-rived, with the assistance of a servant, to place against ; two boxes closely packed with house linen, and of reat weight. We then left it.

By this time the drawing-room was so exposed by he breaking in of the windows, that the furniture was riven from one end to the other as though it had been n wheels, and had received a furious push; chairs and eavy tables sliding violently about. We quitted the rawing-room, and all made for the chamber which was ver it. In this place was now assembled the whole amily, consisting of Mr Brathwaite, his two sisters, yself, and a number of servants and slaves, amounting ltogether to about twenty persons. The windows were roken in, and the rain poured into the room in tor-ents. I now proceeded to read prayers to the party, Mr Brathwaite being very old and infirm, and perhaps more gitated by the terrors of the hour. While we were hus engaged, the wine, which was kept overhead, was mashed by the falling roof; and being directly over us, e felt the shock, though the tremendous roar of the ind prevented our hearing the crash. One of the arty now exclaimed: 'Mr Hobson, I think the wine has one; you are kneeling in a pool of wet; I fear you will atch cold.'

I thought it very strange that the idea of catching old should occur to a person aware that the roof had allen in. The floor of the room above us now gave ay, and broke the ceiling of that in which we were, so hat we could see the sky; the window-frames were one; and I long tried, but it was in vain, to keep a ht burning under a glass-shade. We were involved

in pitchy darkness, except for the almost incessant lightning, which was frightfully vivid, and made the succeeding gloom more awful; the flashes were so close, that the thunder must have been tremendous; but in consequence of the overwhelming noise of the wind, we could not hear a single clap. When the ceiling gave way, a rush was made to the door; but the two or three persons who got first into the open air had their hats and mantles instantly whirled away by the storm, which alarmed the party within, and the cry was then: 'Come in, come in, for God's sake! We shall all be killed, but let us keep together!'

All now returned, and we stood linked tightly arm in arm together, endeavouring to support ourselves and each other. The floor was now a foot deep of water, the wind blew completely through the room, and, except the lightning, all was perfectly dark. The time was inconceivably horrible; men, women, and children screaming and groaning in utter despair, or crying piteously for mercy, endeavouring in that awful hour to make up a short account with Heaven—imploring for pardon and pity with the most fearful supplications. No words can give even the most imperfect idea of the horrors around us; not one of us expected to live an hour longer. The hurricane raged till five A.M., 11th August, when it began to abate, but so imperceptibly, that we could not for a moment trust to its decreasing. At length the day broke. I need not attempt to describe what a blessed relief it was. I am confident that, during that night, there was not one person in the Isle of Barbadoes, who in the least expected to see daylight again. I have conversed with many on the subject, and every one has owned that he was in utter despair of life.

We now perceived that the bedroom I had been used to occupy—in short, all the rest of the house—had fallen *in*, though, notwithstanding their proximity, the wind *had* prevented us from hearing the crash. I now felt so much alarmed for the remainder of the building, that I proposed that we should tie together the sheets of the

bed, and let ourselves down from the window into the open air; but having remembered the stone-steps, we now repaired to them. The wind had burst open the door, and driven the heavy boxes I have mentioned some way up the garret stairs; the force of the current of air in that narrow passage was almost incredible. We went down into the garden, but the wind was still so tremendous, that we were obliged to creep down on all-fours, it being impossible to keep our feet. Scarcely a tree was left standing, or those which remained were mere sticks, the boughs completely stripped off; it was wonderful to see huge mountain cabbage-trees, more than eighty feet long, lying everywhere prostrate. I was told by a young man who clung for refuge to the stump of a newly-felled tree, not above ten feet in length, and of great size and strength, that the wind shook it tremendously.

By about eight A. M., the storm had completely subsided; the day which succeeded was lovely in the extreme; not a cloud was visible, but the air was very close. Mr Brathwaite and myself walked round the estate, to see the extent of the damage. The scene of desolation was most horrible; it was as if fire had gone all over the country, which presented a brown and scathed appearance, where only the evening before had been the most beautiful fertility; the wooden buildings were everywhere levelled. In Coddington College, a stone edifice consisting of a centre and wings, the top story of each of the latter (containing together sixteen rooms) was carried smoothly away. The ground was everywhere stuck closely over with large splinters of wood, carried by the wind, and driven in so far that a man could not extricate them, and even into trees of hard wood. A poor woman had one of these splinters driven by the wind through both her legs; amputation was necessary, and she died while they were cutting off the second leg. In the fields round the college, I observed whole *heaps of dead* birds piled together at regular intervals, *as if they had* been laid there mechanically. The mills,

being circular stone buildings, were left standing, and at this late season of the year the sails were all taken down; but the power of the wind even over the bare arms was so great as to set the mills in motion. One man, who had taken refuge in a mill, without the least idea that it was moving, was caught up and instantly killed.

The effect of the storm upon animals was singular. Every horse, cow, or other domestic animal we met, appeared in a state of utter stupefaction. Their eyes, ears, and nostrils were filled with blown marl, dust, and sand, and they seemed to have been completely deafened by the tempest; where they were not in this torpor, madness had been the consequence. Horses, when let out of their stalls, rushed furiously about, and numbers threw themselves over precipices into the sea, or down declivities, where they were dashed to pieces. But the effects on human minds were most horrible of all. Every man felt himself at once utterly ruined; everything seemed swept away, and starvation stared us in the face. This was dreadful enough, but it was not the worst. In every place were met mothers distractedly searching for their children, husbands for their wives, children for their parents, amidst the ruins of their fallen habitations. The most affecting incidents occurred. Sometimes whole families having taken refuge in their cellars, the entire house fell over, and buried them, and no rescue could be attempted; the survivors were too much engaged in digging among the ruins of their own dwellings, or searching the country for their relations and friends.

The number of the wounded was frightfully incredible; the cathedral, and two other churches which remained standing, were immediately converted into hospitals, and filled with wounded; but many persons had received *most* dangerous cuts and contusions, without being in the *least* aware of it, so great was the universal terror; and *we saw* many riding and walking about with alarming *wounds*, themselves quite unconscious of the injuries they

ad received. Every face wore a look of heart-rending lespair and stupefaction.

To return to Mr Brathwaite and his estate. I have aid that the house was almost entirely ruined. One ery small room, in which harness used to be kept, and hich was paved with brick, was the only refuge we ould find; our sole refreshment a cup of coffee, which e did not get till one P.M.; and in this miserable place e had to pass the night. We piled together old tables nd chairs, and placed on the top some wooden shutters, nd this place was assigned to the females, while we isposed of ourselves as we could. Ladies, slaves, and ervants were all huddled together, for of course all form nd ceremony was completely done away with; all were n a level of misfortune. Sleep was nearly impossible, nd in this comfortless state several nights were passed. leanwhile, the most alarming reports were everywhere irculated: at one time, we heard that the blacks were n insurrection, and that they had resolved on a general assacre of the white population; at another, that the arrison was in mutiny; and every individual had some ffecting tale to tell of his total ruin, his dangers, and scapes. One young man told me how, his whole family nd children being assembled at prayers, they saw the hole front of the house fall forward into the street; his ife was beside him, and a heavy piece of furniture alling on her legs, prevented her from moving, and it as by a considerable exertion of force that he succeeded n dragging her out. They then escaped with their hildren into the open fields, when the wind forced them part, driving his wife and one child towards an extre- nity of the field, forcing himself and the others in pposite directions. While he was searching for his ompanions, a flash of lightning struck him, and he fell nsensible; nor was he restored without much difficulty hen he was found next morning. On recovering his enses, he went in search of his wife, and then, both *gether, they* looked for the children—all were found *different* parts of the plain, completely numbed with

cold and rain. The cold during the storm was excessive; but it is a singular circumstance, that no one died from the inclemency of the weather, but the slightest wound festered and mortified, so that locked-jaw was continually ensuing; every hour brought numberless deaths. Those whom we had seen the day after the hurricane riding or walking about, quite unconscious of having received a scratch, we heard of the next day as confined to bed with fevers, locked-jaws, &c., which proved fatal in almost every case. Numbers had been dreadfully lacerated in their feet by the broken glass and crockery everywhere strewed about, and from nails sticking in the shingle, which was blown off the roofs. I heard of one particularly singular death in this way. Two sisters, daughters of a clergyman, left their room together; just as they crossed the threshold, one stumbled and fell, dragging down with her her sister, whose hand she held, and who was unable to rise. When they were found in the morning, the one who first fell still clasped her sister's hand, who, when recovered, conceived that she was in a state of insensibility occasioned by terror, and attributed her coldness to the rain; but the cause was more fatal: she was dead and stiff. Two wounds were found—one on the top of the head, apparently produced by a blow from a beam; another at the back of the neck, attributed to a piece of shingle, which was everywhere flying about, and which, having a nail through it, had stuck in, and produced instantaneous death. I heard only of *one* person on the island who had had any anticipation of the catastrophe—a Mr Shaughan, who, on the evening of the 10th, was dining with a party of gentlemen: he rose after dinner, and said: 'Gentlemen, I would advise every one who has any regard for his property, to return home and secure it immediately, for I am certain that a very severe hurricane is approaching; if any one will put his *ear to the* ground, he will be aware of a very uncommon *noise.*' The company, however, put no faith in his words, *and thought* him intoxicated; he instantly returned *home,* and gave orders for securing his property as well

ossible; his wife and family also attributed his beha-
r to convivial excess, but he, insisting on obedience,
d much of his possessions.

e now began to clear away the rubbish, and found a
t deal of our property, but broken — or, as the
adians expressively say, *mashed* in pieces—and on
rday we enjoyed the relief of clean clothes and water,
Brathwaite and I performing our toilet at a pond,
ning of course the room to the ladies. On Monday,
nt to the town, a distance of about ten miles, and
constantly obliged to use a bottle of salts, for dead
als and birds were lying in numbers on the way,
the air was in a dreadful state with their putrefying
sses. It was wonderful that no plague ensued.
ng this day's ride, I saw numbers of persons who
obliged to take refuge in the marl-pits, &c., with no
ring but an old umbrella, in the most extreme state
retchedness.

ie manner in which the houses in the town were
was exceedingly curious, and seems to countenance
idea that an earthquake accompanied the storm.
ng the strange objects observable in the street, was
ge block of mahogany, which the wind had carried
the quay some way up the street: I say *the wind*,
hough the sea rose considerably, it never advanced
nough or in nearly sufficient depth to float the block
ere I saw it. In like manner, the wind had blown
hips completely out of the water, and laid them high
ry; the sailors made no attempt at resistance, but
ined quietly on the beach in a very snug shelter.
said that the sea was very much agitated before the
came, but I was not near enough to the ocean to
rm or deny the assertion. An army ship being
the island, stood off and on during the night, and in
orning ran into the bay; she perceived immediately
was our state, and instantly made for the other
ds, *to give* notice that Barbadoes was in ruins. In
eight days, supplies began to arrive from the other
s. Our fears of famine were ill-founded, for the

corn, though damaged, was almost ripe, and was thrown in heaps, and still quite available. One hundred thousand pounds was granted by England for our relief, L.75,000 of which was allotted to Barbadoes, the rest to St Lucia and St Vincent, which, however, suffered nothing in comparison. A very large subscription was also raised in England, and happily the crops had been shipped off before the hurricane occurred. The deaths were about 1700 in a population of 100,000.

It was surprising to see how soon the buildings were raised again; in three months, the island looked quite restored, for there was much rain, and the weather altogether was very favourable for vegetation.

THE SPANIEL OF DARMSTADT.

ACCORDING to a French newspaper, a few years ago, there appeared a new phenomenon in the musical world. Marvels of this kind are not uncommon, in the shape of little biped urchins, not yet out of petticoats, who execute variations upon the fourth string, and write fugues without knowing a note of music. But this novel phenomenon is of an entirely different order, being a modest quadruped of the canine race. Dogs have been occasionally observed, both in modern and past days, to shew an extreme sensibility to music. On some of them, fine music has been known to produce an apparently painful effect, causing them gradually to become restless, to moan piteously, and, finally, to fly from the spot with every sign of suffering and distress. Others have been seen to sit and listen to music with seeming delight, and even to go every Sunday to church, with the obvious purpose of enjoying the solemn and powerful strains of the organ. All these displays, however, of musical tendencies on the part of the canine race, are as nothing in comparison

with the following, which a German paper gives an account of, for the amusement of the world of harmony:—

'Frederick S——, a musical amateur of Darmstadt, in the grand duchy of Hesse, possesses a female spaniel, which has become a strange source of terror to all the mediocre musicians of the place and its vicinity. Having acquired a competency by commercial industry, Mr S—— retired from business, and devoted himself, heart and soul, to the daily and hourly enjoyment of his favourite science. Every member of his little household was by degrees involved more or less in the same occupation, and even the housemaid could in time bear a part in a chorus, or decipher a melody of Schubert. One individual alone in the family seemed to resist this musical entrancement; this was a small spaniel, the sole specimen of the canine race in the mansion. Mr S—— felt the impossibility of instilling the theory of sounds into the head of Poodle, but he firmly resolved to make the animal bear *some* part or other in the general domestic concert, and by perseverance, and the adoption of ingenious means, he attained his object. Every time that a *false note* escaped either from instrument or voice—as often as any blunder, of whatever kind, was committed by the members of the musical family (and such blunders were sometimes committed intentionally)—down came its master's cane on the back of the unfortunate Poodle, till she howled and growled again. By and by, simple menaces with the stick were substituted for blows, and at a still more advanced period of this extraordinary training, a mere glance of Mr S——'s eye was sufficient to make the animal howl to admiration. In the end, Poodle became so thoroughly acquainted with, and attentive to, false notes and other musical barbarisms, that the slightest mistake of the kind was infallibly signalised by a yell from her, forming the most expressive commentary upon the misperformance.

'When extended trials were made of the animal's *acquirements, they* were never found to fail, and Poodle *became, what she still* is—the most famous, impartial, and conscientious connoisseur in the duchy of Hesse. But,

as may be imagined, her musical appreciation is entirely negative: if you sing with expression, and play with ability, she will remain cold and impassible. But let your execution exhibit the slightest defect, and you will have her instantly shewing her teeth, whisking her tail, yelping, barking, and growling. At the present time there is not a concert or an opera at Darmstadt to which Mr Frederick S—— and his wonderful dog are not invited, or, at least, *the dog*. The voice of the prima donna, the instruments of the band, whether violin, clarionet, hautboy, or bugle, all of them must execute their parts in perfect harmony, otherwise Poodle looks at its master, erects its ears, shews its grinders, and howls outright. Old or new pieces, known or unknown to the dog, produce on it the same effect.

'It must not be supposed that the discrimination of the creature is confined to the mere *execution* of musical compositions. Whatever may have been the case at the outset of its training, its present and perfected intelligence extends even to the secrets of composition. Thus, if a vicious modulation, or a false relation of parts, occurs in a piece of music, the animal shews symptoms of uneasy hesitation; and if the error be continued, will infallibly give the grand condemnatory howl. In short, Poodle is the terror of all the middling composers of Darmstadt, and a perfect nightmare to the imagination of all poor singers and players. Sometimes Mr S—— and his friends take a pleasure in annoying the canine critic, by emitting all sorts of discordant sounds, from instrument and voice. On such occasions the creature loses all self-command, its eyes shoot forth fiery flashes, and long and frightful howls respond to the immelodious concert of the mischievous bipeds. But the latter must be careful not to go too far; for when the dog's patience is tried to excess, it becomes altogether wild, and flies fiercely at the tormentors and *their* instruments.

'This dog's case is a very curious one, and the attendant *phenomena* not very easy of explanation. From the *animal's* power of discerning the correctness of musical

composition, as well as of execution, one would be inclined to imagine that Mr S——, in training his dog, had only called into play faculties existing—but latent—before, and that dogs have in them the natural germs of a fine musical ear. This seems more likely to be the case, than that the animal's perfect musical taste was wholly an acquirement, resulting from the training. However this may be, the Darmstadt dog is certainly a marvellous creature, and we are surprised that, in these exhibiting times, its powers have not been displayed on a wider stage. The operatic establishments of London and Paris might be greatly the better, perhaps, of a visit from the critical Poodle.'

ANECDOTE OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

THE following narrative, while it strikingly exhibits the fallible and uncertain nature of circumstantial evidence, affords also a convincing proof of the indispensable necessity of procuring medical testimony of the highest order, in all criminal cases relating to injuries of the person. The narrator, Mr Perfect, a surgeon at Hammersmith, sent the statement to the editor of the *Lancet* (Mr Wakley) in January 1839:—

'It is now thirty years ago, that, accidentally passing the Packhorse, Turnham-green, my attention was attracted by a mob of persons of the lowest order, assembled around the door of that inn, who were very loud in their execrations against some person who was suspected of having murdered his brother; in corroboration of which, I was told that his bones were found near the premises where he formerly resided, upon view of which a jury was then sitting, after an adjournment from the day preceding. I found that two surgeons had been subpœnaed to inspect the remains, and I had no doubt but that every information as to their character had been

obtained; curiosity alone, therefore, induced me to make way into the room, where I found that the coroner, and, I believe, a *double jury*, were sitting for the second day, and were engaged in an investigation which tended to shew that a farmer and market-gardener at Sutton-court Farm, had, a few years before, a brother living with him, who was engaged in the farm, but whose conduct was dissolute and irregular to a degree that often provoked the anger of his elder brother, and sometimes begat strife and violence between them; that the temper of the elder brother was as little under control as the conduct of the younger; and, in fine, that they lived very uncomfortably together.

'One winter night, when the ground was covered with snow, the younger brother absconded from the house (for they both lived together), by letting himself down from his chamber window; and when he was missed the ensuing morning, his footsteps were clearly tracked in the snow to a considerable distance, nor were there any other footsteps *but his own*: time passed on, and after a lapse of some few years no tidings were heard of his retreat, nor perhaps have there ever been since. Some alterations in the grounds surrounding the house having been undertaken by a subsequent tenant (for the elder brother had then left the farm), a skeleton was dug up, and the circumstance appeared so conclusive that one brother had murdered the other, that the popular clamour was raised to the utmost, and a jury impannelled to investigate the case.

'After listening attentively to these details, I ventured to request of the coroner to be allowed to examine the bones, which I found were contained in a hamper-basket at the further end of the room, and I felt much flattered by his immediate compliance, for he desired the parish beadle, who was in attendance, to place them upon the table; and having myself disposed them in their natural order, I found that they represented a person of short stature, and from the obliteration of the sutures of the skull, and the worn-down state of the teeth, must have belonged

to an aged person. But what was my surprise when I reconstructed the bones of the skeleton, and found the lower bones of the trunk to be those of a female. I immediately communicated the fact to the jury, and requested that the two medical men who had before given their opinions might be sent for, one of whom attended, and without a moment's hesitation corroborated my report.

'I need not add that the proceedings were instantly at an end, and an innocent man received the *amende honorable*, in the shape of an apology, from all present, in which the coroner heartily joined. It has since been proved beyond all doubt, that the spot where the bones were found was formerly the site of a large gravel-pit, in which hordes of gipsies not only assembled, but occasionally buried their dead, and perhaps more skeletons are yet to be found in that vicinity.'

At the distance of thirty years, the narrator of this occurrence may well look back upon it with pleasure, and congratulate himself upon having been 'the happy instrument in the hands of Providence of rescuing a worthy and innocent man from the obloquy, and perhaps the fate, of a murderer.'

ANDREW ANDERSON.

RATHER more than one hundred years ago, there resided, in the town of Elgin, in the north of Scotland, a young woman named Marjory Gilzean. She was the child of decent parents, and possessed considerable personal attractions. About the time of the Rebellion of 1745–6, a foot-regiment was quartered in Elgin; and in this regiment there was a private soldier named Anderson, a native of a *neighbouring* parish, who had recently been enlisted, and *who became* deeply smitten with love for Marjory Gilzean. *She listened* to his suit, and when the regiment was

removed, she left the town in his company, but not till a private marriage had taken place, though the contrary was believed at the time. Of her history in connection with the regiment, nothing is certainly known. That her husband was sent abroad, whilst she was forced to remain behind—that he was killed in battle—and that he used her harshly, and cast her off—were various rumours, grounded probably on little more than mere surmise. Certain it is that, in or soon after the year 1747, she returned to Elgin, in an emaciated and distressed state, unsettled in her mind, and carrying a baby in her arms. Her parents, who, even though they could have been convinced of her having been married to the soldier, would still have regarded her as one who had brought discredit upon them, did not receive her in a forgiving spirit. Neither did the other persons who had known her in her better days like to shew any countenance to one whom they believed to have been little, if anything better than a wanton. The reception she met with, and the wild fancies of a wandering mind, induced her to take a strange step. Close beside the burgh are the yet majestic remains of an ancient cathedral, the area and precincts of which have continued since the Reformation to be used as a burying-ground. Amidst these crumbling ruins there is one chamber still entire, a small cellar-like room, about five feet square, with scarcely any light, and which is said, in ancient times, to have been the sacristy, or place for keeping the vessels used in the offices of religion. Here the poor outcast took up her abode, rendered insensible, by her obscured reason, to the nocturnal horrors of a place which, in a better state of mind, she would have dreaded to approach after dusk. There was in this room an ancient sculptured font, which she used as a bed to her infant. Other furniture she had none. When it was known that she had gone to reside *in this* dismal place, the people felt as if it were an imputation against their Christian feelings. She and her babe were repeatedly carried by some one or other of them to their houses, but she always made her way back to the

sacristy. At length, finding her determined to live there, they contented themselves with giving her food and alms, and for several years she wandered about with her boy, under the appellation of *Daft May Gilzean**—a harmless creature, who wept and sang by turns. Her lover or husband was no more heard of in the country, although he had several relations living in the neighbourhood, with whom he might have been expected to correspond, if he had remained in life.

Andrew Anderson, the son of May Gilzean, grew up in all the raggedness and misery which might be expected under such circumstances to fall to his lot. It is questionable if he ever knew the comforts of a bed, or of a cooked meal of any kind, till his boyhood was far advanced. The one solacement of his forlorn existence, was the affection which his mother always continued to feel for him. It is a custom in the grammar-school of Elgin, to give gratuitous education to a poor boy, who undertakes, in consideration of that boon, to prepare the fires and sweep the rooms: this boy bears the name *par excellence*, of 'the Pauper.' Anderson consented to become the Pauper of his day, and thus acquired the elements of a classical education. In proper time he was bound apprentice to an uncle by the father's side, who carried on the business of a staymaker in the adjoining parish of St Andrews Lhanbryd. This man was of a harsh and ungenerous nature, and did not think himself called upon to extend to his poor nephew even that limited kindness which he shewed to his own children. Thus, while the sons and daughters of the staymaker had milk for their oatmeal-porridge, their cousin was condemned to take that meal with a thin liquor formed by steeping the husks of grain†—a species of relish, or *kitchen*, which was never resorted to by the Scottish peasantry except when milk was unusually scarce and dear. The treatment which young Anderson received here was altogether so intolerable, that he resolved to

* The *z* in this name is not pronounced.
† Called in Scotland raw sowens.

throw himself upon the world for a home. Taking a proper opportunity, he left his uncle's house, and disappeared from the country. He made his way to Leith, and thence to London, where he was taken into the workshop of a tailor, who, finding that he wrote neatly, and had a knowledge of accounts, began after some time to employ him as a clerk. He was one day commissioned to take home a suit of clothes to a military gentleman, and to grant a discharge for the account. This gentleman was himself a Scotsman, and bore a commission in a regiment about to proceed to the East Indies. He was, like all Scotsmen at a distance from home, interested in hearing his native tongue spoken, by however humble a person. When, in addition to this, he observed the pleasing countenance and manners of the youth, and found that the discharge appended by him to the account was in a good regular hand, he entered into conversation, asked whence he came, what were his prospects, and other such questions, and, finally, inquired if he would like to go abroad as a soldier and officer's servant. Anderson, who was not perhaps disinclined to leave a country in which there was at least one individual whom he had reason to dread, required little persuasion to induce him to enter into the stranger's views. He enlisted as a private, and immediately after set sail with the regiment in the capacity of drummer, acting at the same time, according to previous agreement, as the valet or servant of his patron.

It would be soon after the beginning of the reign of George III., that Andrew Anderson absconded from the neighbourhood of Elgin. There, the poor ragged boy, who had been cradled in a church-yard ruin, educated as a pauper scholar, starved and tyrannised over as a stay-maker's apprentice—the child of *Daft May Gilzean*—was erelong forgotten, or only remembered amongst the *thousands* of other indifferent things that had passed *and gone* about the same time. No ray of intelligence respecting him ever found its way to Elgin. His *mother* was laid with her sorrows in that church-yard

which, living, she had already adopted as her abode. *Her* parents also died in their time. The cruel staymaker perished like the rest. Even those who were kindred to him in blood, had ceased to remember the poor outcast boy—at least as one who had any claim upon their friendship.

* * In the year 1811, an elderly gentleman, attended by a single servant, arrived one evening at the Gordon Arms Hotel in Elgin. He ordered a slight repast, went to bed, and rose by times in the morning. His first question, like that of many strangers in Elgin, was about the cathedral. 'It was walled in,' the waiter said; 'but the sexton, an old man, called Saunders Cook, residing in a cottage close beside the western gate, partly lived by shewing the ruin, of which he could give all desirable particulars.' The old gentleman soon found his way to the residence of Saunders, who forthwith admitted him to the precinct of this splendid relic of the heavier Gothic architecture. Saunders, according to the recollection of a correspondent, was a rather short, broad-built, white-haired, in-toed old shoemaker, about sixty-five, and a great talker. Except on Sundays, and on the occasion of great funerals, he wore a Kilmarnock night-cap on his head, and a leathern apron that tied round his middle, and hung at the top by a punt or thong that went round his neck. It was his custom to saunter on before any stranger, or group of strangers, pointing out the various parts of the building, and relating all that he had to tell respecting it in the sing-song drawling voice usual amongst functionaries of his order. As he was going through his ordinary routine, on the present occasion, the stranger asked if he knew whereabouts in the church-yard a poor woman called Marjory Gilzean had been buried. 'Na,' answered Saunders; 'she was a *puir worthless craitur;* naebody kens where she is buried. But I can tell ye where she lived. It was in that place there *they* ca' the Sacristy. She brought up a bairn *there, in a hollow stane, that was ance a font for holy-water. I mind the laddie weel: he grew up a browe*

loon [Morayshire for a stout boy], and was Pauper at our schule.' Chancing at this moment to look about, he observed the visitor to have his handkerchief at his eyes. While he paused in his recital, the stranger, when agitation allowed him to speak, said: 'Unfortunate I knew she was, but I never heard she was worthless.' Well was he entitled thus to take the part of the hapless maniac, for he was that very son whom she had brought up amidst privations inexpressible in this dismal place of shelter. He was now, however, Lieutenant-General Anderson, of the East India Company's service, the honourable possessor of an ample fortune, by means of which he was for ever to abolish, in his native town, the office of Pauper, by extinguishing the necessity which had hitherto compelled the poor scholar to become the drudge of the school, as the price of his scanty education.

General Anderson had returned to his native place, full of the best feelings towards it. Overlooking the painful recollections of his youth, he felt only that charm which the scenes of early years never fail to have for him who has spent his middle life elsewhere. He took a house, first at Leuchars, in the neighbourhood, and afterwards in the town itself, and there lived for several summers, returning to London to spend the winter. Being a man of modest and reserved manners, he spoke little of his life abroad. It was learned, however, that he owed his first steps in promotion to a power he had of readily acquiring languages. Having mastered the Hindostanee, he was sent to a distant place in the interior of India, to act as interpreter on some important occasion. He rose step by step, and at the taking of Seringapatam in 1799, he held so conspicuous a rank, and acted in so creditable a manner, as to be mentioned with honour in some of the public journals. It is thought that his share of the spoils at Seringapatam might be the chief foundation of his fortune. He ultimately retired with the rank of lieutenant-general in the Bombay army.

At London, on the 23d of November 1815, General Anderson executed a trust-disposition and deed of settle-

ment, assigning his whole heritable and movable property to six gentlemen, most of them resident in Elgin, to be by them employed in the first place, for the payment of a legacy of L.500 to a gentleman who seems to have been his godson,* and of one annuity of L.100, and two of L.200, to three females, two of whom were distantly related to him, while the third had been his housekeeper at Elgin; and next and chiefly, 'for the uses and purposes of founding and endowing an hospital, a school of industry, and free school, within the burgh of Elgin—in the first place, an Hospital for the maintenance of indigent men and women not under fifty-five years of age; secondly, a School of Industry for the maintenance and education of male and female children of the labouring-classes, whose parents are unable to maintain and educate them, and for putting out the said children, when fit to be so, as apprentices to some trade or occupation, or employing them in such a manner as may enable them to earn a livelihood by their lawful industry, and make them useful members of society; and, thirdly, an establishment of a master and mistress properly qualified to conduct a Free School, for the education of such male and female children whose parents may be in narrow circumstances, but still able to maintain and clothe their children.' With magnanimity rarely exemplified on such occasions, he gave no directions for the perpetuation of his own name in connection with the results of his beneficence. 'Which hospital and schools,' says the will, 'shall in all time coming be described and called by the name of THE ELGIN INSTITUTION FOR THE SUPPORT OF OLD AGE AND EDUCATION OF YOUTH.' None were to be admitted into the hospital who had any pension or allowance from other sources, and who were not 'of decent and respectable character:' it was also provided that inhabitants of the burgh of Elgin should be preferred; failing them, inhabitants of the other parts of the parish; and, failing these, inhabitants of the

* '*Archibald* Andrew Anderson Lauriston, son of Lieutenant-*Colonel Alexander* Lauriston of the East India Company's Service, *residing in Edinburgh.*'

county. The benefits of the two schools were open to children of the county; and the testator expressed his wish that, as far as circumstances would admit, the Madras system of education should be conformed to.

This interesting and truly noble-minded man died at his house in Baker Street, London, on the 16th of September 1824. His age is given in the *Gentleman's Magazine* as seventy-nine, which would place his birth exactly at the time when the insurrection of 1745 broke out. The age of seventy-seven, assigned to him by an authority which we have consulted in his native town, is probably nearer the truth, as it seems unlikely that a foot-regiment would be quartered in Elgin till after the suppression of the rebellion.* It is satisfactory to know that, after the death of General Anderson, the honour, although perhaps not the prudence, of his mother was cleared by legal proof—Elspet Anderson, of Garmouth, the daughter of the staymaker, having satisfied a jury that she was the *lawful cousin*, and nearest *legal heir*, to the deceased.

Since his death, his trust-disposition has been duly acted upon, and a fine building at the east end of the burgh of Elgin now stands as a lasting monument of his benevolence. We find, from an account of the parish published some years ago,† that five males and five females belonging to the town were enjoying the benefits of the Hospital for the Aged; that twenty-two boys and eighteen girls, from every parish in the county, were reared in the School of Industry—which number would probably be increased by other twenty, on the death of two annuitants; and that 230 children were receiving in the

* As the statements in this paper are of a somewhat extraordinary nature, it may not be superfluous to inform the reader that they are all, to the best of our knowledge, true. The obscurity which *rests* over a large portion of the history of the hero may have led to *some* slight incorrectness in a few of the less important details; but we have used every effort in our power to be correct, and, we believe, are so in all the more important features of the story.

† *New Statistical Account* of Scotland, by the Ministers of the respective Parishes, No. VIII.

ɔl 'a gratis education suited to their station.'
fortune of the founder was contributing, at
to which we refer, to the happiness of no
300 persons.

ds every year flock to Scotland, to fall into
ɔith the physical sublimities of its hills, and
waterfalls, or to muse over scenes which genius
d with the imaginary beings of romance. It
impressed on us that many, after indulging
with the contemplation of these objects, if
the remote burgh of Elgin, and informed of
stances narrated in this paper, would confess
had found something still more beautiful,
romantic, still more sublime. Let them first
edifice in which so many find shelter from the
estitution, and so many more receive that
ıich is best to enable them to befriend them-
ough life; and then be taken to the small
where May Gilzean cradled in a hollowed
larkness and wretchedness, the hapless babe
ɔrent gifts and honourable use of them were to
ıe means of indulging a singular benevolence
ɜ all these blessings on his native district; and
em confess, that human nature and human life
sublimities as well as inorganic nature—and
ɔ be of them.'

A PARTY OF CRUSOES ON A DESERT ISLAND.

In the London newspapers of 1823, there appeared a most interesting and affecting account of the wreck and loss of a small English trading vessel in the Indian Ocean, with a narrative of the preservation of the crew on some obscure islets lying out of the usual track of navigation, at the distance of 600 or 700 miles south-east from the Cape of Good Hope. The account presented was in substance as follows :—

On the 9th of May 1820, the *Princess of Wales* smack, of seventy-five tons burden, commanded by Mr T. Beckwith, sailed from the Thames for Prince Edward Island, in the Indian Ocean, with a crew of fifteen men, for the purpose of catching seals and other cetaceous animals for the sake of their skins. The voyage was every way prosperous; the vessel arrived at its destination, where the seal-catching commenced on the 1st November, and remained till the subsequent March 1821. Having, as it would appear, exhausted the objects of pursuit in this quarter, the vessel proceeded further to some desert islands, called the Crozettes, situated 47 degrees south latitude, and 47 degrees east longitude. This proved a fatal adventure. On the 17th of March, on reaching the Crozettes, a party of eight seamen was despatched in a boat to one of the islands, there to remain some time seal-catching, while the vessel proceeded to another island, to land a party for the same purpose. In the course of the day, after reaching the second island, a heavy swell began to set in towards the shore, and the captain, in order to gain an offing, was obliged to slip the *cable*, and endeavour to stand out to sea. Such, however, *was the* strength of the current, and the unmanageable*ness* of the vessel, that the most serious apprehensions *were* entertained for its safety. In this condition the *crew* continued in hourly expectation of striking on our

lying reefs until midnight, when, to settle all doubts on the subject, the unfortunate bark struck with tremendous force.

The striking of a vessel, whether on sand-banks or rocks, particularly the latter, is ordinarily the signal of destruction. On the present occasion, the crew instantly expected such a catastrophe, and proposed to get out the boat and try to gain the island; but the captain, who knew its desolate condition, and believed they could only linger out a few days there in dreadful want, opposed the proposition, and he chose rather to close his sufferings by a speedy death as the less horrible alternative. The crew, however, considered that there was still hope, and, under the circumstances, assuming the right of acting for themselves, they got the boat out over the gunwale, and threw into her a few things which they were able hastily to collect. Still, however, they refused to leave their captain to perish, and, after some entreaty, they prevailed upon him to commit himself to the boat with them. The night was dark, rainy, and boisterous, and the sea dashed over the rocks by which they were surrounded. They found the shore to be much nearer than they expected, but could not land, as it was bounded by a perpendicular rock. After rowing about for nearly four hours, they came into a sort of cove, where they got on shore in safety, but the boat was swamped. How they escaped the rocks in that darkness and heavy sea, was afterwards matter of astonishment to them. They hauled up the boat, turned it over, and got under it.

When the day broke, they perceived the vessel lying on her beam-ends, with a large hole in her lower planks, which proved that from the instant she first struck she could not afterwards have lived. The sea was washing over her, and it was evident that she must soon go to pieces. They were unable to launch the boat to save anything from the wreck. Amongst the articles put into the boat was a tinder-box, and with a few materials which they picked up on the shore they made a fire, and caught a few birds, which they dressed.

On the next day, they succeeded in launching the boat, and proceeded in her to a cove at about five miles distant, which was nearer the vessel. They succeeded in reaching her, and getting out the captain's and the mate's chests, landing them, and in picking up a number of planks. The next day they picked up a try-sail, and some casks of bread which were spoiled, but a gale coming on, prevented them from putting out in the boat to visit the wreck, as it blew furiously. The next day they saw, to their distress, that nothing was left of her but the masts, which had become entangled by the rigging among the rocks, and these soon disappeared. They then hauled the boat up, to live, or rather to sleep under her, and this was their only shelter for three weeks, during which time they subsisted chiefly on birds, and the tongues and hearts of sea-elephants. They had got some of their hunting implements on shore, and were able to kill this animal with ease, whenever they caught it, and its great importance to them will appear in the course of the narrative. The weather was so rainy and inclement, that, until the end of three weeks, they were unable to begin to erect any commodious shelter. At the expiration of that time, they collected all the timber they could find, for the island did not produce a shrub. With a part of these materials and some stones, at the end of a few weeks they completed a house or shed. They covered the top with sea-elephants' skins to keep out the rain, and the weather at the sides, by means of turf. They made their beds of a soft dry grass, with which the island abounded, and over this they had coverlets of sea-elephants' skins, and on the whole, they made their shelter tolerable. Knowing that it was useless to repine, they soon organised a settled course of life in their little community. Their chief occupation consisted in foraging for the means of subsistence within the limits of the island. Seals and sea-elephants were the game which they principally depended upon, and these they daily went in quest of. The sea-elephant was their grand mainstay, for it yielded not only some parts fit for food, but a large quantity of

', which, being mixed with dried grass, made excel-
el. They likewise hunted a species of sea-fowl
ettled on the island to burrow and lay eggs in the
nd which they seized without any difficulty. In
nings, they rose about eight o'clock and breakfasted
e birds; after which they went out to hunt, leaving
two behind to cook dinner. This dinner consisted
ly of a sort of soup composed of sea-elephants'
, heart and tongue, chopped in pieces. They could
vegetables on the island, which produced nothing
ıss, excepting a plant like a cabbage that was
ely bitter, and this they made use of occasionally
ur their soup. Great inconveniences were at first
ed for want of proper eating utensils, as there was
e large kettle in which their soup was made. They
ed, however, to make some wooden spoons for
lves. They next cut down an old cask, and with
a kind of soup-tureen, out of which they all ate
r.

r last improvement was to manufacture a sort of
. trencher for themselves, when they ate compara-
n a superior style of comfort. In the soup they
nes put elephant-skin, which had the appearance of
ut in taste and substance it is described as of a
eathery' nature. After dinner, some of them went
ıin to hunt for 'grub,' some remaining at home,
.ftest runners being chosen to hunt the seal. At
ıe,' or dusk, they returned, and partook of a mess
ed of penguins' eggs boiled in water. Now and
ıey killed the albatross, which is rather a strong
ıd roasted it; but as the young ones were highly
ed, and as the mariners daily began to lose their
being delivered, they were afraid to kill the old
est they should quit the island, and in this fear
ermitted them to live as 'stand bys.' For the
eason they spared the penguins, which supplied
lentifully with eggs. The young seals were con-
as the greatest luxury, but they, as well as the
, were but too scarce, and their skins were in

high request for clothes; for, at the end of a few months, from their mode of life, their garments gave way, and, indeed, the climate was so cold and wet, that they were not fit to withstand the inclemency of the weather. The men set to work, and made themselves clothes of the seal skin, some using the hair inwards. They made a needle out of a nail. For shoes they made themselves a sort of socks or buskins of the same material, and they constructed various kinds of caps, which, as their beards were pretty long, by no means tended to improve their physiognomy.

We now turn to the history of the party of eight men who had gone ashore on the first island in the group, and from which they expected to be taken up in the course of a week. During the week, for which they possessed a sufficiency of provisions, they pursued their occupation of hunting the seals on the low sandy shores and inlets, and gathered a large quantity of the skins of these animals to carry with them on their return. At the end of the week, however, the smack did not make its appearance, which perplexed them not a little; but their distress may be conceived, when they found portions of the wreck driven ashore by the waves, giving too certain evidence of the destruction of their vessel, and, as they feared, of the loss of their comrades. For six weeks they continued to watch the horizon, with a lingering hope that a sail would present itself to their anxious gaze; but nothing of the kind appeared, and the party then removed to another quarter of the island more productive of animals for subsistence. At the spot selected, the eight seamen stayed during the winter, living on seals and sea-elephants, which they also cooked by means of the blubber. When winter had passed away, provisions were found to be scarce, and there was a necessity for seeking new quarters. As the small boat was left to them, they proposed to sail to the island lying at the distance of ten miles where the smack *had* been wrecked, and, putting this design in execution, *they* landed, as it happened, close by the spot where their wrecked shipmates had built their houses, and there they

the great joy of both parties. The fishing-party
:o the comforts of the establishment, by bringing
em their kettle, frying-pan, and some other imple-
which were highly acceptable. There was now a
umerous party to be provided for on the island,
ıequently additional exertions were necessary for
ng food. Hunting the seal, the sea-elephant, and
birds, was kept up at all times when the weather
ed; and when storms of rain, snow, and wind,
across the island, and rendered it impossible for
) move out with safety, they remained shut up in
udo dwelling, in which their only mental solace
onsisted in reading a Bible that had been fortu-
spared among the materials of the wreck.
ced by pious and rational sentiments, they formed
eful and orderly community, such as is seldom
ed in similar cases of extreme personal incon-
:e and privation. During their sojourn on the
there were no parties amongst them; no quarrel-
ıd none assumed command, but obedience of the
ıd existed—namely, that produced by a conviction
ıtility and propriety of the thing proposed, and a
desire to be serviceable. They all gave their
exertions to the execution of whatever was
ed by the most experienced, or received the
ı of the majority.

: they had been together for about three weeks,
: prospect of deliverance from the dreary solitude
every day more remote, it was proposed to con-
ı vessel with the timber of the wreck, and the
ıls of which the house was built. There were the
ı of a hut built on the other island by some
ans who visited it some years before, when seals
ıore plentiful. With these, and what had been
from the wreck, the carpenter reported that a
might be built, and they set to work upon that
immediately. The sails were to be made of seal-
sewed together, and a party, consisting of eleven,
the first island, for the purpose of collecting

preparing them, and digging up the timber which had been used for the house. The collection and preparation of the skins took three weeks, and in a week more they collected all the timber for the building of the vessel. From the state of their provisions, it was found convenient that five of their number should return and stay at the other island, as there was not sufficient food for the subsistence of all at the island where the house was built. This party, therefore, having received a proportionate share of the utensils, namely, one kettle, and the bottom of an old one, which was used as a frying-pan, they set off. Those who remained, in order that they might apply the timber used in constructing the old house to the building of their vessel, set to work to build a new habitation, which they formed chiefly of stones and turf. This house appears to have been an improvement on the first, inasmuch as it had the luxury of three chimneys, which, however, either would not draw, or were insufficient, as the inmates were obliged to cut a hole in the gable-end to let out the smoke. At this time they used the elephants' bones, with the blubber as fuel, the fumes from which were by no means agreeable. Having finished this, they shifted their things into it, tore down the first, and then cleared the place where it stood, for the purpose of building the vessel upon it. They laid the keel, made from the topmast of the wreck, to erect a vessel whose keel should be twenty-nine feet, and built like a lugger, and of about four feet and a half high. It was calculated that she would be about twelve tons burden. They worked at it with assiduity, animated by the hope of delivering themselves. The history of their various expedients to supply the place of regular tools and materials, though unintelligible to general readers, would be highly interesting to nautical men. At the end of five months, they had completed her with her seal-*skin* sails, and they set off to the other island to fetch the *other* five men, that they might assist in the launch.

Nearly two years had passed since they were wrecked —a time which, as marked by their privations and

ch of food, and the larger party were obliged to go in
uit of them. On the next day after their arrival, a
sprang up, their boat was driven about seventy yards
ı where she was made fast, and her stern knocked to
es. This was a fearful disaster, which threw the
y into dismay, yet, out of evil, good sometimes comes.
day being fine, an old man, one of the sailors, was
to a mountainous point to try if he could discover
r comrades, and he had not been long gone ere he
rned in a bewildered breathless state. When able
peak, he informed them that he had seen a vessel
ding in towards the shore. This none of them would
ɔve, and all said it must be a bird sitting on the water,
object which had often deceived their hopes. The
, however, was convinced that he was not mistaken,
asked who would go with him to see the vessel, when
offered to go with him, and ascertain the fact; and a
er-box was given to them, that they might, if it were
, make a fire to shew those on board that there were
ıan beings on the island. To their indescribable joy
e two men, on getting to the place where she was first
overed, saw a schooner standing along shore, and,
ı the carcass of a sea-elephant, just killed, and other
es, perceived that the crew must have been on shore.
y then sought for and killed one of those animals,
with its blubber they soon made a fire on the pro-
ıtory, that evidently caught the attention of the
ıoner, as a boat was seen to proceed from her towards
shore. The men ran down eagerly to meet her, but
n the boat got near the shore, the crew evidently
tated, on seeing the two men, whose appearance
t certainly have been of a dubious nature. They
e naked, with the exception of their rough brown fur
ets, as they had thrown off their skin trousers, which
e *exceedingly* thick and heavy, for the convenience
nning. They, however, hailed the crew, in a manner
ı *proved* them to be civilised beings, and they we

taken on board. The vessel turned out to be an American schooner, which had come for the purpose of sealing and trading in those seas. The captain received them kindly, and gave them shirts and trousers. It was sunset when they were taken on board, and the next day the captain and the remaining party were fetched. They proceeded in search of the other party, who descried the vessel with a degree of joy equal to that of the first man who saw it, and on the boat approaching the shore, hailed it with three cheers, which were returned by their comrades on board. Those on shore were so overjoyed, that they did not wait for her coming to shore, but rushed into the water to haul her up. They were all taken on board. They assisted the schooner in loading, and after taking all their things on board, she sailed for her destination—the Isle of France.

Although thus rescued from a desert island, the misfortunes of the party were not terminated. On the way to the Isle of France, the mate of the smack had a disagreement with the American captain, and he and his companions, three excepted, were at their own desire put ashore on the island of St Paul, where there are plenty of wild pigs and provisions such as the mariners had been lately used to, and which island is in the track of the vessels trading in the direction of the Mauritius. Here they intended to wait till picked up by a vessel in passing, of which they had no apprehensions. Of their fate no further account is given, though there is little doubt that they soon after reached England by some trading vessel. The three men that preferred going on with the American schooner, were landed at the Isle of France, whence they found their way to the Cape of Good Hope, and from that they returned to London in the *Lord Exmouth* in a most destitute condition, but in good health, notwithstanding the straits and miseries they had undergone.

THE MAN OF ROSS.

Rise, honest Muse! and sing the Man of Ross.'

history and character of the individual, to Muse of Pope, thus invoked, arose and gave y in song, are but little known to the world at ough almost every reader of the poet's lines felt an interest in a being so noble as the Man as there represented to be. John Kyrle was appellation of the person whom local circum- will be explained in the sequel, caused to bear of the Man of Ross. He was a native of the Dymock, in the county of Gloucester, and was e 22d of May 1637. He was descended from ble family, once possessed of considerable the borders of Gloucester and Hereford shires, of his immediate progenitors filled the office eriff of the latter county. The paternal grand- nd great-grandmother of the subject of our ere both personages of distinguished extraction— r being the sister of Waller the poet, while the d in the same degree of relationship to John the patriot. Though the patrimonial property les—or Crulls, or Curls, as they had occasionally ed—had greatly decreased in extent previously of John Kyrle, his father was yet in a comfort- ion in society, and able to give the son a most ining, and every educational advantage which ry and time could afford. Being intended for oung Kyrle was entered a commoner of Baliol Oxford, on the 21st of April 1654. On his , he presented a piece of plate to the college, rm of a tankard, promising to enlarge this when any other person gave a better. Appar- an event really happened; since the plate

which weighed originally little more than eighteen ounces, was increased, in or before the year 1670, to a degree of gravity exceeding sixty-one ounces. The tankard is understood to be still in use in Baliol College.

At the decease of his father, John Kyrle, who was the elder of two sons, found himself inheritor of little more than the family dwelling-house in the town of Ross, in Herefordshire, together with a few patches of land in the neighbourhood. But these possessions seem to have been quite sufficient to maintain him respectably, as he did not follow up the profession of the law, but permanently took up his residence in the district of his nativity. In truth, his frugal way of life, as well as his economical and judicious mode of managing his property, soon placed him in the most easy circumstances, and enabled him to make repeated accessions, by purchase, to the patrimony which had descended to him. But, though frugal in his habits, the subject of our notice was far, very far indeed, from exhibiting at any period of his career a spirit of avarice or money-hoarding. On the contrary, he was endowed with one of the most generous and noble hearts that ever fell to the lot of man, and hence, in reality, his celebrity—hence the immortality of his name as the Man of Ross. It was as a most extensive and unostentatious benefactor of his species that Pope enshrined John Kyrle in undying verse, and gave his name to all coming time. Before quoting the poet's lines, we may briefly describe to the reader the personal appearance and habits of Mr Kyrle, as far as any records on these points permit us to do.

The portraits of the Man of Ross display a regular, well-formed countenance, rather square in general outline, and strikingly expressive of mild cheerfulness and benevolence. The brow is open and expansive. In person, Mr Kyrle was tall, thin, and well-shaped, and during his whole life his usual attire was a suit of brown, after the fashion of the day. He maintained his health by regular exercise from his youth upwards, turning his own hands to service in his favourite pursuits of horticulture

planting. A spade and a watering-pot were usually
ı in his grasp, as he passed backwards and forwards
veen his dwelling and his fields. Having speedily
eased his means, as we have said, and made his
me respectable, he lived well, and enjoyed himself
uently with his friends, though much company was
agreeable to him. It was his practice, as his habits
ıme fixed, to entertain a party of his acquaintances on
y market-day, and on every fair-day, in the town of
ɜ. Nine, eleven, or thirteen—he seemed partial to odd
ıbers—were the usual sum of the guests at his invita-
-dinners, including himself and a kinswoman, Miss
b. His dishes were plain and good, and the only
ɔrages which appeared on his table were malt liquor
cider. At ordinary times, moreover, he loved dearly
ɔe his neighbours dropping in upon him in the evening,
cheerful always with them, enjoyed a pleasant tale,
was uniformly discomposed and sad when time brought
ıd the parting-hour.

ıch were the personal peculiarities and the merely
onal habits of the Man of Ross. Let us now depict
in his character of a member of society, and display
conduct in his relations to his neighbours, to the
· around him, and to his fellow-creatures at large.
that conduct justify these high commendations of the
Pope :

'*P.* But all our praises why should lords engross?
Rise, honest Muse! and sing the Man of Ross:
Pleased Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the water flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?
"THE MAN OF ROSS," each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread—
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread.

He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,
Where Age and Want sit smiling at the gate.
Him portioned maids, apprenticed orphans blessed,
The young who labour, and the old who rest.
Is any sick? the Man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes, and gives.
Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Balked are the courts, and contest is no more.
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attorneys, now a useless race.
B. Thrice happy man, enabled to pursue,
What all so wish, but want the power to do!
O say, what sums that generous hand supply,
What mines to swell that boundless charity?
P. Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possessed—five hundred pounds a year.
Blush, grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw your blaze!
Ye little stars, hide your diminished rays!
B. And what! no monument, inscription, stone?
His race, his form, almost his name unknown?
P. Who builds a church to God, and not to Fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name.
Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history.
Enough, that virtue filled the space between—
Proved, by the ends of being, to have been.'

In every particular item of this panegyric, the poet's assertions were founded in strict truth. Pope acquired his intimate knowledge of the circumstances from being in the habit of occasionally visiting a Roman Catholic family resident in the immediate vicinity of Ross. We shall not attempt to tell at what periods of Mr Kyrle's life, which was extended to the term of eighty-seven years, the individual actions and events to be alluded to took place. Some of these acts were continued, indeed, through a long series of years. The clothing of 'the sultry mountain with woods,' and the bestowal of the blessing of 'water upon the swains of the vale,' to which Pope refers, were public acts, performed for the service of the people of Ross, at great private cost to Mr Kyrle. The 'causeway,' and the 'seats for weary travellers,' were *matters* of a similar character, and the 'heaven-directed *spire*,' was another benefit, or rather ornament perhaps, to *the town* of Ross, conferred by its indefatigable MAN. Mr *Kyrle* thought the old spire in danger of falling, and his

humane mind never rested till a new one was substituted, to the erection of which he contributed most amply. These are but one or two of the public benefits which so deeply endeared him to the people of Ross. But higher and nobler deeds are to be mentioned. His care of the poor was incessant. He fed them, clothed them, and cared for them every way, and this not for a time, or to relieve a passing necessity, but for long years—from the time, in truth, when he was in his manhood's pride, to the term when his head was white and hoary.

> 'Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread,
> The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread.'

This was strictly true. Some pious bishop or lord of former times had decreed, that the tolls paid for all corn brought to the Ross market should be the property of the poor, and the grant remained long in force. But the poor, through imperfect management, derived no good from the privilege, until the Man of Ross took the matter under his care, ground the toll-corn, and had it baked into bread at his own house; after which, he distributed it every Saturday with his own hands in front of the market-house. 'Tradition reports in homely language,' to use the words of a notice of Mr Kyrle, 'that it would "have done one's heart good to see how cheerful the old gentleman looked—for he was then very old—when engaged in distributing the bread."' The 'alms-house' to which Pope refers, was one in reality 'fed' daily by the Man of Ross, since every day saw food taken from his own table to that of the charity. But, to speak the truth, any person who claimed this benevolent being's hospitable assistance received it, and that again and again. To poor girls he often gave marriage-portions, and paid the apprentice-fees for poor orphan boys. At his kitchen fireplace was placed a large wooden block for poor people to sit on, and to the poor, also, a piece of boiled beef, and three pecks of flour *in bread, were* given every Sunday.

> 'Him portioned maids, apprenticed orphans blessed,
> The young who labour and the poor who rest.'

'Is any sick?' continues Pope, and describes the attention of the Man of Ross to the sick poor; his purse, his medicine-chest, and, what was more, his personal ministerings, being ever ready for their relief. The passage, 'Is there a variance,' &c., has reference to another feature in the life of the subject of our memoir. Averse to all quarrelling, legal or otherwise, he exerted himself to maintain harmony among his neighbours, and for much more than half a century he was arbitrator in all their disputes—the chosen judge, in fact, of all civil causes in the district. Perhaps, in this character, his influence was more beneficial than in any other. In closing now our comment upon the text of Pope, we come to the most remarkable point in this whole history. Upon what mines, says the bard, did this mirror of benevolence draw to supply the demands of his boundless charity! No princely or ducal estates were his.

'This man possessed five hundred pounds a year.'

A truly wonderful instance this is, indeed, of the vast amount of good which prudent management may put in the power of those even of limited fortunes. Yet the whole is but another proof that Will and Skill can accomplish all things.

The town which Mr Kyrle so long adorned was justly proud of him during his life, and deeply reverenced his memory, when he was laid in the tomb. The name of the Man of Ross was not bestowed in the first instance by Pope, but was previously the common and popular designation of Mr Kyrle in the country around Ross. The subject of our notice never married. The poor of his district were his children and his family. From them he was removed at the venerable age we have mentioned, and the whole population of Ross and its vicinity followed the remains of the good man to the *grave*. Numerous as were the eyes that beheld the *earth* closed over the Man of Ross, perhaps not one *individual* there could not say: 'There is the last sight *of my* benefactor.' The day of his death was the 20th

vember 1724, and he was laid in the chancel of Ross in refordshire. For a long time no other monument rked the place where he lay, than a flat stone with the tials J. K. But in later years a handsome stone has en erected over the body of the Man of Ross. The t is a hallowed one to the inhabitants, and, indeed, rything connected in the remotest degree with his mory is matter of reverence to the people of the ce. One striking proof of this was afforded recently, en the church underwent a repair or renovation of its ws. The community, with one voice, exclaimed against removal of one portion of John Kyrle's pew. It was precisely in the position in which it was when occupied him.

STORY OF MARTIN GUERRE.

ARTIN GUERRE, a native of Biscay, was married in the nth of January 1539 to Bertrande de Rols, with whom lived for many succeeding years at the village of tigues, in the diocese of Rieux, in Upper Languedoc. e condition of Martin Guerre was that of a small farmer, l the property possessed by him and his wife was very siderable for people of their rank in life. Married at very early age, they were not blessed with children til the tenth year of their union, when a son was born, whom was given the name of Sanxi Guerre. Shortly er this event, Martin Guerre had the misfortune to arrel with his wife's father or uncle, and in consequence, k the resolution of leaving Artigues for a time. He ems to have found a wandering life agreeable to his position, as he never shewed himself again at his home many long years, nor were any tidings of him received the while by his family.

This unjustifiable conduct of a husband and father led strange consequences. Upwards of eight years after

Martin Guerre's absence, a man presented himself at Artigues, declared himself to be Martin Guerre, and was at once recognised as such by the *four sisters* of the absentee, by his *uncle*, by the *parents and relatives* of his wife, and by the *wife* herself. Not the slightest suspicion of imposture was entertained by any one, as the self-named Martin Guerre was found perfectly acquainted with a thousand little matters, both domestic and otherwise, which none, it seemed, but the original actor in them could possibly have known. The marks and scars, also, which had characterised Martin Guerre's countenance and person, were all apparent in his representative. Accordingly, the latter was received with joy by the wife and all her connections, and assumed the place which he was supposed to have vacated eight years before. Bertrande de Rols (or Guerre) had in times past shewn the strongest attachment to her husband, and her conduct in his absence was irreproachable. She now lived for three years in perfect concord and happiness with him who personated her husband, and bore two children to him, only one of whom survived for any length of time.

This state of tranquillity first received a shock through an accidental discovery made by Pierre Guerre, the uncle of Martin. A stranger, passing through Artigues, expressed the utmost surprise on hearing it said that Martin Guerre was living with his wife and family, and unhesitatingly declared that there must be imposture in the case, as he himself had recently seen Martin Guerre in Flanders, and had been told by him that he had a wife and child in Languedoc, but did not intend to return home till a certain relation was dead. The stranger moreover stated, that the real Martin Guerre had lost a leg at the battle of St Laurent, before St Quentin. The traveller's statement was heard by Pierre Guerre, and appeared to him so clear and distinct, that he began to entertain *suspicions*, which speedily spread from him to the relatives *of* Martin's wife. A number of little circumstances, all *tending* to strengthen the notion of imposture, were now *gradually* noticed by the uncle and friends, and at length

ıey finally became so assured of the justice of their fears, ɜ to adopt the resolution of publicly punishing the villain 'ho had so grossly deceived them. But they found very reat difficulty in persuading the wife of Martin Guerre ıat the man with whom she had lived peacefully for ıree years was not her true husband. At length, however, ıe poor woman was brought to something like a convic- on of the sad truth, and was induced to take steps for rosecuting the actor in this strange deception, who was ıken into custody to wait his trial.

On a day appointed, the prisoner was brought into ɔurt, where the chief criminal judge of Rieux sat as resident, and where an immense crowd of people had ıssembled to watch the issue of a case which had already xcited the deepest interest. Numerous witnesses were resent to support the one or the other side. Out of early one hundred and fifty persons examined, between ıirty and forty gave evidence in favour of the accused, eposing that they believed him to be the real Martin uerre, and referring to many circumstantial proofs in ıpport of their belief. On the other hand, a still greater ody of witnesses declared their impression that the risoner was *not* Martin Guerre. Who the panel *really* as, was announced by various of these witnesses, but in articular by Carbon Barreau, who recognised the accused ɜ his nephew, by name Arnaud du Tilh, a native of agias, in Languedoc. The old man, Carbon Barreau, hile acknowledging his nephew, wept for the disgrace e had brought on the family. While such testimonies ere given by the witnesses for and against the prisoner, ıere was a third body of witnesses, more numerous than ther of the others, who declared that the resemblance ɔ Martin Guerre puzzled them so much as to render ıem totally unable to tell whether the accused was that ıdividual or not.

Much weight, comparatively, was of course laid on the vidence given by the relatives of Martin Guerre. Strange *say, these* relatives were as much at variance as others. *s four sisters* unhesitatingly and unequivocally declared

their belief that the prisoner was their brother, and none else, and by this opinion they held to the last. The uncle of Martin, again, and the wife's relations, maintained the opposite side of the question. As for the wife, whether from weakness or distress of mind, her evidence was not productive of much light in the matter. What she did say weighed in the prisoner's favour, as, on his being tested afterwards, it was found that he knew all the little secrets of her wedded life as well as she herself did. He told of private occurrences of old date, that tallied in every point with her private revelations on examination. When the prisoner himself was asked to speak in his defence, he entered without the slightest embarrassment on a long narration, calculated to prove his claims to the character he had assumed. He began with ascribing avaricious motives to Pierre Guerre, as the cause of that person's animosity. He then related every particular step of his career, from his birth to his departure from home; and those who best knew Martin Guerre declared, that all the incidents related had occurred to him to their certain knowledge. The prisoner described his marriage with particular minuteness, mentioning the name and even the dress of every important individual then and there present, as well as many other minute points connected with the ceremony. Notwithstanding these striking statements of the prisoner, and notwithstanding the doubts of the witnesses, the criminal judge of Rieux conceived the charge to be *proven*, and pronounced the prisoner guilty.

But this only led to new investigations. The prisoner appealed to the parliament of Toulouse, and by its orders inquiries were entered upon of a still more searching kind than formerly. To shew how great were the difficulties in which this case was involved, it is only necessary to state a few of the facts that came out on both sides. Against the prisoner, it was averred that Martin Guerre was a taller man, and darker in hue; and that he had slender limbs, stooping shoulders, and a hanging under lip, whereas the prisoner had stout limbs, an upright

person, and no particular mark about his lips. The shoemaker who had made shoes for the true Martin Guerre, also declared that the feet of the latter were of the twelfth size, while the accused person's were of the ninth. Martin Guerre, it was also proved, was skilled in wrestling and other sports, at which the prisoner could do nothing. Moreover, Martin Guerre, being a Biscayan, was thoroughly acquainted with the Basque tongue, of which the other knew only a word or two. These are specimens of the proofs against the prisoner. The opposite evidence seems almost equally strong, and this may be said of the personal resemblances in particular. A cicatrix above the right eye, the mark of an ulcer on the face, a drop of extravasated blood on the left eye, two peculiar teeth, a split nail on one of the forefingers, three warts on the right hand, and one on the little-finger—all of these marks were on Martin Guerre, and all of them on the accused! Other witnesses in the prisoner's favour deposed to his having alluded to circumstances which had passed privately between them and Martin Guerre, ten, twelve, and fifteen years before. Above all, the bride-maids of Bertrande de Rols declared, that the prisoner had minutely described incidents which proved him to be no other than the man who was bridegroom on that occasion.

Such were among the difficulties surrounding this question. The confident bearing of the accused added to the general perplexity, as he on every occasion assumed the part of an injured and persecuted man. He even made a solemn public appeal to the wife of Martin Guerre, declaring that, as she believed in his identity or otherwise, he was willing to be held guilty or innocent. But the wife would not take an oath on either side, although she said that, under the circumstances, she could trust in nothing that *he*—the prisoner—could say.

Things were in this state of incertitude, when the *real Martin Guerre,* who had been fruitlessly sought for, *appeared suddenly* on the field, 'as if,' says Gayot de *Pitaval, in the Causes Célèbres,* 'he had dropped from the

skies.' The judges ordered him into confinemei
he had seen his relations, or any one who was c
in the cause. Martin Guerre, as had been state
traveller, was without one of his limbs, and had
substitute. When privately interrogated up
known facts in Martin Guerre's life, he answer
and correctly, but did not give so many proo
identity as the prisoner had done under the lik
nation. Arnaud du Tilh and the lame Martin Gu
then confronted with one another. Each tre
other as an impostor; but the first mentioned o
displayed far more confidence, and scornfully
that he would consent to be hanged if he did n
the whole to be a machination of Pierre Guerre,
man with the wooden leg to be but a creature of
latter seemed to lose his presence of mind at th
the other's consummate boldness and effronte
judges were yet quite at a loss, but they resol
assembling all the relations of Martin Guerre, an
principal witnesses in the case, with the view o
it to their decision on beholding both parties tog

Accordingly, all the summoned parties ma
appearance on an appointed day. The eldest of
sisters before mentioned, was the first to enter t
where the rival Martins already were, and her t
was almost decisive. It will be remembered,
and her sisters were the most influential witn
favour of the impostor. Now, however, when
fell on the lame man, she sprang to him, and e
him with tears, exclaiming to the judges: '*Be
brother, Martin Guerre!* I confess the error in
this abominable traitor,' pointing to Du Tilh, 'has
and in which he has kept me for so long a time,
as others.' Martin Guerre mingled his tears wi
of his sister, as he received and returned her e
The other sisters also recognised their brother
[illegible] all the witnesses, in short, who had be
[illegible]ate in favour of Arnaud du Tilh. A
[illegible]s in cases of the closest resemblance

confronting of the parties at once dispelled the illusion ich had memory only to depend on. After other ognitions, Bertrande de Rols, the wife, was called into rt. No sooner had she cast her eye timidly on the lame nger, than the spell was at once broken in her case ». She became strongly agitated, trembling like an en leaf, and weeping abundantly. Then she ran to brace her husband's feet, and besought his pardon for fault which the artifices of a wretch had led her to mit. She entreated him to remember that his four ers and others had been deceived also, and reminded 1 that her very love for him had its influence in causing to be misled. She declared that such was her grief l shame when the impostor was discovered, that she yed for death, and, but for the commands of God, would self have put an end to her days. 'The touching air,' s Gayot de Pitaval, 'with which Bertrande de Rols ke, her tears, and her beauty, which was still great, expression of agony spread over her visage, pleaded quently for her.' But her husband, who had appeared sensible to the tokens of affection coming from his ers, appeared insensible to those of his wife. He told , that *she* ought to have known her real husband from others, although the whole world had been deceived; l he had the cruelty further to say to her, that he ked upon her as the cause of all the disgrace and tchedness resulting from this affair. The judge cked Martin Guerre for this conduct to his wife, ich came with an ill grace from the lips of a man who l deserted his family for so many years, and who was true cause of all the mischief, by thus leaving them he mercy of the designing. Moreover, had not Martin erre made revelations to the impostor, Arnaud du Tilh, pecting his family affairs, his wife never could have n deceived as she had been. Such considerations, 'ertheless, could not overcome the angry feelings of rtin Guerre, when he met his wife in court. But as *firmly* believe in the wife's innocence, from an *itive* consideration of all the minutiæ of the case, we

have pleasure in recording, that the last words of the original narrative on this point are, 'time only caused Martin to change his sentiments.' The court of Toulouse, also, took into consideration the question, whether Bertrande de Rols was or was not an accomplice of Arnaud du Tilh, and decided unanimously in favour of her innocence.

The communications of Martin Guerre to Arnaud du Tilh have been alluded to as the chief source of the latter's ability to accomplish his imposture. Du Tilh spent two years in the other's company in the military service, and was his intimate friend and confidant. On returning from the wars alone, he was mistaken for Martin Guerre by several acquaintances of that person, and this first suggested to him the idea of establishing himself comfortably in life by personating Martin Guerre, and becoming master of his property. Before attempting this, however, he secretly made himself acquainted with every possible particular relative to the family and history of the man whose name he was about to assume. This step over, he boldly presented himself, and the issue was as we have seen. All these things Arnaud du Tilh confessed, after being sentenced to death for his crime. Previous to execution, he was doomed to walk through the street of Artigues with his head and feet bare, a halter round his neck, and a lighted torch in his hand. As he performed this part of his sentence, having latterly become penitent, he besought pardon of Martin Guerre and his wife, the persons whom he had most injured. In front of their house he was hanged—a retributive compliment of the law which they would most probably have been willing to dispense with. September 1560 was the date of this execution.

A SEAMAN'S TALE.

LISTENING one evening to the conversation of the seamen during a passage made from Portsmouth to New York in the *Juliana*, in 1775, I heard them telling one another what were the respective causes which had sent them to sea. One of them, a very good-looking, well-mannered, and neatly-dressed young man, on being asked what had made a sailor of him, replied smilingly: 'Upon my word, it was a little *stumble* over a *stone*.' No further queries were put to him at the time, but my curiosity was so much excited by the young seaman's words, as well as by the superior cast of his looks and deportment, that I took an early opportunity to enter into conversation with him, and to ask him the particulars of his story. He told me as follows:—

My father, sir, is a humble tradesman in a small town in Dorsetshire, near to a seaport of some magnitude, and there was I born and brought up. My father, whose name is Roger Alison, trained me to his own business of a joiner, and I continued at it till nearly eighteen, when an accident changed my whole prospects in life. The street of our town was narrow, and directly opposite to our shop was a little inn, kept by a Mr and Mrs Whitroe, whose only daughter, Sally, was nearly of my own age. We had from an early age entertained a strong partiality for one another; and as Sally had all the drudgery of drawing and serving the beer, it was my great amusement and delight at leisure hours to assist her in her toil. Though a sweet and well-formed girl, she was not strong, and was very grateful to me. In fact, we were declared lovers, as far as anybody could be so at our age. But one day, when Sally required my assistance, I started like a *deer from* our own door to run across the street, *tumbled, fell* in the mud, and rent my clothes rather

extensively. A great many people were then in the street, and about the doors, and they set up a general laugh. As I rose, I saw a little smile even on Sally's countenance. There was nothing very cruel in this, as it was plain that I was not hurt. But an exposure of this kind puts a young fellow sadly to the blush, particularly if he is just at that age when he begins to think himself a man. I slunk hastily back to our own house, and, like a great booby, sat brooding and blushing over the accident; so much so that, in the heat of my childish vexation, I packed up my clothes in a small bundle, and, without saying a word to any one, set off that night for Poole. By morning, I got there, and finding a vessel on the point of sailing for the Newfoundland fishery, offered myself without wages, and was accepted. On the second morning, I was far out of sight of my native Dorsetshire.

After seeing the fishing over for the season, feeling a disinclination still to return to England, I got a passage to Marble-head, on the North American coasts, and there entered myself in a new vessel for a Levant voyage. I began to like the life of a seaman, and during this second voyage applied myself, with the help of the mate, to the study of navigation, in which I became a considerable proficient. On returning to Marble-head from the Levant, I was paid my wages, which I laid out in books to complete me in navigation, and on clothes as well as other necessaries. My third voyage was to the West Indies; and when it was over, I entered on others from the same port, for the space of about three years in all. During this time, the people with whom I came in contact about the port had adopted the notion that I was a lad of good family and breeding, which my decent style of dressing when on shore, and also my good behaviour, had probably originated. I was admitted to the acquaintance of various respectable families of the place, and particularly that of Mr Reade, an extensive and rather wealthy trader. This gentleman became my warm friend, and gave me the charge of rigging a new vessel of his that was soon to be launched, and of which I was to be chief

mate. Mr Reade had three daughters, to whose society I was also freely admitted. Of these girls, Miss Ruth Reade was my favourite; but I never presumed to think of her as a match for one like me. Yet, when I brought presents from my trips, I was sure, almost unconsciously, always to make Ruth's the best.

One day, Mr Reade said to me: 'Suppose I were to make you captain of the new brig, do you think, William, you have experience enough to manage her?' I answered: 'I have impudence enough to try, if you will trust me with her.' 'Well,' returned he, 'come to my house this evening; the girls want to see you, and then we can talk about it.' It for the first time struck me, from Mr Reade's manner on this occasion, that he had a thought of connecting me with his family, as well as with his vessel. I was punctual in my visit at night, and my suspicion was confirmed, on finding that the family contrived to leave me alone for a time with Ruth. I grew greatly agitated at the moment, and told the young lady that I felt suddenly unwell. She expressed great concern, and I took my leave, and went home to reflect on my situation.

A connection with such a family as Mr Reade's was beyond my most sanguine hopes as regarded my settlement in life, and the idea of being loved by the young and beautiful Ruth was so flattering, that at first I felt resolved to take advantage of the prize which fortune seemed to hold out to me. But as I lay that night on my solitary bed, the image of my poor Sally, my own dear Sally, rose uppermost in my mind. The recollection of all our fondness for each other, from our very cradles, came fresh upon my memory, and with her remembrance came also that of my poor parents, weeping for their only child, who had cruelly left them ignorant hitherto of his fate. I arose from my bed next morning in some measure a changed being, resolute to go without delay to England, and also to let the Reades know, if it proved *necessary, that,* for the sake of Sally Whitroe, I would *a disengaged* man, ready to give her my hand, if I found *at she loved* me still, as I did her. When I saw Mr

Reade, I told him of my determination about my parents, and he commended it; but it was when I went to his house, and was again left alone with Ruth, that my trial came. I sat for some time silent, and the tears came to my eyes. Ruth also was silent, and her eye was also tearful. 'Will you go then?' she said at length in a soft voice. Still I could not find words to tell what I was resolved at heart to do. I only took her hand, and put it to my lips. 'Suppose, William,' said she, 'you should write to your parents, and invite them to come to you. Tell them your prospects are good; and if they agree to come, my father will give you a vessel to go for them.' I saw now that the longer I delayed to tell the sweet girl the whole truth, the more painful it would finally be. 'Dear Miss Reade,' I said, 'you know but part of my errand to England. I came now—I came resolved to tell you all'—— Here I stopped. 'Oh! William,' cried Ruth hurriedly, 'you could not have an attachment to any one before leaving England? You were so young!' My eyes remained fixed on the ground. 'Oh! then it is so,' she continued, and a new flood of tears from her eyes threw me into the greatest distress. 'Tell me all,' she said after a time; 'let me be your confidante at least.'

I then told her my whole history, and ended by saying: 'Forgive me, dear Ruth, if, on examining my heart, I find that one I loved long ago still occupies the first place there.' 'I have nothing to forgive, William,' she replied; 'I had hoped that it was otherwise, for you are the first and only object on whom my own affections have been placed. But I esteem you the more for your constancy, and approve of what you propose to do.' We parted, and I promised, at her anxious request, to write immediately on reaching England.

Not many months afterwards, I found myself in Dorsetshire, and entering, with a beating heart, my *native* town. I had taken a postchaise for the last part *of my* journey, and was very well dressed, so that I *was not* surprised that the landlord of the inn did not *know* me, although but four years had elapsed since my

arture. I was at the time of life, too, when a year or make a great change. It was with a most anxious trembling heart that I asked if Roger Alison was ». 'Oh yes,' said the landlord quickly; 'do you bring news of his son Billy? The poor old soul is almost ıd with fear and anxiety about him.' 'I have seen young man you speak of, I believe,' said I. 'Oh then,' l the landlord, 'I must go instantly and tell old er.' I cried, 'Stop!' from a mixture of feelings, but friendly landlord was off. The way between the inn my father's house was short. I ran to the window, gazed in the direction. In a few minutes I saw my l father hurrying towards me as fast as his limbs could y him. He did not know me. 'Oh, sir, you have ı my son? Where is my poor boy?' 'Father! do you know me?' We sank into each other's arms, and had cely parted from that embrace, when my mother also ıred the room. My father had entreated and desired to stay at home, till he brought her the tidings which ht have come, but she could not remain, and now .e her way into the room, exclaiming: 'I must see the leman who has seen my son.' I stepped forward, ng: 'My dearest mother!' and she immediately ted away.

oon after, escorted by all the neighbours, who had ıered about the inn door, I again re-entered the se where I was born. Hitherto, not a word had ped my lips about Sally, but as soon as I was alone ı my father and mother, I asked for their opposite hbours. My father answered that Mr and Mrs itroe had that day gone to a little distance from the n on a visit. Sally was not mentioned, but there was expression in the countenances of my parents which t to my very heart. They told me no more, till, being ı to bear suspense no longer, I asked for Sally. 'Oh! liam,' exclaimed my mother, 'have you then heard *ing of that* poor lost girl?' 'Lost!' I cried, starting *y feet;* 'lost!—how? where?—tell me at once—put *ut of* suspense!' 'Be calm, my dear William,' said

my father; 'your mother has spoken rashly. Sit down, and I will tell you the whole.'

My father now began thus:—'From that hour when you left us, my son, Sally Whitroe was inconsolable. She took to her bed, and refused all nourishment, or at least would not take enough to sustain life in any one. I need scarcely say, William, that both her parents and your mother and I had seen how much you were attached to each other, and often had we rejoiced in private over the hope of seeing you united. Her father and myself had each been left with some little patrimonies, and we had added to its amount; and the thought that you, our only children would enjoy our means when we were gone, was very pleasing to us. We were not surprised at the effect of your departure on Sally, but her condition was very alarming to her parents. At length, when our inquiries were so far successful as to reveal to us that you had gone from Poole to the Newfoundland fishing, the tidings were communicated to Sally. She started from her bed. "Oh! thank God," she said, "is my dear William heard of at last?" I assured her that such was the case, and that you would surely come back when the fishing ended, or at least write to us. [How my heart smote me for my cruelty as my father said this!] Sally recovered rapidly after this period, and was soon able to go about; but there was still a painful degree of anxiety about her looks and manner. Her parents thought they would please her and do her good by giving up the business which they pursued, and which brought her into too much stir and noise. "Can you do this without losing money and hurting your interests?" was the good girl's question to her father. "We can, Sally," said he, "and I have often thought of it before." "Then," replied Sally, "it will gratify me much. I wish to have a little leisure to improve myself, and acquire a few accomplishments, for *I know* well that William will be improving himself *wherever* he is, and I would make myself worthy of him —*if* indeed he ever come back to me."

'*In truth*, my dear son, all the poor girl's thoughts were

still about you. Her parents commenced the linen-draper business, and Sally devoted herself to the cultivation of her mind, and the acquisition of many little female accomplishments. Every day she came and sat for an hour with your mother and me, talking about you, and you only. At last she heard of a young lady, of respectable family, who was going to France to complete her education at a convent. Sally expressed a strong wish to accompany her, and Mr Whitroe was prevailed upon to agree to her wish. Within six months after you left us, she and her companion set out for Monteville, in Normandy, and they were accompanied thither by Mrs Whitroe and by your mother, who thought the journey would do her health good. Sally's last parting words to your mother were, to send the intelligence of your arrival to her immediately, or whatever tidings might come from you.

'Great was our disappointment, my dear William, when the captain of the Newfoundland fishing-vessel, on being inquired at, told us that you had left him, and gone to Virginia. We dared not tell the truth to Sally, but wrote to her that you had written to say that you were going to stay abroad some time longer for self-improvement. We, moreover, said that you had sent kind messages to her, and that your wish was to make yourself deserving of *her*. This deception we had to repeat during the two years that she was away. At the end of that time she returned, bringing with her a Miss Simon, a young lady of Plymouth, who had been her friend abroad. Alas! Sally was not long, as we had feared, in asking us to permit her to read the letters of her "dear William." The question afflicted us so much, that it was vain to think of longer concealing the truth. "I feared this," said Sally with tears; but after a time she comforted us, saying: "I am assured we shall yet see him again."

'Sally had improved herself so much, that she was regarded as a most accomplished girl, and people in the *neighbourhood*, who had never noticed her before, were *now happy* to have her in their circle. A young clergy-

man proposed for her, but, my dear William, Sally told him "her heart was with you;" and when he said you were probably dead, she replied, that "her affections, then, were with you in the grave." After the departure of her friend, Miss Simon, she spent her whole time in some quiet employments, till she received a summons to go to Plymouth, according to a promise made, and be her friend's bridemaid, on her union with Captain Toulcher, an officer in the army. She went to Plymouth accordingly, but she did not return. In place of herself there came a letter from her to her parents, announcing that Captain Toulcher had received a company in a regiment then serving in North America; that Mrs Toulcher was going with him, and that she had resolved to accompany them, for she was sure that she would find you in that country, and be the happy means of restoring you to your parents. Mr and Mrs Whitroe were at first greatly distressed, but they could not remedy the matter, as Sally had sailed immediately on writing. Her father, therefore, sent after her a letter of credit on certain merchants in New York. We have not yet heard from her, as all this happened but a short time back.'

My father here closed his narration. I was so deeply impressed with Sally's constancy, that I was for starting immediately in pursuit of her. But a little reflection made me more patient. Besides, Mr and Mrs Whitroe came to me, and treated me like a beloved son. At the entreaties of all, I agreed to stay till a letter came from Sally. The interval I employed in writing to Miss Reade, telling her the whole story, and engaging her to find out and be kind to my Sally. When the latter at length wrote, announcing her arrival in New York, I again bade adieu to my parents and friends. Thinking it dishonourable in an English seaman to be an idle spectator in an English ship, I engaged with the captain of this vessel to work my *passage* out, and here I am on my way to New York.

I was delighted with the spirited handsome fellow, who *thus* told me his story, and I thought to myself, that it was

no wonder two fine girls should have loved him so. In America, I afterwards learned, he found and married his constant Sally. As for Ruth Reade, a creature so kind-hearted as she could not but be happy in life, though her first affections were not rewarded as they deserved.

[The above story is transcribed, with only some alterations in language, from a manuscript volume, written by a gentleman who was engaged as a British officer in the American war of independence.]

ADVENTURE OF A CANADIAN TRADER.

In the month of November 1771, David Ramsay, a merchant who had emigrated from Scotland to the Canadas, and had devoted himself to the employment of trading with the Indians, set out on one of his customary expeditions, for the prosecution of this profitable but precarious traffic. Accompanied only by a younger brother newly come from the mother-country, a lad of about sixteen years old, Ramsay launched his small boat, laden with a variety of Indian goods, upon Lake Erie, along which he coasted until he reached the mouth of a river which falls into it, at a distance of 150 miles from Fort Erie. He ascended this stream a considerable way, before fixing on a spot to winter in, according to his usual custom on such occasions. The place he ultimately selected was in the bounds of a well-frequented hunting-ground, where he thought he would be in the way to make exchanges with the Indians for their furs and skins. Near to this spot was the residence of a single Pawnee family, consisting of one man, with his two squaws and two children. From these people Ramsay met with an *amicable* reception, and immediately began to build *a loghouse* for the shelter of himself and his brother, *with their* goods. With great labour he succeeded i

constructing a strong hut of piled logs, the interior of which he divided into two rooms, the innermost intended for holding the goods, and for sleeping in. A strong partition, with a low door in it, separated the two apartments, and gave a promise of security to the persons and property of the inmates.

It was late in December ere Ramsay completed his task, and the river on whose banks he had fixed his location was firmly frozen up for the season. Just at this time, three Indians of the Chippeway nation came to the place, and built a hut near to that of the trader, as a residence for themselves during the winter hunt. Ramsay soon saw reason to fear both these men and his Pawnee neighbours. They were not at the pains, indeed, to conceal their mischievous feelings towards him; and as it was impossible for him to alter his position till the spring again opened up the navigation, he found it necessary to adopt a conciliatory, or rather submissive, system with them, as he was but too much at their mercy. He was obliged to give them rum when they demanded it, and to credit them with whatever goods they chose to ask. All this did not satisfy them, and they gave him open hints of their inclination to treat him as the St Dusky Indians had recently treated another Englishman, who had 'made private property of his goods,' and had been put to death in consequence.

Ramsay became convinced that he and his poor brother must fall a sacrifice to these savages, and a circumstance occurred in January which only strengthened this conviction. Two Indian youths arrived at the hut of the Pawnee, on their way from Detroit to Niagara, and about the neck of one of them hung a broad belt of wampum, eight or nine inches long, which the trader knew to be the emblem—the fiery cross—of Indian war. The Indians noticed his attention to the belt, and laughingly told him that it was the belt of peace; a remark which confirmed him in his suspicion, that a general war with the whites was in agitation, on the plea of which the savages were sure to fall on him at once. He accordingly became still

more on his guard, kept his muskets always loaded, and fixed a sharp strong iron spear to a pole, by way of a defensive weapon. The return of the Pawnee from escorting the two youths on a part of their way to Niagara, brought on the crisis which the trader had apprehended. The three Chippeways and the Pawnee approached his hut with all the formalities of Indian warfare, and commanded him to deliver up to them blankets, ammunition, and rum. Ramsay, a man of intrepid heart and powerful frame, answered them from his little castle with a direct and firm refusal; adding, that they had already got from him much more than they would ever pay, or ever intended to pay. 'War will come with the leaves of spring,' cried one of the savages scornfully, 'and then will you be sufficiently paid.' However, the resistance of Ramsay seemed to be unexpected by them. Uttering conjointly one of their frightful yells, they retired to some distance to consult together. They did not venture on further measures, either then or afterwards, but advanced day after day in the same manner, pouring forth the most violent threats, and using every means to intimidate Ramsay into submission. The dauntless trader gave them ever the same firm reply.

Some time in February, one of the Chippeways, to whom Ramsay had done some favour formerly, came privately to him, and said that the Chippeways were going away, and that he could not leave the place without informing the trader, that the Pawnee and his squaws were resolved to take his life and goods. Ramsay at first thought there was some *finesse* here; but the three Chippeways did go away, and came back no more. After this time, the Pawnee squaws approached almost daily to his hut, with cords round their waists, and tomahawks stuck in them, as if to take a prisoner. These seem to have been merely menaces. About the middle of March, when the moon was nearly full, one of the squaws came to Ramsay, and begged for a cup of rum, declaring that *two of the family* were ill. He gave her a small cupful. *On the same night*, about twelve o'clock, one of the

children came to the hut, and by the like entreaties moved the trader to give away a similar quantity a second time. Expecting to be troubled no more, Ramsay composed himself to rest, but was again aroused by the voices of the two Pawnee children, beseeching for admittance. One of these children was a girl nearly twelve years old, and the other a boy of lesser age. On asking the girl why she made the request, she said that the Pawnee was threatening to kill and eat her brother, and *he never broke his word!* Ramsay knew not what to think of this; but he considered internally that the children could scarcely do him any harm, and permitted them to come into the inner room, where they lay down on the floor to sleep.

Even under these precarious circumstances the trader fell asleep. He was awakened, about two in the morning, by repeated strokes on the partition-door, and springing up, saw through the chinks of the logs that a blazing fire had been kindled in the outer apartment, beside which stood the two squaws, while the Pawnee was planted before the partition-door, striking at it with an axe, with all his might. Ramsay called to him to desist instantly, otherwise he would fire upon him. The savage paid no attention, but, with a powerful blow, split open the greater part of the door. Seizing the spear-headed pole, Ramsay made a thrust at the other's breast through the aperture. The lunge had not force enough to hurt the Pawnee, who, with another heavy blow, broke open the door altogether. The trader saw that the next fall of the axe would be upon his own head, and there being now nothing between them, he drove the spear into the breast of the Indian with such force, that the effort brought him down upon the floor of the outer apartment, above the body of his mortally wounded foe. Before he could recover his feet, he received a violent stroke from one of the squaws with a heavy stick or bar of wood. Had it alighted on his head, it would have stunned him fatally, but it struck his shoulder; and ere the blow could be repeated, he had regained his weapon, and dealt his assailant a thrust, whic

brought her to the ground. Turning round, he had just time to avoid by a spring the long glittering knife which the other squaw had raised to plunge into his unprotected back. A third time he made a lunge with the deadly spear, and his third assailant fell on the floor beside the others. The almost entire nakedness of their bodies, and the thick coarse nature of the weapon, rendered the strokes, which were in the chest, most fatal. They all died within a short time after the infliction of their wounds, which had itself been the work of a few seconds.

The bright moonlight looked in on a bloody scene that night in the little hut of the wilds. Ramsay, who had acted under the momentary and pressing impulse of self-defence in every successive stroke he gave, looked on the three bleeding bodies for a time in a sort of stupor. When the groans of the dying ceased, the only sounds that broke on the stillness of the scene were the weeping voices of the Indian children. A remembrance of the necessity for removing all evidences of the catastrophe before any other Indians could possibly come to the spot, aroused the trader from his trance. Before daylight, he had dug a pit, and interred the three bodies. A heavy snow then falling, hid all marks of blood and other traces out of doors, while those inside the hut were removed by other means. In the course of the succeeding day, Ramsay dismantled the Pawnee hut, and conveyed its mats, &c., across the ice to a retired valley, where he set to work, and raised a new hut of small size, for the reception of his brother and the Indian children. His chief motive for this, was to insure his brother's safety, and we may also suppose that he was unwilling to give any Indian visitors an opportunity of examining the children. When he left the new hut, he charged his brother, if he heard the report of firearms from the other loghouse, to quit the place, and make the best of his way to the white settlements.

No human being, however, came near Ramsay, and on *the 4th of April* the ice began to break up. With all *possible speed,* the trader hauled his boat to the river

and having embarked his goods, began to descend towards Lake Erie, with his brother and the young Indians. The latter he could not think of deserting, and he reflected, moreover, that they might be useful as witnesses in justifying him before the colonial tribunals. Lake Erie was full of ice, and the course of the little party, after their entrance on it, was perilous and painful. On the 17th of April, Ramsay saw a canoe with two Indians. Believing war to have begun between the whites and Red Men, he prepared for an attack, but on their approach he recognised one of the men to be a Chippeway with whom he had passed a winter formerly. On being spoken to, this Indian said that he was hunting along the shore with his companion, and that no others were with them. They said that 'they would visit him when he got ashore.' After parting with them, the trader spoke to the girl. 'Do you wish to see the *ground red* again?' said he. 'I have seen enough of blood,' replied the young Indian. Encouraged by her answer, Ramsay requested her to say nothing of the past catastrophe, and she promised to do so. Next day the trader effected a landing, and constructed a rude temporary hut or tent, as the ice was too heavy on the lake to permit him yet to proceed with prudence towards Fort Erie. His brother and the two children were out collecting wood for fuel, when four Chippeway men, with two squaws and several young children, landed from two canoes, and made for the hut. The appearance of two additional men, contrary to what those in the boat had told him, confirmed Ramsay in the belief that *war* had been begun. He concealed a knife in his belt as they approached, and threw on his blanket-coat to hide it. When the party came up, they unceremoniously helped themselves to the contents of a pot which was on the fire, and asked for rum. Ramsay said he never drew rum himself, but when his companion came with the *children* from the woods, he would give them some. *When* his brother did come with the children, he could *not* avoid giving them the rum. The Indians asked to *whom* the two children belonged. The bold trader's

art beat quick at the question. He answered that they re the children of a white man and an Indian mother. rl,' said one of the men, 'are you the child of a white n?' The girl, whether from revengeful feelings, or m mere want of guile, at once replied: 'No!'

Ramsay heard in this word the knell of fate to himself l his brother. Resolving instantaneously to make an eal to the justice of the Indians, he sprang to his feet, w his knife, and struck a tree by his side with it, ering at the same time one of those prefatory cries or ls by which the Red orators invoke attention to their angues. 'You know me,' he began, addressing one he Chippeways, and using the Indian style of discourse, well as their language; 'I have lived with you. I e been by your side in the hunt, and have slept with by the hearth. Did I ever harm you, or any of the l sons of my Great Father?' The Chippeway filled up pause with a 'No.' 'I came peacefully and confidly among the Indians to buy from them their furs, and give them blankets in exchange, that the snows might chill them and their squaws. I came to give them rder, that they might have plenty of venison in their es. I came to give them everything that could render ir lives comfortable. Do I speak a lie?' In the same nner as formerly, the Chippeway replied in the ative, and Ramsay went on to disclose the whole truth pecting the death of the Pawnees, describing the gifts had made them, their ingratitude, and the assault they finally perpetrated by night, with all its consequences. intervals in his speech, the trader appealed in their n fashion to his hearers, saying: 'Are you angry?' The ppeways uniformly responded: 'No;' and when the y was told, they applauded Ramsay's conduct. 'You brave,' said they; 'you have done right. The Pawnees wicked men—they are dogs!'

Notwithstanding these expressions, Ramsay, being perded that war had been declared, still thought that the ppeways could not be friendly to him, whatever might think of his behaviour to the Pawnees. He

therefore resolved to embark immediately on the lake, preferring that course, although the sun had now nearly set, to the risk of passing a night with the Chippeways. As he was preparing to enter the boat, he missed the two children, and asked the squaws where they were. 'They are gone to the woods,' was the answer. The trader sent his brother to look for them, and in the meantime he himself stood leaning on his fusee, keeping a careful look about him. The four Chippeways came up to him at this moment, and entered into familiar conversation with him; but when he turned his eye for one instant in the direction where he looked for his brother, the Indians rushed upon him simultaneously, disarmed him, and pinioned his arms above the elbow. They then led him back to the fire, and one of them struck him a violent blow in the face, which caused a severe bleeding from the nose and mouth, and made him indeed believe his jaw to be broken. He spoke not a word, but sat with downcast eyes till he heard the moanings of his brother, who on his return had also been seized and bound. The love of an elder brother for a younger one is a pure and beautiful feeling. The boy was to Ramsay a memorial of home, a sacred deposit committed to his charge by a tender mother. He exclaimed: 'You are men! do not hurt a harmless boy. I am your captive. Dispose of me as you will, but do not injure the boy.' The Indians made no reply, but placed the lad on the opposite side of the fire from his brother, and across its flickering light the two looked their last farewells, as they then thought, to each other.

The sun had by this time set. The Indians demanded rum from Ramsay, and the boy was temporarily unbound, in order to get it from the boat. Two of the savages went with him, and brought back a small kettleful, which they began to drink immediately. The other two Indians, however, would not taste it, but compelled Ramsay, on pain of instant death, to drink as much as the others. Meanwhile, one of the squaws patrolled round the party with a watchful eye, while the other woman frequently

told the trader to 'pray, for his hours were few.' The men, too, entertained him with the repeated announcement, that he would be burned to-morrow on the fire before him. In this manner passed the time, till the kettle, which held little less than half a gallon, was emptied by the two Indians and Ramsay. The savages again requested to have it filled, and the boy went a second time to the boat. He did not bring it quite full, and when the angry Indians demanded the cause, the trader said the boy did not understand the Indian tongue well, but if they would let him give the lad directions in his native speech, he would fill it up. The Indians assented, and Ramsay, aware that they knew some English, cried to his brother: 'Fill it full, and *slip a gully into ilka ane o' your hose when ye're there!*' The boy understood well; but while he was looking for the knives, the patrolling squaw, who had followed and watched him, exclaimed in screaming tones: 'Kill your prisoner! The boy is searching for weapons!' Two knives were instantly raised for execution, when Ramsay cried: 'The squaw is mistaken. Let me call the boy, and you may search him.' He then loudly called to his brother, telling him again in Scotch to leave the knives, or 'gullies.' Happily, the boy could not find them, and this danger passed by. The same two Indians began to the second kettle, and became deeply intoxicated. With brandished knives, they compelled Ramsay to take cup for cup with them. In spite of the danger of his situation, the liquor took its effect upon him, and about twelve o'clock, as he thought, he fell asleep.

In after-life he had never any recollection of the dreadful scene that attended his awakening. The younger Ramsay, who could not sleep, related that the two sober Indians sat apart in consultation for some time after David seemed to fall into a slumber. At length one of them moved stealthily across to Ramsay, and the boy saw the knife raised, ready for the stab, in the Indian's hand. But the assassin seemed to have stumbled on the foot of Ramsay, or otherwise disturbed him, for the boy

saw his brother make a rapid clutch with his hand, and seize the arm or hand of the Indian in which the knife was. The struggle between them had not lasted a moment, when the boy, by one powerful effort, slipped his arms from the cords with which the drunken men had bound them, and darting to the side of the other sober Indian, who was intent only on watching for Ramsay's death-groan, snatched the knife from his hand. The boy was in another instant at the side of his brother, and had divided his bonds. Ramsay, as we have said, was a powerful man. He had now the additional strength of madness; for desperation, the sudden awakening, and the wild draughts of liquor he had taken, made him little else than a maniac. He wrested the knife from the Indian the instant his arms were free, wounded him, and would have killed him on the spot had not the man fled. Ramsay, without the delay of a second, flew upon the other sober Indian ere he could get a new weapon, and passed the knife into his heart. The noise by this time had awakened the intoxicated men. Ramsay bounded upon them like a wild beast, and struck them down one after another, ere they could gather their faculties or think of resistance. The awful state of excitement in which the trader's mind was, may be guessed from the fact, that he killed one of the children also. The squaws fled from the spot with the others. Incapable of thought himself, Ramsay was led hurriedly to the boat by his brother. But the tale of blood was not yet complete. The first Indian, having returned and possessed himself of a knife, followed the trader to the boat. A struggle took place on the edge of the water, which was there knee-deep. Both men fell into it, and from that grapple the Indian never rose. His blood dyed the waters of his native Erie.

The brothers reached Fort Erie on the 4th of May, after a most painful passage, for they never again approached the shore. Ramsay immediately told his story to the officers of the fort, and delivered himself up into their hands. He was soon after sent with his brother

to Niagara, to be examined in presence of a Chippeway chief, and several principal warriors of the nation. The 'patrolling' squaw and the Pawnee girl were present. The result was an acquittal by the Chippeway warriors. But, as colonial justice demanded a more regular trial, Ramsay was sent to Montreal, where he suffered an imprisonment of several months. He was finally liberated and assoilzied, no accuser appearing against him.

The scene of these bloody incidents is no longer the habitation of Red Men. Chippeway and Pawnee hunt the moose no more on the shores of Lake Erie.

[We derive the foregoing from the same manuscript volume to which we were indebted for *A Seaman's Tale.*]

LAW, THE PROJECTOR.

Now and then, in the common course of events, we find obscure men, but of enlarged conceptions, bringing themselves into notice by the mightiness of their projects, and if not attaining a high degree of honour, at least gaining no small share of permanent notoriety. John Law, who flourished at the beginning of last century, was one of these extraordinary individuals.

Law, who was the son of a goldsmith in Edinburgh, was distinguished in youth for his power of arithmetical calculation, but this might not have been of consequence in advancing his fortunes, but for an accidental circumstance. Having killed a person in a duel, he fled from Britain to France, a country much more congenial to his habits. He afterwards returned to his native country, but finding no opening for his schemes, he went back to Paris, which henceforth became the scene of his exploits. Law's *genius* took the direction of financiering. He had *notions* about national credit and paper-money of the *most* extravagant kind. There was nothing in the way

of national aggrandisement that a well-managed apparatus of paper issue could not accomplish. With these ideas in his head, he contrived, after a few years' delay, to gain the favour of the Duke of Orleans, at the time regent of France, and by that personage was permitted to set up a joint-stock bank in Paris, in May 1716. This concern was prosperous, and increased his credit as a projector. It soon appeared that the bank was but the first of a series of gigantic financial and commercial undertakings, such as had never before entered into the conception of any human being. Unquestionably, the consent of the regent to the progressive development of these plans was founded on the belief, instilled into his mind by Law, that the government of France might be freed through them of the enormous load of debt then pressing upon it, and which absorbed one-half of the national revenues for the mere payment of interest.

Ample proof of the complete understanding between the regent and Law, is presented in the history of the great project which the latter set on foot, with the duke's approval, in the year following the commencement of the bank. He had long entertained the notion, that a rich field for commercial enterprise was to be found in the yet uncolonised and but partially explored regions on the banks of the Mississippi, and particularly in the district of Louisiana, which, having been visited and so named by a French voyager, was held upon that footing to belong to France. An impression prevailed that this country was full of magnificent mines, and rich in all respects beyond description. Law, accordingly, persuaded the regent to establish a great company for the purpose of trading to this part of the world, and to give numerous privileges to the body, along with the sovereignty of Louisiana, under certain conditions preservative of the king's nominal superiority. This was the too famous Mississippi Scheme. The funds of the West Indian Company, as it was called, were to consist of a capital of 100,000,000 livres, to be raised in shares of 500 livres each. And now the company repaid in part their obligations to the regent, b

taking the subscriptions in government paper, or *billets d'etat*, which, on account of the miserable way in which the interest was paid by the state, bore in the market at that time scarcely a fourth of their ostensible value. The consequence was, that the depreciated government paper rose to full credit with the people, who from that moment began to place implicit confidence in Law, and to thirst universally for a share in his wonderful projects, and the profits which promised to follow from them. But before the eagerness for participating in his speculations rose to its full extent, he had incorporated with the Mississippi Scheme others of even tenfold magnitude. He prevailed on the government to take his bank into its own hands, and became director-general of the establishment, under its new form of the Royal Bank. This appears to have been effected chiefly for the purpose of having the state's guarantee for an enormous issue of paper-money, amounting to 1,000,000,000 livres. In December 1718, and in May 1719, our projector got a further transfer of the charter and privileges, first of the Senegal Company, and then of the China and India Companies; out of which, in conjunction with the West Indian Company, a great 'Company of the Indies' was formed, with the exclusive right of trading to the 'four quarters of the world.' Existing claims were of course paid by the new body. In the course of 1719, the public revenues, also, which were usually called *farms*, and had been long in the hands of contractors or farmers-general, were transferred to the management of the Company of the Indies. The company, on their part, took upon themselves vast obligations, and one, among others, to lend the king or government the enormous sum of 15,000 millions of livres. Separate funds were raised in succession for all the company's purposes, in the shape of actions or shares, amounting to 600,000 in all, of which 200,000 were at the rate of 500 livres each; 50,000 at 550 livres; 50,000 at 1000 livres; and 300,000 at 5000 livres. To pay the interest of this enormous total, the company, it was said, had an annual income of above 80,000,000 livres, and

they at least boldly declared themselves able to pay an annual dividend of 200 livres a share.

This great company, supported by the whole credit of government, engrossing such immense sources of revenue, and possessed of such extensive property, became gradually the object of the most absorbing interest to all France. The ample profits which it seemed to promise, excited the cupidity of the people to an extraordinary extent, and a system of trafficking in shares commenced, which has no parallel in the annals of speculation or stock-jobbing. The rage for shares actually raised them to more than sixty times their original value, judging of that value by the former price of the *billets d'etat*, or purchase-money, in the market. Almost all the original proprietors made splendid fortunes at the very outset, and the knowledge of this led to the wildest bidding on each new creation of shares. Clergy and laity, peers and plebeians, statesmen, princes, and even females of every class, were alike seized with the stock-jobbing frenzy. The negotiations for the sale and purchase of shares were at first carried on in the Rue Quinquempoix, which was besieged by such crowds, that houses, rented at 800 livres a year, actually yielded from 6000 to 16,000 livres a month. The eagerness of the speculators to commit bargains to writing was such, that a hump-backed man made 150,000 livres in a few days, by letting out his hump as a writing-desk. A murder, which took place in the Rue Quinquempoix, caused the paper traffic to be transferred to the Place Vendome. 'The superb hotels of which that magnificent square (or rather octogon) consisted, not being calculated for the establishment of offices for transacting business, a number of tents were for that purpose pitched in the area. Of these, some served for the accommodation of the stock-jobbers, others were destined for places of refreshment, and a third set was occupied by gamesters playing at quadrille, and drawing lotteries of jewels. All the world flocked to this spot, ladies of the highest quality delighted to walk there of an evening, and the concourse was so great, that the

famous fair of Beaucaire appeared a desert in comparison. The business was productive of so much noise and disturbance, that the chancellor complained he was prevented from attending to the causes in the Chancery, which is situated in the Place Vendome. Mr Law then agreed with the Prince of Carignan for the purchase of the Hôtel de Soissons, at the enormous price, as is said, of 1,400,000 livres; and in the gardens belonging to that edifice, about 600 pavilions, each rated at 500 livres a month, were disposed in regular order, beautifully interspersed with trees and fountains. To oblige the brokers to make use of them, an ordonnance was issued, prohibiting, under severe penalties, any bargain for stock to be concluded, except in one of these pavilions. Mr Law,' continues his biographer, 'now blazed a meteor of unequalled splendour, having arrived at a pitch of power and consequence that required a strength of intellect almost supernatural to be able to support it undazzled. He saw himself perpetually followed by, and his levee constantly crowded with, princes, dukes, and peers, maréchals and prelates, who all humbled themselves before his shrine with the utmost submission, while he treated them at times in a style of consummate haughtiness. The Baron de Pollnitz observes in his memoirs, that he has seen dukes and peers of France waiting in Mr Law's ante-chambers like the meanest subjects, and that, at last, there was no getting near him without feeing the Swiss porters for entrance at the gate, the lackeys for admittance into the ante-chamber, and the valets for the privilege of access to his presence-chamber or closet.'

The influence and authority of Law were rendered still more extensive by his appointment, on the 5th of January 1720, to the office of comptroller-general of the French finances, preparatorily to which he had formally adopted the Catholic faith. In plain language, he became prime minister of the country. By this time, his operations began to be a subject of alarm to the British government, who began to court his favour in various underhand ways. There is evidence that the Prince

of Wales himself sent over a confidential person, to secure for him a share in the profits of the great stock-jobbing affair. The British ministry are also said to have offered, in order to propitiate Law, to bring his wife's brother, commonly called the Earl of Banbury, into the House of Lords, from which a charge of illegitimacy, brought against his father, the third earl, had hitherto excluded him. Lady Catherine Law shared largely in the adulation lavished on her husband during his hour of success, and is reported to have shewn much insolence to ladies of rank, speaking usually of duchesses as 'the most tiresome animals in the world.' Her children, a son and a daughter, might have been married into the first families in Europe; and the father, in his adversity, assumed some merit to himself for not permitting this to take place. Miss Law's hand was sought by the Prince of Tarente, and other suitors of scarcely inferior rank.

All this splendour was doomed speedily to disappear. A constant drain of the specie of the kingdom had been going on since the commencement of the speculating mania. Those who had made large fortunes in paper, secured themselves by converting their wealth into gold and silver, which they either hoarded up, or sent out of the kingdom. Many of the same parties, also, filled their houses with such prodigious quantities of plate, as must have tended materially to reduce the amount of the metallic currency. The fabrication of notes, meanwhile, was proceeding at an enormous rate, upwards of 2000 millions of livres being struck off between December 1719 and May 1720. Thus the stability of the system, and the prosperity, in truth, of the country, came to depend on the maintenance of the paper credit, which the comptroller-general endeavoured to secure by a succession of arbitrary edicts, one of which declared the bank-notes to be legally current at five per cent. above the specie. But in spite of all his endeavours, he and his plans began to lose credit with the French regent, chiefly through the secret influence of persons envious of the successful adventurer. His proceedings were represented as particularly detri-

mental, on account of the disparity of value which they created between the paper and metallic currencies. By such representations, the regent was induced to take a step which at once and for ever ruined the paper credit, and brought the whole gigantic system to the ground, with a crash which may be said to have shaken all Europe. On the 21st of May 1720, an edict was issued, announcing that 'a progressive reduction of the India Company's actions, and of bank-notes, was to take place from that day till the 1st of December, when the bank-notes should remain fixed at *one-half* of their present value, and the actions at four-ninths.' This edict in an instant lifted the film from the eyes of all France. The hands of the people were filled with paper, the value of which they now saw could be utterly annihilated by a word from the mouth of authority. A run commenced upon the bank, which compelled the government to post soldiers around it, to prevent the very edifice from being pulled down by the infuriated applicants. Seditious libels appeared everywhere, attacking the regent for overturning the credit to which he himself had given existence. Alarmed by these proceedings, he hastily summoned the parliament, and revoked the fatal decree six days after its promulgation. Nothing could restore the credit of the paper-money with the public. The bank was shut for a time on various pretences, but as soon as reopened, it was again besieged by such crowds of people, that in one day (the 9th of July) *twenty* persons perished in the streets by suffocation. The mob also surrounded the hotel of Law, and compelled the man whom they had lately idolised, and had saluted in the streets with the *vives* which are seldom given but to royalty, to hide himself for weeks in the houses of friends. On the mind of the projector, the first symptoms of disorder are said to have produced a dreadful impression. Lord Stair describes him as being incapable of sleep, and as subject to such *fits of frenzy*, as to be found sometimes dancing in his *shirt* around the chairs of his bedroom, 'seemingly quite *out of his* wits.' But he struggled hard, by tongue, pe

and act, to maintain his system, though all his efforts, as well as those of the regent, who deeply regretted the edict of the 21st of May, proved utterly fruitless. From the consequences of the delusion, France did not recover for many years. By the regent's dealings with Law, the national debt had been almost annihilated; but the creditors had been paid in *paper*, and when that became valueless, they were ruined by thousands. The delusion which caused this wide-spread misery presents, on the whole, a valuable lesson, being a striking example of a fallacious theory carried out to its fullest extent, and on the grandest possible scale.

Law resigned all his offices in December 1720, and retired to a country-seat, which he quitted soon afterwards for Brussels, carrying with him only 800 louis-d'ors, the wreck of his once magnificent fortune. This, and other circumstances, prove that there was a degree of disinterestedness in the views of this remarkable man, for which he has not usually received credit from posterity. His latter days were spent in poverty, and he died at Venice in 1729, before he had completed his fifty-eighth year. Several descendants of the Law family are still living in France. One of the projector's grand-nephews arrived at high military and diplomatic distinction in the service of Napoleon and the Bourbons, and died some years ago a marshal and peer of France.

THE TWIN CHIEFS:

A TALE OF THE SABINE.

THE river Sabine is the boundary between the United States and Texas. It empties itself into the Sabine Bay, which opens into the Gulf of Mexico, and is surrounded by low marshy lands, which form an extensive uninhabitable district, the haunt of innumerable flocks of swans, wild geese, ducks, pelicans, cranes, and every species of water-fowl. At the mouth of the bay, as the traveller enters from the gulf, the sides of the river have their bottom covered with mud several feet deep, rendering it dangerous to attempt to land, although it is the only part where any bluff offers a landing-place; it may be accomplished, however, at high-water, in small flat-bottomed skiffs. Here you have an extensive view of swamp, covered with coarse grass and rushes, unbroken by woodland of any description. The tide flows over it, and it would require a coat-of-mail to venture on an investigation of its peculiarities, for the mosquitoes are insufferable; and after in vain attempting to battle them off from your face and hands, you return to your boat covered as thickly as if a swarm of bees had settled on you; nor will you find common cloth garments a sufficient protection against them.

About 100 miles up the river, there is a small Indian village, where the remnants of a large tribe have settled. They date the commencement of their fall from the first arrival of the white man, and will tell you that their race have become degenerate in every respect since that period. They have diminished in their size as well as numbers. They were strong as the hard oak, erect as *the cypress*, as numerous as the leaves of the forest; now *they are weak* as women, bent like old age, and few as *the stars* at summer's twilight. They were a race o

ect. Not a word was spoken; and as the vessel
proached, for it was a schooner, they prepared for an
ack, readily perceiving that, although the thing was
; alive, there were living beings on it. Overtures of
ace were offered by the strangers, who came with
ttering presents in their hands. The gaudy display of
l and yellow cloth, of blankets, beads, and gilded
aments, attracted the notice of the less wary, who,
h uncontrollable delight, disguised their well-pro-
tioned limbs in useless trumpery, strutting with vain
ceit. Hitherto the deer-skin, prepared by themselves,
l much better calculated for their pursuits, much more
rable too, had sufficed. Their friendly visitors brought
m the luxuries of their own country, but they also
the same time brought their vices. The chiefs be-
ne friendly with the captain, returned his presents a
ndredfold, visited his wigwam of the big waters,
played their own exploits, and saw with wonder the
lors spring from rope to rope ; lost their natural courage
the sound of the fusee, and felt the condescension in
to them possessing the power of a god becoming
miliar with them. They tasted their different prepara-
ns of food, and cooked for them the buffalo and venison,
ich they do in a peculiar manner. They likewise
ted the sweet wines and ardent spirits. At first, like
ldren, they refused the draught, but soon they yielded
persuasion and example. They tasted, and their love
it increased with what they took. Next came drunken-
ss, and all the wild insanity of the maniac. Then
lowed, as the fatal draught was more eagerly consumed,
ange nausea, desperate confusion, and an unmanly cry
the earth seemed receding, whirling, sinking beneath
m. At length nature relieved the stomach of its
wholesome burden, and sound senseless sleep came on.
w could the wary Indian now protect himself against
oe ? The morning came, and with it, as they awoke,
arching thirst, a nervous dread, a cowardice they never
had felt, a dejected spirit, and a downcast look—a
bination, too, of such miseries as make the very heart

presence of strangers. The other became by degrees more furious as he drank. He called up every point of their previous contention; declared that the tribe should have but one chief as they had but one gun; that he was stronger and braver than his brother; that he could beat him; and in this manner working himself into a frenzy, at last fell upon his brother as he lay helpless, and murdered him, lacerating his throat dreadfully with a knife which he had received from the captain. This was effected before any interference could be offered by those around, who fled instantly from fear on seeing it accomplished, and runners started to communicate the fact to the elders. The rapidity with which they travel, and the distance they can go at one journey, are almost incredible. After the perpetration of his crime, the chieftain rose and drunk deeply from a jug of pure rum that stood near him. Then observing that all the Indians had left him, he tried to blow his horn; this he found himself unable to do; he shouted, he tried to raise the warwhoop, but the echo from the opposite bank mocked his vain attempt. Taking his gun and as much spirits with him as he could carry, he wandered he knew not whither.

The elders of the tribe were appalled at such dreadful tidings, for the prophet, an ingenious man, as all the Indian prophets are, seeing the strong attachment between the brothers, prophesied that their tribe should never be overcome until the twin chiefs quarrelled. A council was immediately called, and set off to the place where the murder was committed. They found the body, but the murderer was nowhere to be seen; and while some were sent in search of him, others set themselves to decide upon his punishment. They had laws for almost every offence, but they always considered twins as sacred; and for any one to have killed a twin, the most severe punishment they could invent was inflicted. But this was a still greater crime, and of a more revolting nature, *besides betraying* his tribe to the enemy, for they looked *upon the* prophecy as certain. After two days, the

council broke up; the criminal had been discovered, and brought in.

He was found sitting amongst the rushes with a haggard countenance, his eyes bloodshot and swollen; the mud and water covered his legs, the gun and vessel of spirits lay beside him. He was singing, shouting, and throwing his arms about in a wild distracted manner; the blood of his victim had dried upon his breast and shoulder. As they approached him, he pointed the gun at them; it had been too long in the water, and would not go off; he threw it down, and erecting himself with difficulty, commenced giving his orders in a tone of authority. Seeing no one inclined to obey him, he stooped down, took up the vessel, and was in the act of finishing its contents, when he was in a moment surrounded and secured. They dragged him to the spot where his murdered brother lay, but he had become by this time insensible; the sentence of the council was, nevertheless, put into immediate execution. The trunk of a large tree was fixed deep in the earth, on the very spot where the murder was committed; to this he was fastened naked, with the dead body of his victim bound to his side; his arm around its waist, its hand upon his heart, their heads secured cheek to cheek; and thus, for four-and-twenty days, he was condemned to be kept. Not a single thing was allowed to be removed from the place, nor any alterations more than were necessary to put the trunk in the ground. Two sentinels were placed to watch him, in such a position that he could not see them, and these were twice in the day to give him water. For many hours he remained unconscious of his situation; nor was it until, from the burning sunbeams falling on his head, his fever increased, and the salivary glands, exhausted by the poisonous liquor, which caused the stomach to require an extra quantity in its own defence, refused to yield one single drop to moisten his parched tongue and throat, that he opened his eyes in search of water, asking for it at the same time; finding himself confined, he struggled to be set at liberty, and called on his brother to assist him. The water was

held to his lips; and, as it refreshed him, while looking down, his eye fell upon the ghastly wound that rested on his shoulder. The truth, with all its horrors, burst upon him. The violent struggle that he made against his bonds forced the blood from his nostrils; no cry of terror could escape his lips, and the next moment he fainted. When he recovered, the effects of intoxication had completely ceased, and he sent forth loud cries for assistance; shout after shout rang through the air, until his voice became feeble and hoarse; he could not move his eye from the horrid spectacle, but kept it involuntarily fixed on it, like one who watches the movements of a foe while standing face to face with him. The turkey-buzzards now hovered over them, attracted by the smell of the dead body; and, oh! how he welcomed their appearance! They, like all other carrion birds, commence with the eye, and it would indeed be a blessing for him to lose his sight. Just as the welcome bird was venturing near, an invidious arrow pierced its body, and it fell near enough to them to be a warning to others. The lake that brought the cause of all this tragic scene, lay smooth and wide before him; what heavy curses fell from his lips against the white man! Had the captain been chained there instead of his brother, he could have borne it with delight. Again his eye fell on his victim, and another loud, long, piercing, straining scream, was followed by the wild laugh of an idiot; then came tears and fiendish execrations, convulsive shudders and spasmodic gasps for breath, mixed with hysteric sobs, as he struggled in vain; the body moving as he moved, the hand pressing more closely on his heart the more he strove to liberate himself, while the wound, as the body decayed, became distended more and more from his violent efforts.

Three days had he remained in this situation, when the sentinels, who had already tasted the pernicious beverage, were unable longer to withstand the temptation, *for everything* had been left as it was when the murder *was committed*. The war-cry had gone through the *land, and the* remainder of the tribe had left the spot.

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the sentinels, to whose integrity the whole nation might have been intrusted, had been tainted by the vices, subsequent to the abuse of the luxuries of life; they broached the spirits, and soon became intoxicated: in this state they liberated the criminal, and fell immediately beneath his hand.

In the following year, about the same season, when the sky was beautifully clear, the weather mild, the surface of the lake but gently ruffled by the golden ripple that came dancing from the west, the white sails of the schooner were seen gracefully spread, reflecting from their concave form the red rays of the evening sun as she approached her former moorings. This is strange, thought the captain, as they drew near; very strange. He had been watching for the smoke from their fires, which had directed him on a former occasion, but now no smoke was visible. We surely were expected, he muttered to himself.

He was expected!

When the vessel was brought to anchor, seeing no canoes come out to welcome him, he conceived the Indians to have changed their fishing-ground to some other spot, and determined to go on shore, to ascertain if any traces of them might be left. He took two men and the mate with him in the boat, and, landing at the accustomed place, proceeded to the camp. He saw, to his astonishment, everything as he had left it, but the trunk of the dead tree in the centre. As he approached nearer, he discovered a skeleton fastened to it, so as to be swinging to and fro in the breeze; two other skeletons lay upon the ground, beside which sat a tall, gray-headed Indian. In his hand he held part of a raw fish, which he was devouring, without apparently noticing their approach. His eye was glassy and wild. When the captain spoke, he made no answer, nor even turned his gaze away from *some* object on which it seemed fixed. But when the *captain* approached within a couple of yards, at one *bound* the Indian sprang upon him with the cry of a *hyæna*, and fixing his teeth and fingers firm in his throat,

forced him to the ground. In vain the men tried to remove his hold: it was the iron grasp of death. When they did succeed in tearing them apart, both were dead, and the men discovered in the features of the gray-headed Indian their once friendly chief, who seemed to have prolonged a miserable life, merely sustained by an Indian's revenge.

Other traders soon contrived to visit the village of the tribe in the interior, and to introduce, with other luxuries of civilisation, the use of ardent spirits. The ancient and virtuous habits of the Indians were now depraved; they were unable to compete with their enemies, returned from their hunting-expeditions in disgrace, and, as their feeble remnant now tell you, THEIR NATION IS NO MORE.

THE OX'S MINUET:

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF HAYDN.

IN 1770, the reputation of the German composer, Joseph Haydn, had spread over all Europe. He had visited Paris and London, and in both cities had been greatly cherished and admired. But he was glad to return again to Vienna, on leaving which he had wept like a child. The house which he occupied in the Austrian capital was a modest one, and was situated in the suburbs; but it was a house honoured and resorted to by all the great lords of the court, who would fain have possessed the character at least of being connoisseurs in music, and patrons of its professors. There, too, did poor artists often find counsel and aid in their distresses. Born of humble parents himself, Haydn was ever mindful of the *wants of the* obscure and humble followers of his art. *Generous,* virtuous, sensitive, and simple as a child *Joseph Haydn* ought to have been perfectly happy in

course through the world; but this was not exactly the case. When very young, he had wedded one whose personal attractions made a strong impression on him. Unfortunately, her spirit and temperament proved to be of a very inferior order, and for thirty years the great musician underwent much domestic discomfort in consequence. Yet he was a faithful husband, and even loved his wife to the last with all the strength of his first and boyish affection.

On his return from London to Vienna, Haydn found his wife the same being that he had left her—morose, obstinate, imperious, and quarrelsome. All that the poor composer could do, was to fly to his little study, and in that retreat seek consolation in the pursuit of his beloved art. One afternoon, after a storm of the ordinary kind had passed over his domestic horizon, Haydn fled to his sanctum, and had forgotten his troubles awhile over his harpsichord, when his domestic brought him information, that a man wished to speak with him on an affair of pressing moment.

'Let him enter,' said Haydn.

'Pray, pardon—excuse me,' said a stout jolly-looking personage as he entered the room, holding a heavy purse of florins in his hand, and attired in the habit of a cattle-dealer or butcher. 'You are famous, sir,' continued this individual, 'for being the grandest composer of minuets in all Austria, or any where else in truth; and as I am going to have my daughter married to-morrow, I come to ask you to oblige me by making one on purpose for the nuptials.'

'My good friend,' said the musician, 'you embarrass me by this request. I have made few or no minuets, as you seem to have been told; the few trifles of that nature which have been composed by me would not do for dancing to. They are things rather written for artists, and are more learned than lively.'

The minuet was a favourite dance, a piece of new music, was a thing in as high esteem and request as a fine ment in the world of fashion.

'So much the better,' replied the stout cattle-merchant; 'that is the very thing I want. My son-in-law, that is to be, is famous upon the clarinet, and my little girl is clever at the harpsichord; so you see, Master Haydn, that your grand music won't go like pearls to swine. And then, to own the truth to you, I am as proud as an emperor, though I be no more than a butcher to my trade. I heard your beautiful mass on the birthday of our gracious sovereign, Joseph II., and I said to myself: "This composer is the man who shall make a minuet for the wedding of my little girl, or my name is not Hermann of Rorhau!"'

'Of Rorhau!' cried Haydn. 'What! are you from that little village of Hungary?'

'Not a doubt of it,' returned the visitor; 'and what then?'

'I was born there,' exclaimed the simple and warm-hearted composer; 'I was born at Rorhau, and for forty years I have not seen it! Embrace me, my friend, my dear fellow-countryman!' The tears ran down the composer's cheeks. In embracing Hermann, he felt as if he clasped in his arms all whom he had loved in boyhood, when, poor and needy, he had sung in the village choir, to gain a morsel of food for his widowed mother.

'And you are from Rorhau!' repeated Haydn, dwelling affectionately upon the recollections called up. 'Come, sit down, I beg of you, and let us chat of our native place—that place which one loves for ever, whatever may have been the toils there endured!' Hermann's heart was as much touched as that of his celebrated compatriot. He sat down, though only after some pressing, and talked of Rorhau with the musician. Finally, they came back to the minuet, and Hermann departed, happy in the promise given to him, that he should have the desired music sent to him as soon as possible.

Sensitive as a child, Haydn yet felt a glow of pleasure *from the recent* recognition, and disposed himself with a *cheerful heart* to commence the epithalamial minuet. *But great* was his surprise, on turning to his harpsichord

the confidant of all his cares and joys, to find lying upon it the purse which Hermann had held in his hand on entering the room. The purse had these words attached to it on a piece of paper: 'Hermann, butcher, Street of St Etienne, to the greatest composer of Germany.' Haydn was equally surprised and delighted at the delicacy which had prompted the manner of bestowing this gift. But calling his domestic, the composer ordered him to be ready in an hour to take back the purse, with the desired music, to the house of the butcher. Being then left alone, he proceeded to the composition of the minuet.

Often had Haydn written at the command of kings, but he had seldom felt himself so inspired as when throwing on paper the musical ideas destined to grace the nuptials of the butcher's daughter. The air which he produced was fresh and lively, and smacked of the rural simplicity of the composer's native scenes. But ere the piece was quite finished, the soothing ecstacy of spirit, under the influence of which the musician laboured, was dispelled by the entrance of his wife. Her presence put to flight the familiar genius of his art, and discord took place of the harmony that had floated for a time around him.

'What is this that your servant Franz tells me?' said Madame Haydn, with an accent indicative of a latent storm; 'you are about to send away a sum which you have justly acquired, being given to you for work to be done.'

'My dear,' said Haydn gently, 'do not fret at this. Be more just. Is a miserable little minuet worth a heavy purse of florins? It would be robbery almost to take it.'

'Always the same!' cried Madame Haydn; 'you will never be worth a copper coin, and your fine generosity will bring you to'——

'The Temple of Fame!' interposed Haydn with a smile.

'The hospital, rather—you weak, simple creature!'

'Come now, my dear,' said Haydn, 'speak no more on *this trifling* matter, but leave me to finish the piece. I *have* promised, and you know I never break my word. *There* I am religiously faithful; and to you, my dear *Elizabeth*'——

Madame Haydn, ill tempered as she was, sometimes could not resist the tender pleading of her husband, whose ill health made him often an object of pity, and who had preserved for her, as has been said, all the affection of a lover, in spite of her usage of him. But on this occasion she was determined to stick to her point; and, accordingly, she coldly repulsed his conciliatory advances, and reiterated her demand that he should keep the purse of Hermann. The composer would not yield to this, and reading his determination in his usually gentle features, Madame Haydn became but the more enraged, and proceeded to measures by which she might at least punish her husband's contumacy, if she could not gain her point about the purse.

The cabinet of Haydn, like those of many other great men, was a place not distinguished for order. The composer, indeed, loved to have his scraps all lying loosely about him, blotted with the magic symbols which were to afford a fund of melody to posterity for ever and ever. His cabinet was, in fact, a scene of great confusion, and Madame Haydn knew well that one sure way to put her husband almost beside himself, was to attempt to put things into a different condition. In this tender point she now attacked him. Seizing a broom, the sceptre with which she governed her household, she began to sweep the room into order. The first consequence of this step was, that a cloud of dust was raised, which brought on her poor husband a severe cough, and compelled him momentarily to fly the apartment. Profiting by his absence, she swept together the manuscripts which lay on the table and on the floor—in short, here and there and everywhere; and one little scrap, reckless of what it might contain, she tossed into the fire. Alas! it was the new minuet for the wedding of Hermann's little girl!

Haydn entered the room immediately afterwards, and, attracted by the blaze, looked at the fire, where he on the instant recognised his yet unfinished minuet, just expiring in the flames. A giddiness seized him; he uttered a cry of anguish, and fell upon the sofa. His wife waited only

till she saw him recover, and then, conscious that she had inflicted sufficient punishment, fled to her own region of the household.

Haydn was in great distress about the lost minuet. He could not re-write it from memory, and the hour was advancing at which he had promised to send it. The scene just related had made him ill, and had incapacitated him for a new effort, even had there been time for it. Under these circumstances, he bethought him of some minuets which he had sent to his publisher shortly before, and despatched his servant to bring these back to him. Luckily they had not yet been published, and the manuscripts were got. Haydn then selected the best, and partly remembering the late piece, gave this one some new and perfecting touches, and then sent off the remodelled minuet to Hermann, along with the purse of florins. After this, Haydn was a little more at ease.

The minuet sent to the butcher, though perhaps not quite equal to the burned one, was yet a charming composition, being at once lively, elegant, and original. Hermann, on receiving the precious manuscript, embraced it with delight, and immediately gave it to a copyist to have the parts separately set down. The butcher's intended son-in-law, who was really a musical amateur of no mean skill, had got some performers of ability engaged for the wedding, and these he assembled on the evening that the minuet was brought home, and had it played most delightfully. But it was at the wedding assemblage that Hermann's triumph reached its height. There the minuet excited the most rapturous applause.

'It is Haydn's!' cried the jolly butcher in a perfect transport; 'it was for me—for me, his countryman—that he composed this wonderful minuet!'

'Haydn for ever!' cried the guests.

'Let us go on the instant and thank him for the honour *he* has done us,' said the son-in-law.

'I have thought of this already, my son,' replied Hermann; 'and, what is more, have prepared a surprise for *my* countryman. I left him a purse before, but he has now

it back. Since he won't take my money, I will be quits with him in another way—I will pay him in *my coin*.'

'That will be bringing back the golden age, when all was done by exchanges,' said one of the guests. 'Monsieur Haydn has given you a minuet, and you are going to give him'——

'An ox!' cried the stout old butcher, 'and a living one, too! And what a size he is! The show ox in the market the other day was a calf to him. He is here, in my stable, all ready to be presented!'

'To the stable!—to the stable!' exclaimed all the guests simultaneously, seizing their hats, from which floated favours of all hues. They went to the stable, and there beheld a most magnificent ox, with his long curling horns adorned with party-coloured ribbons, and with his white skin as clean as if he had been cut out of Parian marble. The whole wedding-party, men and women, were now assembled by Hermann, and arranged by him in procession order, with the ox at the head. They marched thus towards the house of Haydn, the musicians all the while performing the minuet of the great composer. The hour was not a very late one, but Haydn had gone to bed. The noise of the music and the party entering his court awoke him. He was at first annoyed somewhat at having his rest disturbed, but when he recognised his own minuet, his surprise was extreme. He was sure it was his minuet, but there was an additional bass accompaniment that astonished him, falling as it did on his ear at irregular intervals. This was, in fact, the ox, which took upon itself to help out the music by an occasional low, like the grumbling of a tempestuous ocean.

Having thrown on him his dressing-gown, and taken a lamp in his hand, Haydn appeared at one of the windows, and was received with shouts by the marriage assemblage below. The composer thanked Hermann warmly for his attention in paying this visit; but when the jolly butcher pointed to the superb ox, and begged his acceptance of it *as a token of gratitude* and esteem, the musician was at *first so tickled* with the idea of the thing, that he burst

into a hearty laugh, in which he was instantly joined by the merry crowd beneath. Fearing to offend Hermann, however, Haydn checked himself, and accepted the present with many thanks. He then descended into the court, found a stall for the animal, kissed the bride, and retired again, loaded with bouquets in showers from the wedding-guests.

All the while the serenade was going on, and the people of the neighbourhood were so charmed with the minuet, that every window had half-a-dozen night-caps projected from it, at the risk of death to the owners from the night-air.

But the fame of the minuet did not rest here. The story soon spread over all Vienna, and every one wished to have the piece; so that, in reality, this trifle produced an accession of fortune and fame to the great composer. The minuet received and still retains the name of the *Ox's Minuet*. Under that title it will be found in every catalogue of Haydn's works. As to the animal itself, the living proof of Hermann's gratitude, the composer, after keeping it for a time, to enjoy the pleasing thoughts called up by the sight of it, gave it to the hospital, that it might have a worthy end in doing good to the poor. This was a thought worthy of the generous and single-hearted composer, but it was one, it is said, very displeasing to Madame Haydn. She did not long survive this event. Her good husband lamented her, but there can be no doubt that her departure left his latter days in peace.

[redacted]